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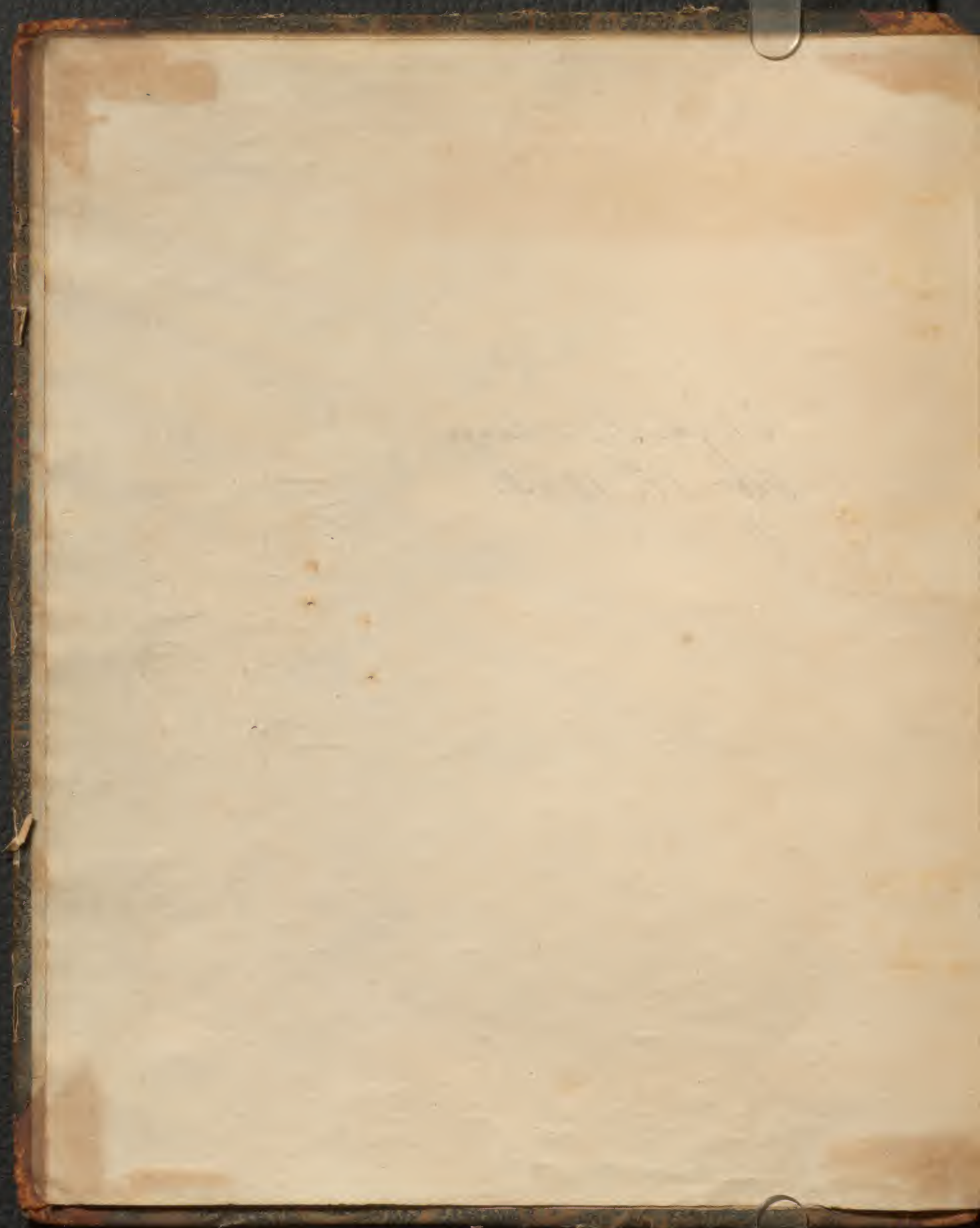
1692

Best Cotton

11X1

Elyza. Smithson  
July 21<sup>st</sup> 1805.







Could ought permit to write what might be  
The page inscrutable of fate to scan  
Thy life dear Jane might pardon the bold deed  
And make us doubt we justly should have  
Lay sweetest flow'rs, cross'd in earliest bloom  
Could nothing save thee from the silent tomb?  
Could not a tender husband's protecting arms,  
Or thy sweet, cherub infants' opening charms,  
The smiles of fortune, the regards of friends,  
Th' applause that in a virtuous mind attends,  
Could none of these thy fluttering truth detain  
Th' dart unerring of stern Death restrain?  
Ah no! too good for earth, thy brighter claims  
Required a station in aetherial plains,  
Where pain or mortal griefs could never annoy  
But all to boundless pleasure - endless joy:  
Too perfect thou, on this gross globe to stay,  
Thou'rt mark'd thy worth, and snatch'd it's own away  
Leave us to grieve, for what was only lent



A transient blessing, by the Almighty sent  
This awful lesson more apt to given:  
How'er by nature, loved & whitt we live,  
If or in storme or calms our lot be cast,  
To this complexion, we must come at last.  
Oh! not afraid that in the dreadful day,  
When the last Trump reanimates all clay,  
Her angels form among the lost shall rise,  
To join her spotless spirits in the skies;  
And smiling, from the refuge of bliss look down,  
With anxious love, her long lost friends to own,  
Then with immortal rapture, constant to remain  
The husband, parent, child, shall each embrace again.  
September 12<sup>th</sup> 1802 J. M.

Pharade  
No happier lot I'd wish to prove  
Than share my fate with thee my love.  
My second may it then always be,  
But I will bid my third to thee.  
Farewell J. M.



Song written after Supper for the amiable and  
beautiful M<sup>rs</sup> Middle July 12<sup>th</sup> 1803 —

Such is the breath of blushing morn,  
When lucid gems the fields adorn,  
Such are the larks' unbroken notes,  
Who's liquid song in ether floats;  
But sweeter far the nymph's voice smiles,  
My mind of peace and rest beguiles.

Her nature drest in verdant garb,  
Trills with her sweets the birth of May,  
Than Flora's treasures spread around,  
With gayest tints bedeck the ground.  
But sweeter, sweeter far than these  
The nymph who robs my heart of ease.

Her looks might give the coldest heart,  
The warmth of youth to age impart;  
Her nature's sweets collected meet  
To make her sweetest of the sweet.

Dear nymph, still sweetly smile on me  
Whose heart is bound alone by thee. J. M.



Song for the Honorable beautiful and bewitching  
Fanny Twiss — J. M.

Say sweetest thyself with smiling air  
And cheeks that mock the red blown rose  
What thou a breast devoid of care  
Who robbest others of repose?

Wh. tell me dost thou never feel  
The slightest pang thy lovers know,  
And in thy heart so calm and still,  
Thou findest not another's woe?

Oh no, those look my charming creature,  
Can never so thy mind believe.  
Compassion burns in every feature,  
And seems to say thou shalt not die

Pharos

I know by you my first was true  
My second too was stolen by thee  
Yet whilst I own the broken power  
My soul is but a humble flower.

Antw. — My soul is but a humble flower.



Lines to Eva supposed to be written in Autumn  
"Fair laughs the blushing dawn, the youthful sun  
Already has his golden course begun,  
When from my couch I raise my aching head,  
And find the dawning mists of night are fled;  
I look around all nature gay I see;  
But ah! her smiles have lost their charms for me.

The rustic peasantry, with blithesome song  
Now cheerly trace the old fringed vale along,  
The lark, with shrill-ton'd carol greets the morn,  
And wanton breezes kiss the waving corn;  
Health, peace, and joy in every face I see,  
Strangers alas! long since to wither'd me.

Perchance when life's short few rich dreams are clo'd,  
And this wreath from its death's cold arms uprod,  
Fate may direct my once kind Eva's eye,  
To spare in turn'd my mould'ring reliques lie;  
Then turn to with late remembrance - yes, when she  
May teach that eye to drop a tear for me.



Betray'd by love, - by friends who once decid'd  
Of her and happiness at once bereav'd,  
Despair and grief so lacerate my heart,  
That nought on earth can comfort me impart  
Yet Eva till I cease to think of thee,  
And then perhaps ere long, may't comfort me.

### On Lady Sefton

Raptur'd one morn in humor gay,  
From high Olympus took his way  
And left his native skies;  
From fair to join the broken string'd  
Till night his headless shape betray'd,  
He pur'd the air with cries.

At last fair Sefton's form appear'd  
Which Cupid's heart a little cheer'd  
The rogue ran up and kiss'd her  
When first I saw you I was afraid he  
I thought he'd come come for me  
But sure you are her sister. J. M.



Miss Pitt

When filial piety and female grace,  
Approach united to the Sybil's shrine,  
Apollo's self illumines the sacred place,  
And deigns to give an Oracle divine.

"For thus join Pitt the Gods above decree,  
(Nor doubt the truth of what I now declare)"

Each Parents virtue all shall join in thee,  
And there be ever their peculiar care,

Thy Mothers elegant and cheerful mind  
Where every good and blessed affection glows.

Thy Fathers heart benevolent and kind  
Shall in the Daughters bosom find its place.

So shalt thou pass life's variegated scene

Free from reflections that can cause a tear,

Thy mornings gay thy evenings still serene

Thou to thy friends dear most each day more dear

J. M.



Translation

Give me I cried, oh! give me charming maid,  
Our soft delicious balmy loving life  
You can't refuse, your rosy lips obey'd  
But oh! how transient was the fleeting bliss!

Scarcely your sweet lips my eager mouth had press'd  
The power granted I so much desired  
When as in sportive play and sportive jest  
You snatch'd them from me and the joy expired

Just as in view the treacherous good whale  
Of Tortoise I feel the mad mine borne  
Oh! cruel girl your sharklike life expires  
But live alas! in my fond heart remains

How many a time I wish  
I wish the old man is dead!

Peggy Morrow brought to bed!

A foreign mail is missing;

You know they down'd the last and play;

And Jimmy told me other days

Her Master's fond of kissing.



To the Bee - a Translation

Ah lovely Bee with dainty lip

From flower to flower why coyly sip

The opening sweets, their buds disclose

Why interrupt each kiss that glows?

"The bees of love midst higher kind

oft leave my friend their charge behind -

But Bee oh let me hear no more

For love has told me so before. -

M<sup>rs</sup> Evans

Epigram - The Doctor

~~of~~

A single Doctor like a sculler plies

And all his art and all his physic tries

But two Physicians like a pair of Oars

conduct you safely to the Stygian shores.



Written in solitude

I too have known in fortune's favouring hour  
The sacred joys which friendship can bestow,  
Nor unaccept the sympathetic power,  
That makes the heart with feelings soft to glow.

Tho' absent far from every social tie  
Which bound my heart in those its happier days,  
Yet lives the past in men's eyes wakeful eye  
That on the picture still delights to gaze.

Say shall I count these visions of my soul  
As airy forms which fancy loves to weave,  
Delusive dreams across the brain that roll  
Nor ere behind substantial traces leave?

Or shall I soo them to my soul once more  
And say they whisper comfort to my breast  
Call them the passages of good in store  
That bid me in futurity to rest?



Yes! I will woo them for I love to dwell  
Midst scenes where fairy forms disporting bound  
Beneath the charm of fancy's flattering spell  
To tread enchanted imaginary ground.

Come lovely scenes again in memory live  
And thou sweet hope, with these thy aid combine  
Inspire the confidence ye both can give  
That happiness hereafter shall be mine.

Assure me, for ye both have pow'r to prove  
That pleasures past still longer than present  
While fancy paints past scenes of virtuous love  
That kindred souls were born but to be blest.  

---

M.

### On Woman

A Woman may be fair, and her mind  
Is as inconstant as the wind;  
Venus herself is fair, and shineth far  
Yet she's a Plant, and no fixed Star.



Impromptu to two young ladies residing not  
a hundred miles from Worcester who would  
not believe the author could write verse  
April 2 1804

Whoever said I verse could write,  
Was given to deceiving  
This Book will bring the fact to light,  
Since singing is believing.

Sometimes indeed with hasty hand  
I silly Rhyme may scribble  
And sometimes too, make at command  
Penmen down quaint, or scribble

But warrant the Poetic muse never fail'd  
You'll find I tell you true,  
If ever by muses I'm inspir'd,  
They wear such forms as you.  
I M.



The young ladies answer  
This Book the fact does bring to light  
As "being is believing"  
Most clear it proves, and at first sight  
You're given to deceiving.

Whate'er with hasty hand you scribble  
Give it what name you please  
I'm sure beneath you there's to quibble  
Who write with so much ease.

Why then during the music come  
Since surely his most true.

Whate'er shown or from things wear,  
They're highly false to you.

### Epigram

Figures with infinite labor and pains  
Writes verses to show he has wit,  
But truly I think 'twould argue more brains  
The slaver's employment to quit.

Ed. H. P.



An exact copy of a foblers Bill returned  
at Richfield Supra -

W<sup>r</sup> Fearon to John Loring

1793

Nov <sup>r</sup> 16	flogged up Miss - - - - -	10
Dec <sup>r</sup> 14	Washed up Miss - - - - -	2. 0
1800		
Jan <sup>y</sup> 3	Joe topt Master - - - - -	0. 3
Apr <sup>l</sup> 1	Turned up, flogged up & mended the maid 1 - 6	
May 4	Lincol bound and put a piece on <sup>Madam</sup> 4 - 3	
May 2	Solice the Maid - - - - -	0 - 8
May 3	Lepping Madam - - - - -	0 - 6
May 4 <sup>th</sup>	Putting a piece on Madam 0 - 2 1/2	
May 6 <sup>th</sup>	Sketching and casing little Master 0. 3	
	Settled	10 - 5 1/2

John Loring



Receipts 6<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1835

## Harness Blacking

$\frac{1}{4}$  lb Glue

$\frac{1}{4}$  lb Logwood

1 Pennyworth of Ruymanthee

2 Oz of white Soap

1 worth of Singlass

$\frac{1}{2}$  Oz of Gum Arabic

To be boiled  
together in 3 pints  
of stale beer for 20  
minutes then strain  
it thro' a Canoe  
when it is fit for use

## Baked Pears

Take a dozen fine pears, peel & cut them in halves  
and take out the cores put them in the pan  
with a little red Wine, a few Cloves, half a lb.  
of Sugar and some water, set them in a  
moderate oven till tender, then put them  
on a slow fire to stew gently; add grated lemon  
peel, and more sugar if necessary. They will  
be sufficiently red.

Thos. Morley



### Gingerbread Soap

Quarter of a Stone of Treacle

Quarter of a Stone of Flour

Half a lb of Brown Sugar

A cup of Cream

3 Eggs

1 Oz of Ginger

1/2 Oz of Caraway Seeds

1/2 Oz of Coriander Seeds

1 half penny worth of Pearlash

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### Tripe Cod Soups

Mix a little Broth and Cream in a Stew  
Pan. thicken it with a little Flour and Butter  
and season it with a very little onion Parsley  
and nutmeg shred small. Boil the Cod Soups  
tender and Skin them. Dry them well upon  
a cloth, put them upon the Sauce and heat  
them together.

---

### Cheese Pudding

Half a pound of mashed Potatoes. 3 Table  
Spoonfuls of good Cheese, 3 oz of Butter, 3 Eggs  
Pepper a little Cream and Salt to your Taste



Baked in a shape on a dish and turned out  
when sent to table

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### To dry Orleans Plums

Take Orleans Plums, Stone them and weigh  
them. And to every 8 lbs of Plums take 3 lbs of  
Loaf Sugar, dip the sugar in water and when  
it is melted put on the Plums scald not boil  
them every day for a fortnight then strain  
them well from the syrup and lay them to dry  
and turn them every day. Ten Days may be  
sufficient.

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### Unboiled Strawberries

Brine scarlet Strawberries and add 1 lb of sifted  
Sugar to each quart of fruit, mix them well  
and lay a layer of fruit and then one of Sugar  
then cover them well with the sifted Sugar at  
the top. Lie them tight in a jar with a bladder  
and they will keep good till April or May.

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### Shrewbury Cakes

Quicker

Take 2 lb of fine flour and put to it  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb of Butter  
rub them very well  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb of Sugar sifted, & Putney yeast  
Beat in 3 Whites and 2 Yolks of Eggs a little salt water  
Knead the paste with it let it lay an hour,



make them into cakes rolled and put out, prick them and lay them on papers wet with rose-water grate sugar upon and bake them in a slow oven

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Bruse the fruit and boil it 25 Minutes sift or beat an equal weight of sugar and make it quite hot either before the fire or on the oven, take the pan off the fire and stir in the sugar continuing to stir the whole till cool. Brown Sugar done this way does very well for tarts

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Ground Rice Cake <sup>Proven Perfect</sup>  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  lb of Flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb ground Rice 1 lb of Currants  
1 lb of Loaf Sugar sifted 1 lb of fresh butter & eggs  
the peel of a Lemon grated candied Orange  
or Lemon. Beat all together twenty minutes  
It is best beaten by the hand. Bake for 1 hour  
This quantity will fill two quart moulds.

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To make Jelly without wine  
Four good calves feet will produce nearly five pints  
of stock to which add  $1\frac{1}{4}$  of good moist sugar, the  
juice of six large Lemons, and the peel of four  
the Whites of 9 Eggs well beaten and a



Large Desert Spoonful of Capia Beeds. Mix  
these well together. Boil them quick for just  
3 Minutes and then run thro' a Jelly Bag.

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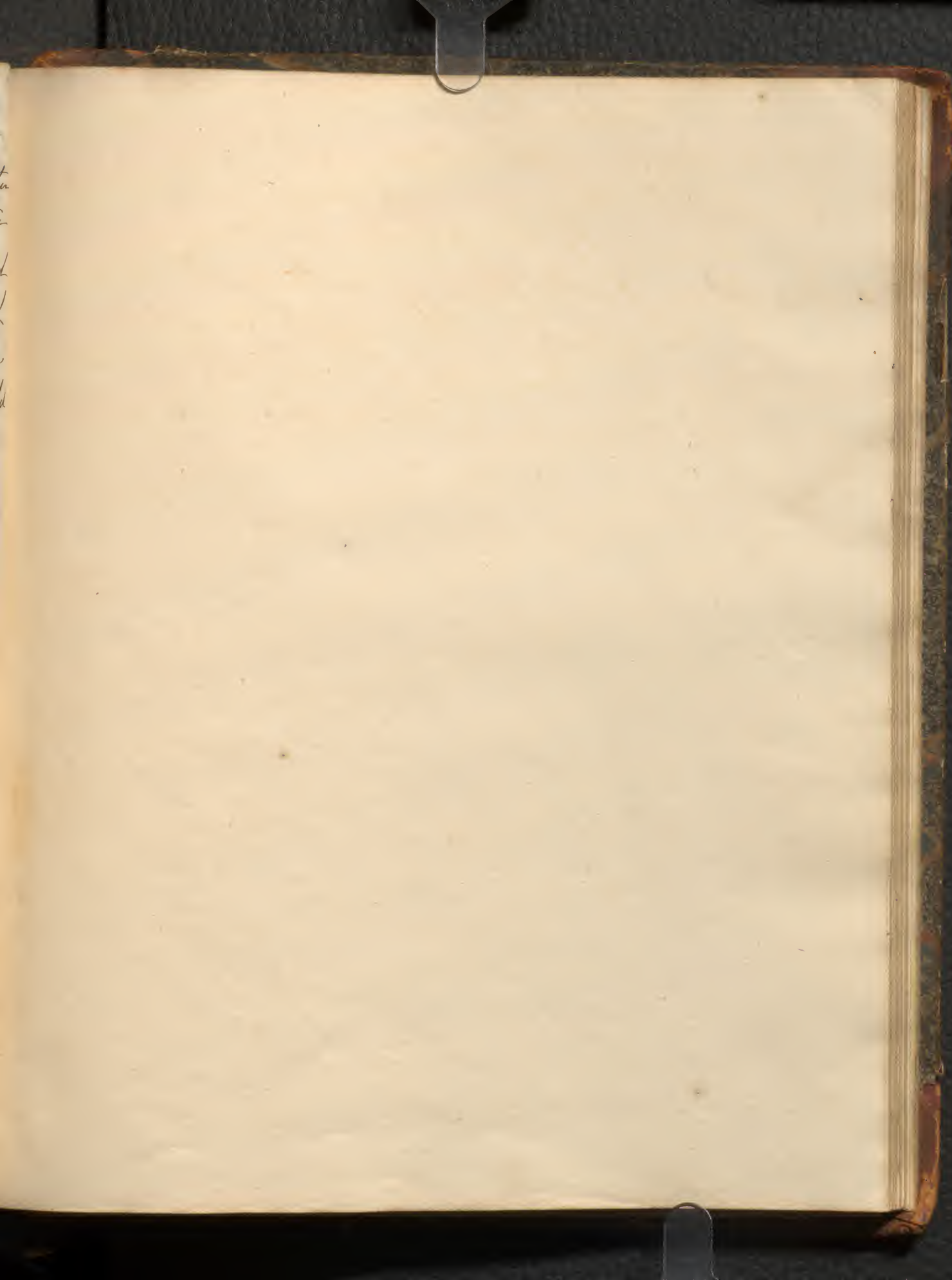
Guisbro' White Soup. the Best  
A Knuckle of Veal, a piece of Lean Ham and  
if convenient a small piece of Mutton, a  
small Bunch of Sweet Herbs viz. Lemon Thyme  
and Sweet Marjoram; a dessert Spoonful of White  
Pepper a few Blades of Mace, the Peel of a Lemon  
and three quarts of Water. When the Meat is  
boiled so as to leave the Bones take out a nice  
piece of the Veal about a lb and an old Fowl  
Beat them well together in a Mortar and  
after adding a Pint of the hot Broth pulp  
through a Hair Sieve. Boil an Anchovy in  
a little of the Broth and after straining  
from the Bones, mix the pulped thickening  
the Anchovy and the rest of the Broth together  
and give them a boil. Before serving add  
a Pint of good Cream and heat the Soup  
but do not let it boil after the cream is  
put in. Let a Marchet Stuck with Almonds  
be put in the Tureen?



### Apple Omelet

Take a dozen Apples and prepare them  
as for Apple Sauce & Eggs beat  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb of Butter,  
Sugar to your taste a little Nutmeg, butter  
a Mould or Dish, strew it well with bread  
Crumbs, then put in the Apple & bake it  
about half an hour and turn it out on  
a dish, it may be eaten either Hot or cold







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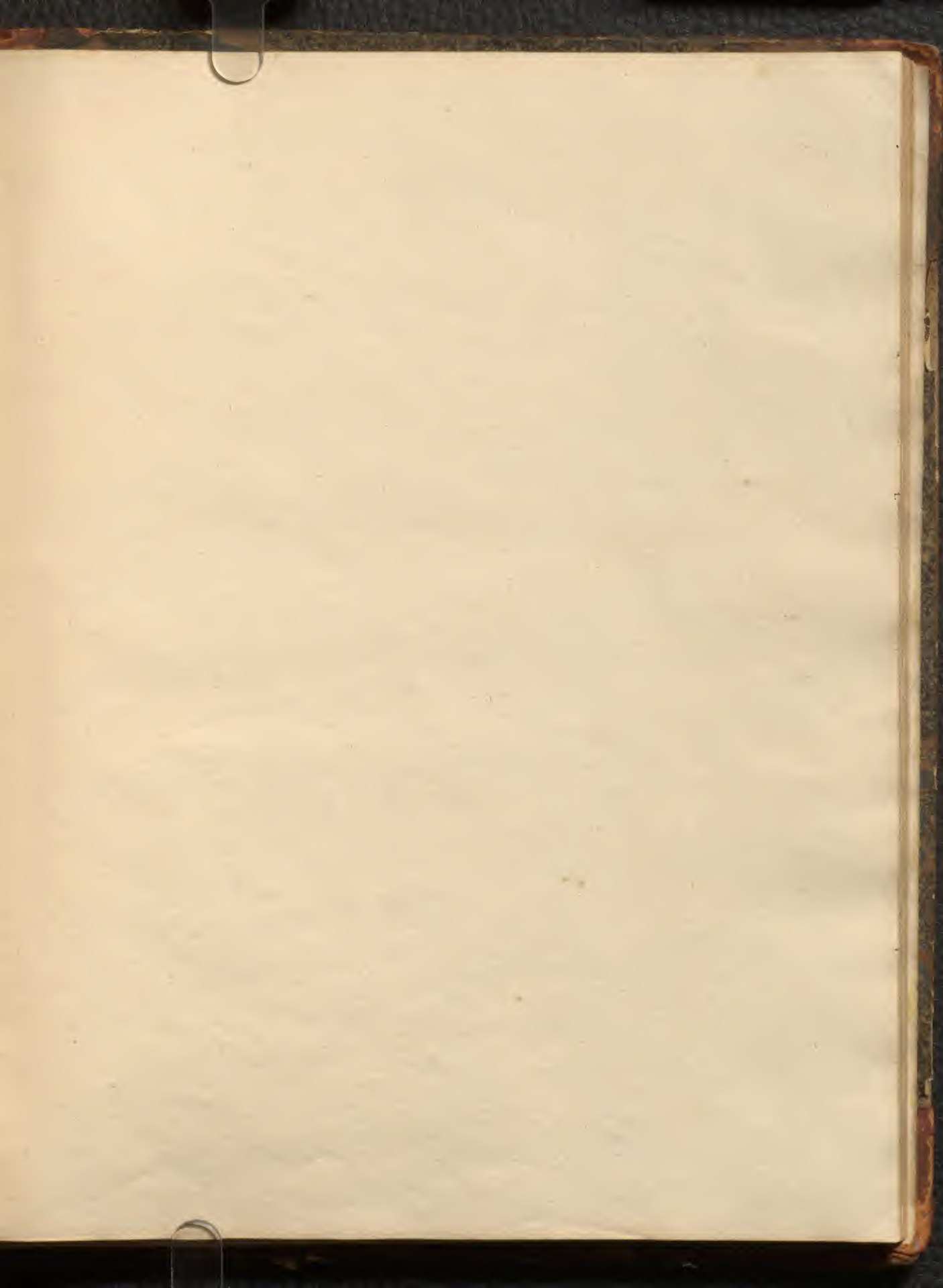
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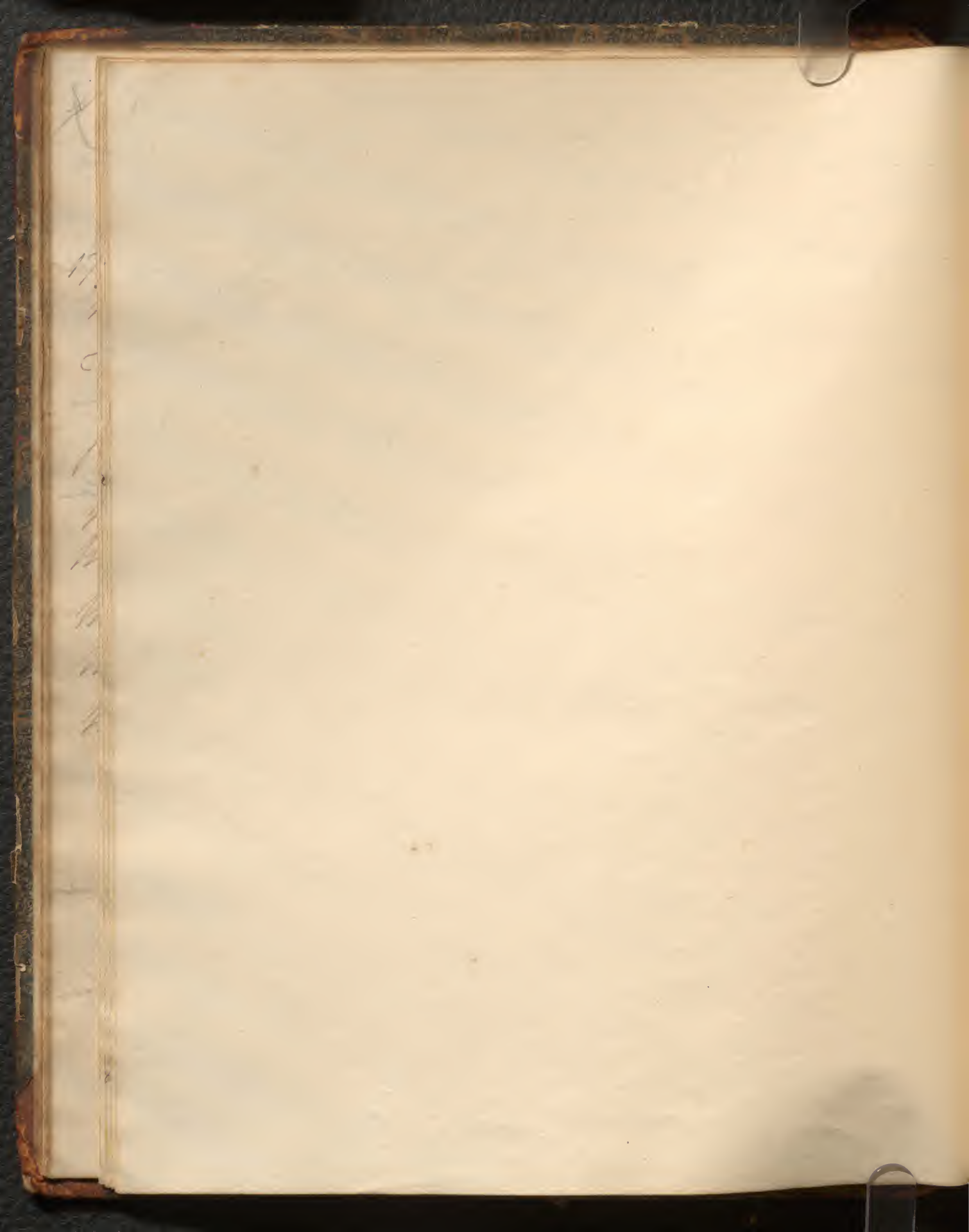
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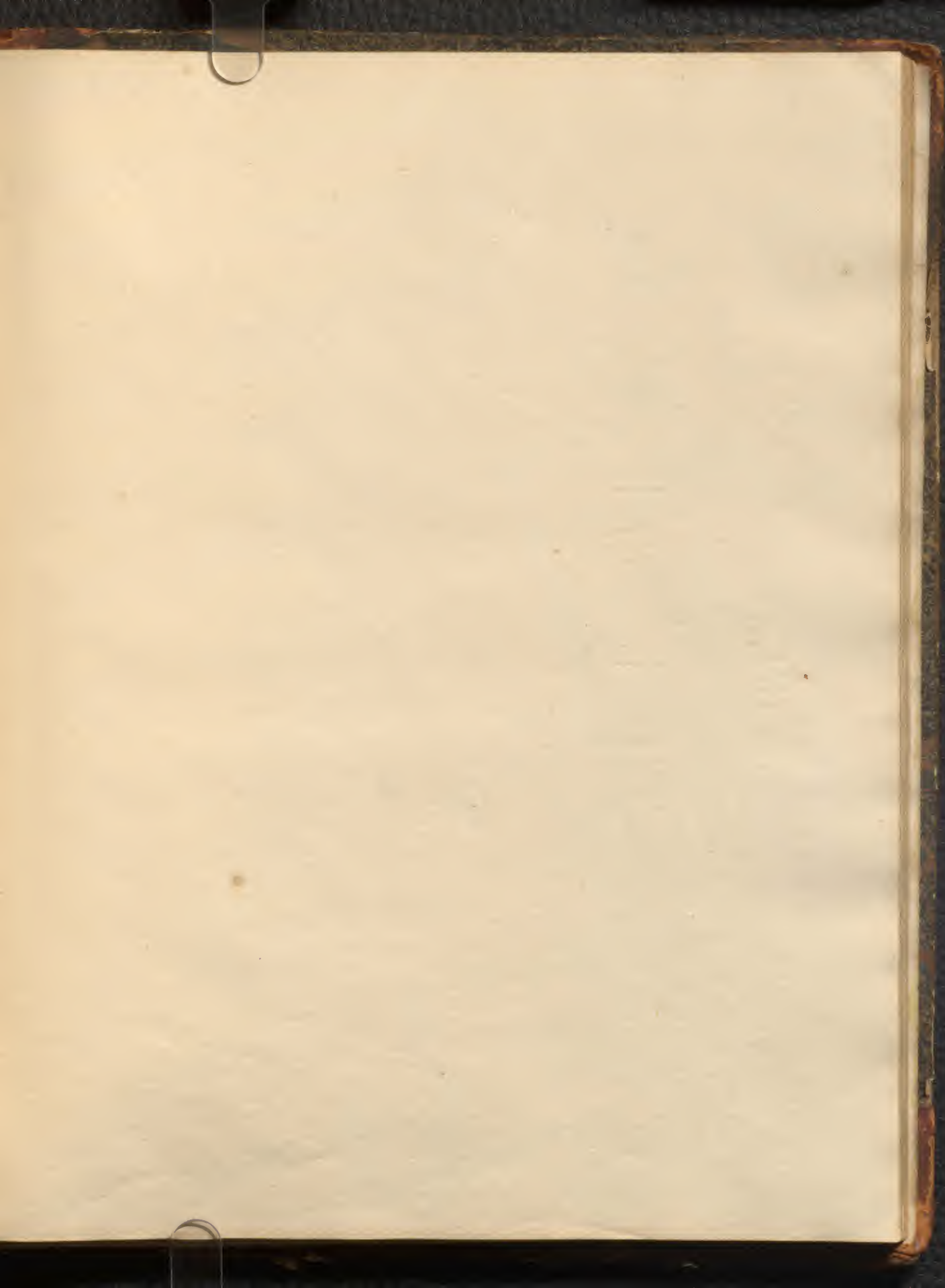




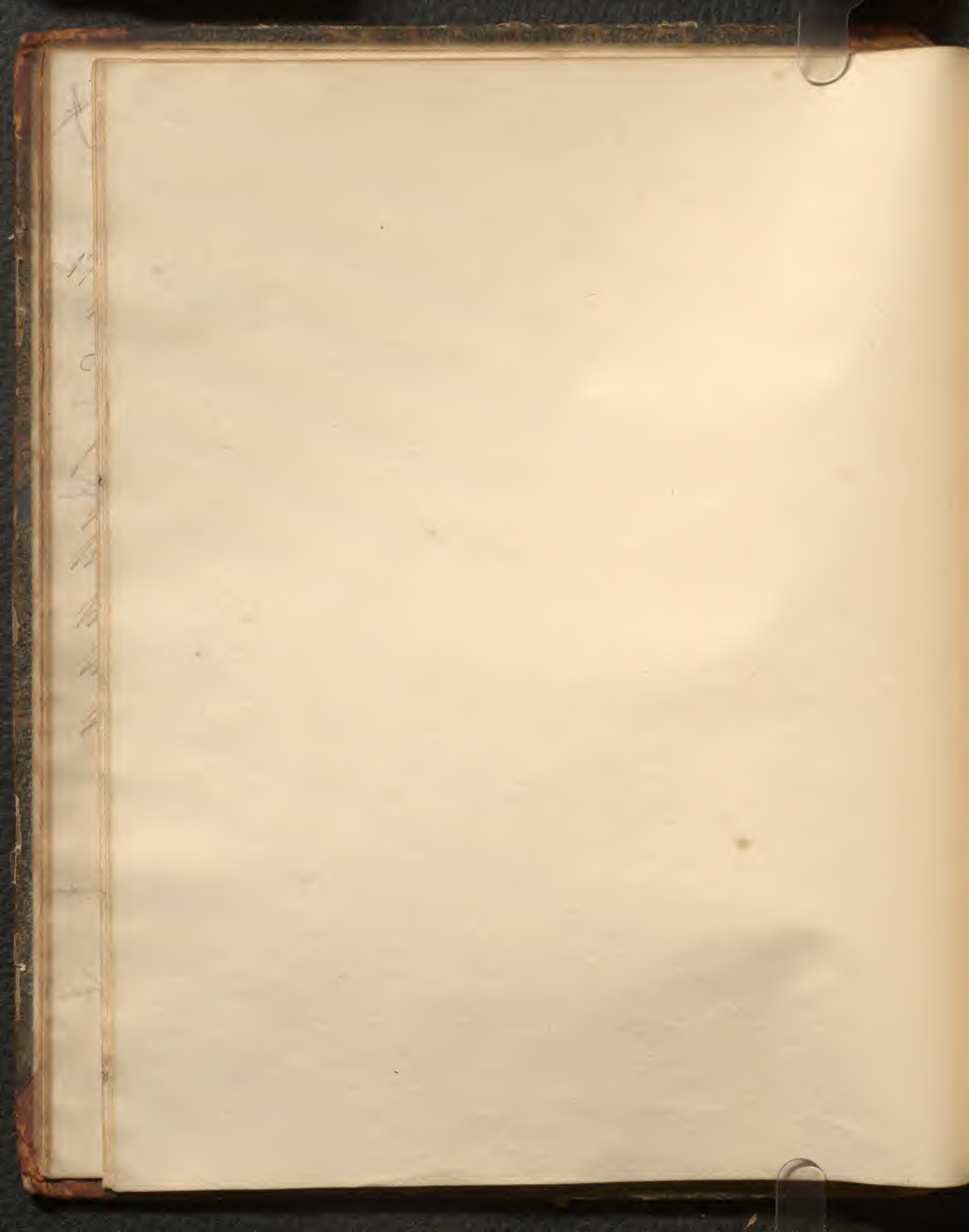


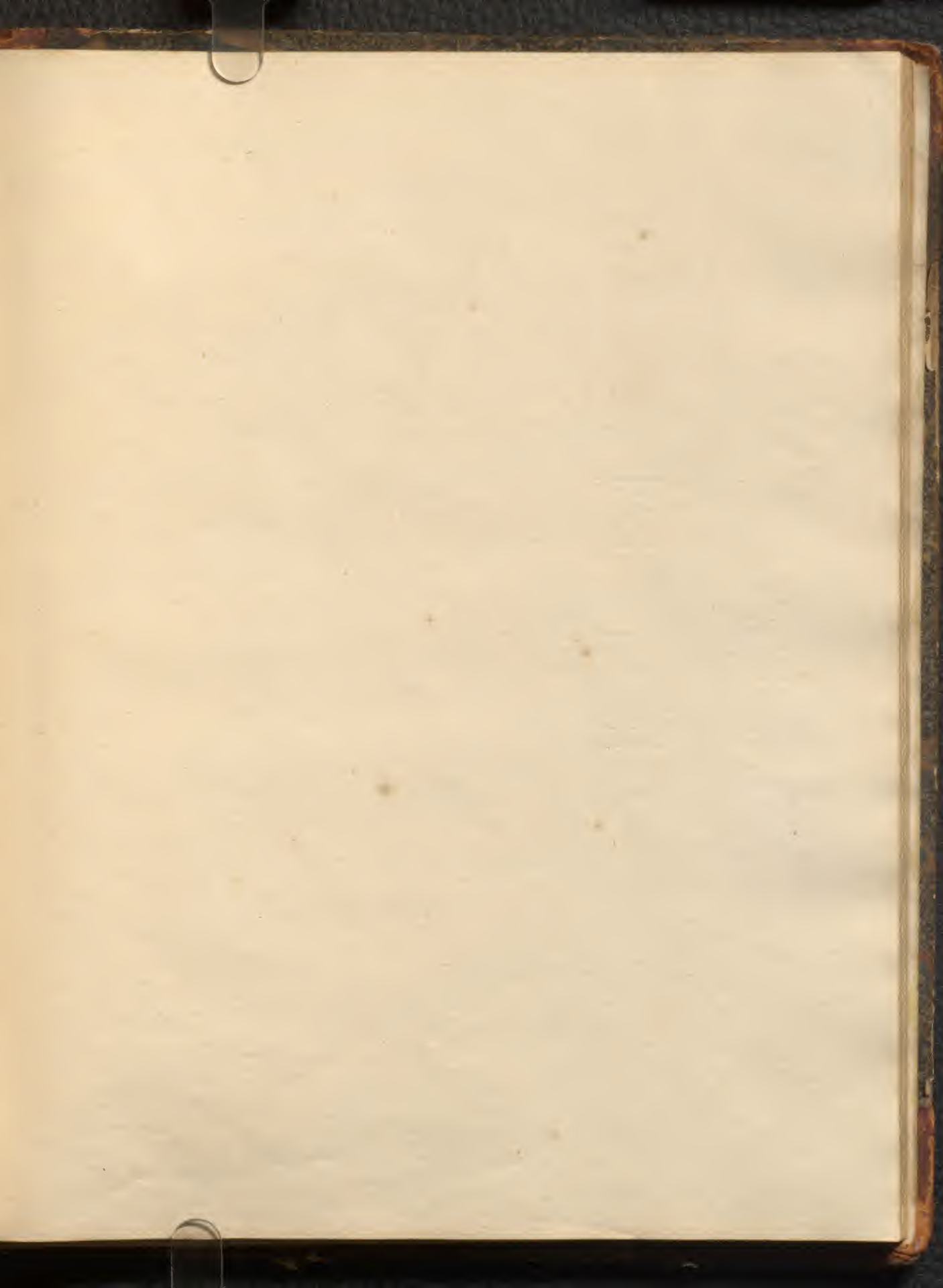




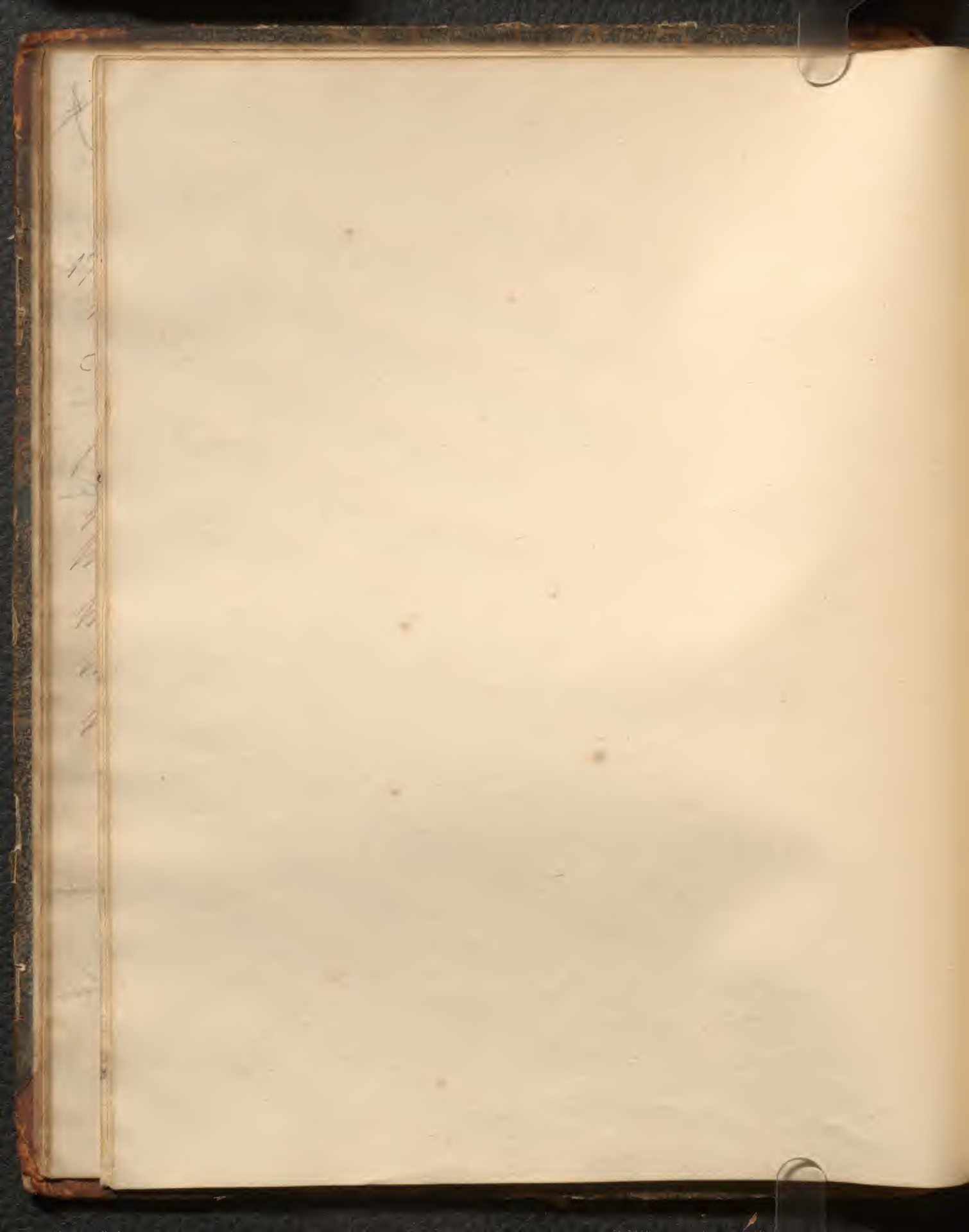


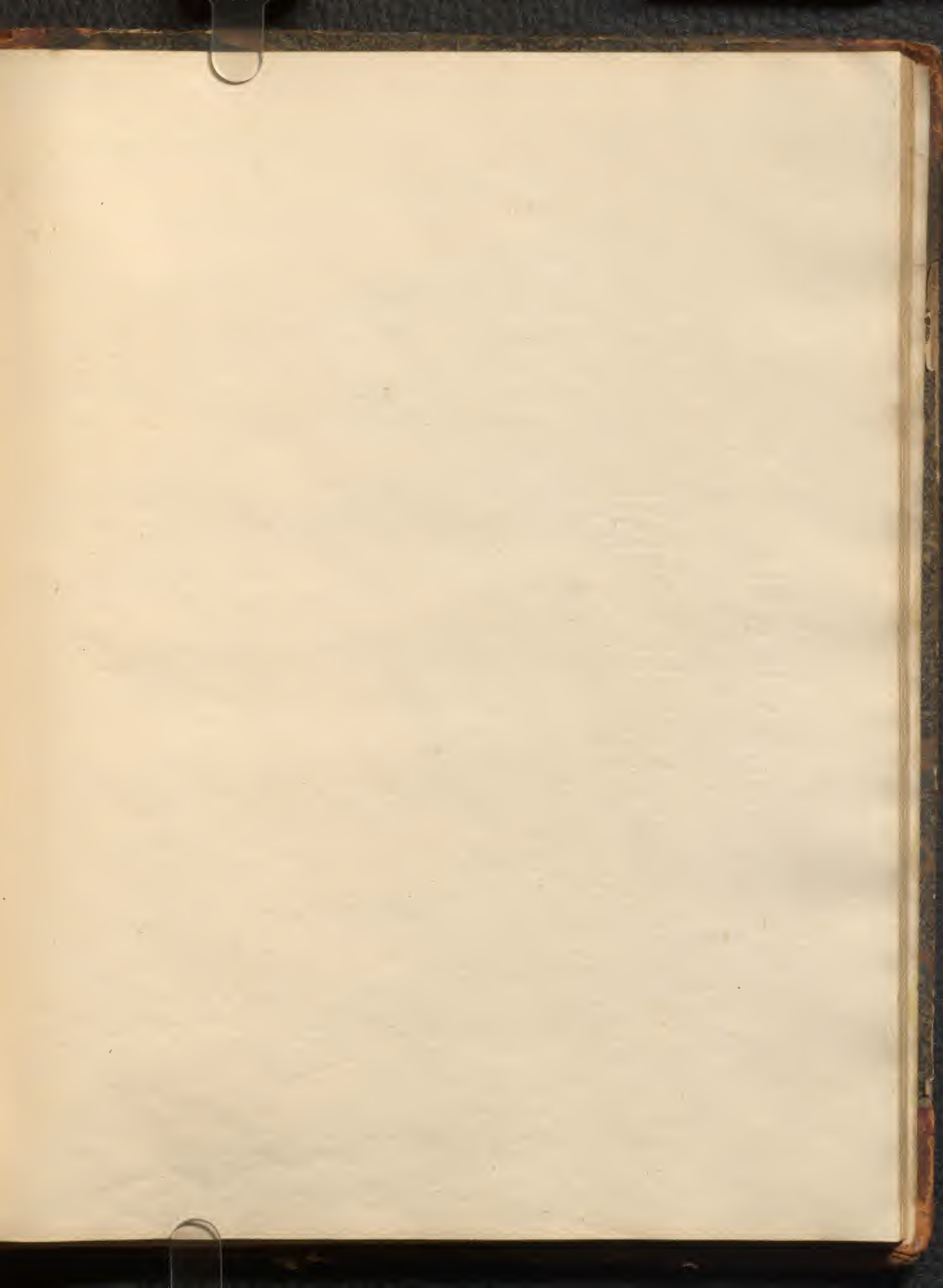




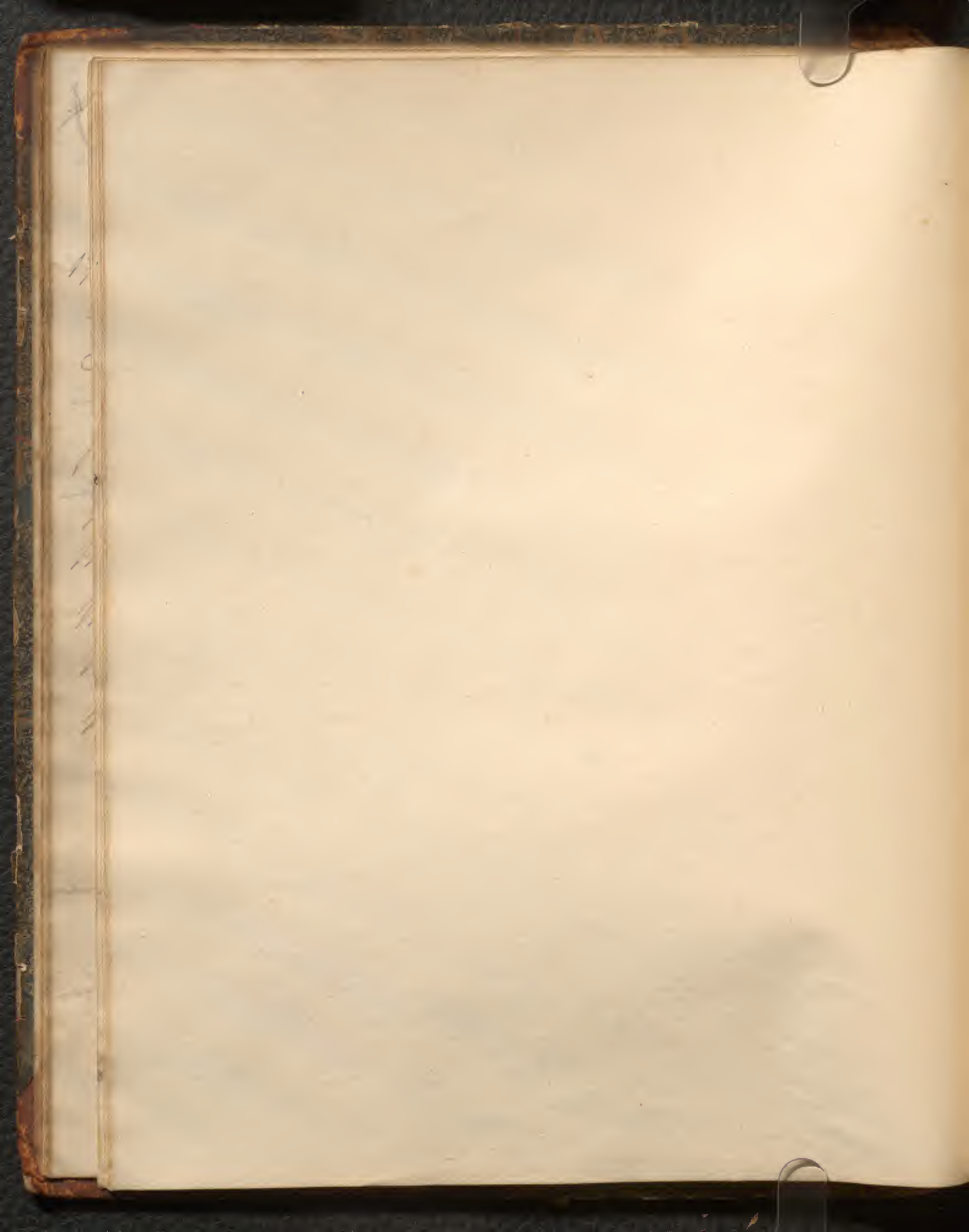


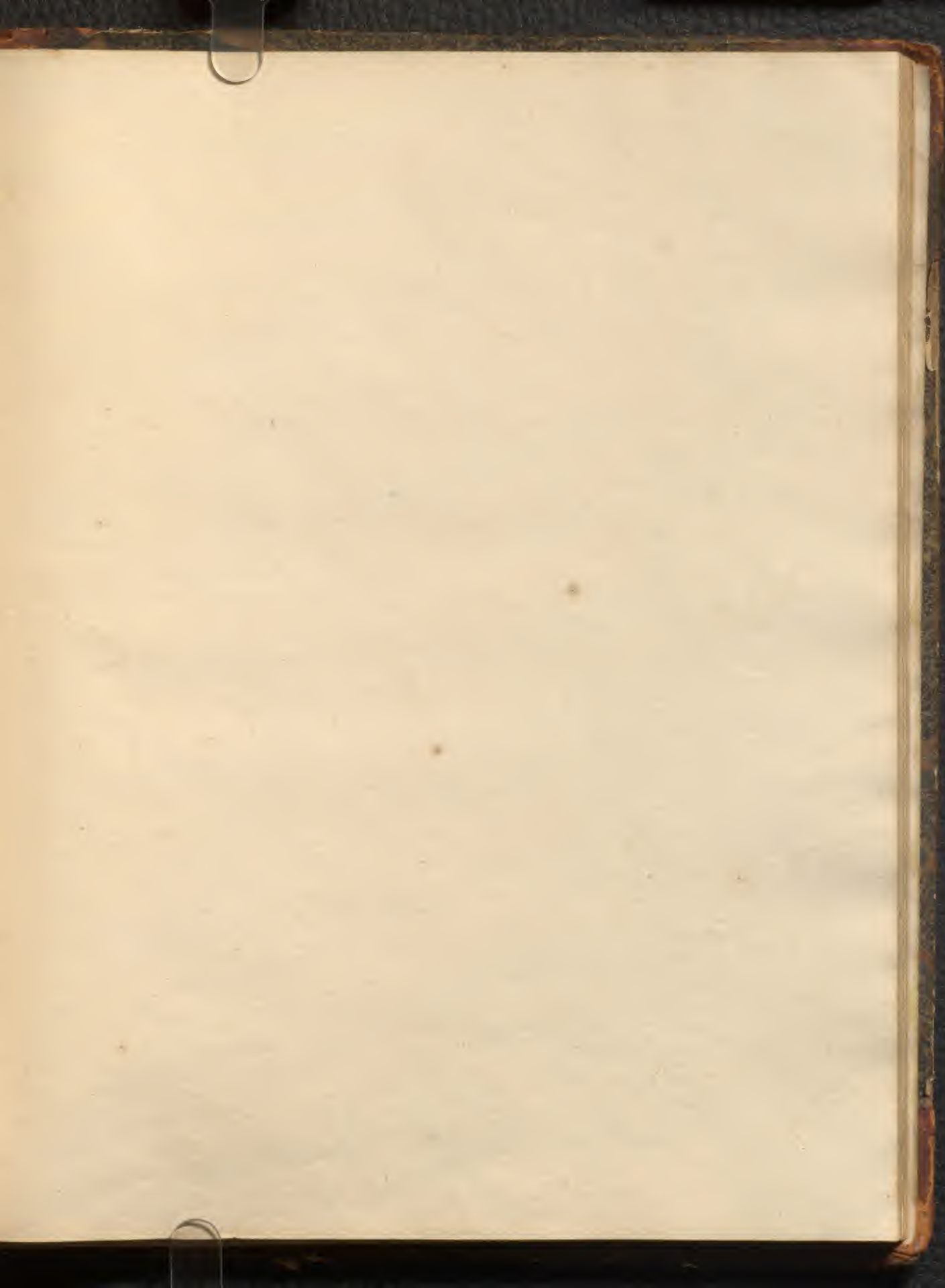






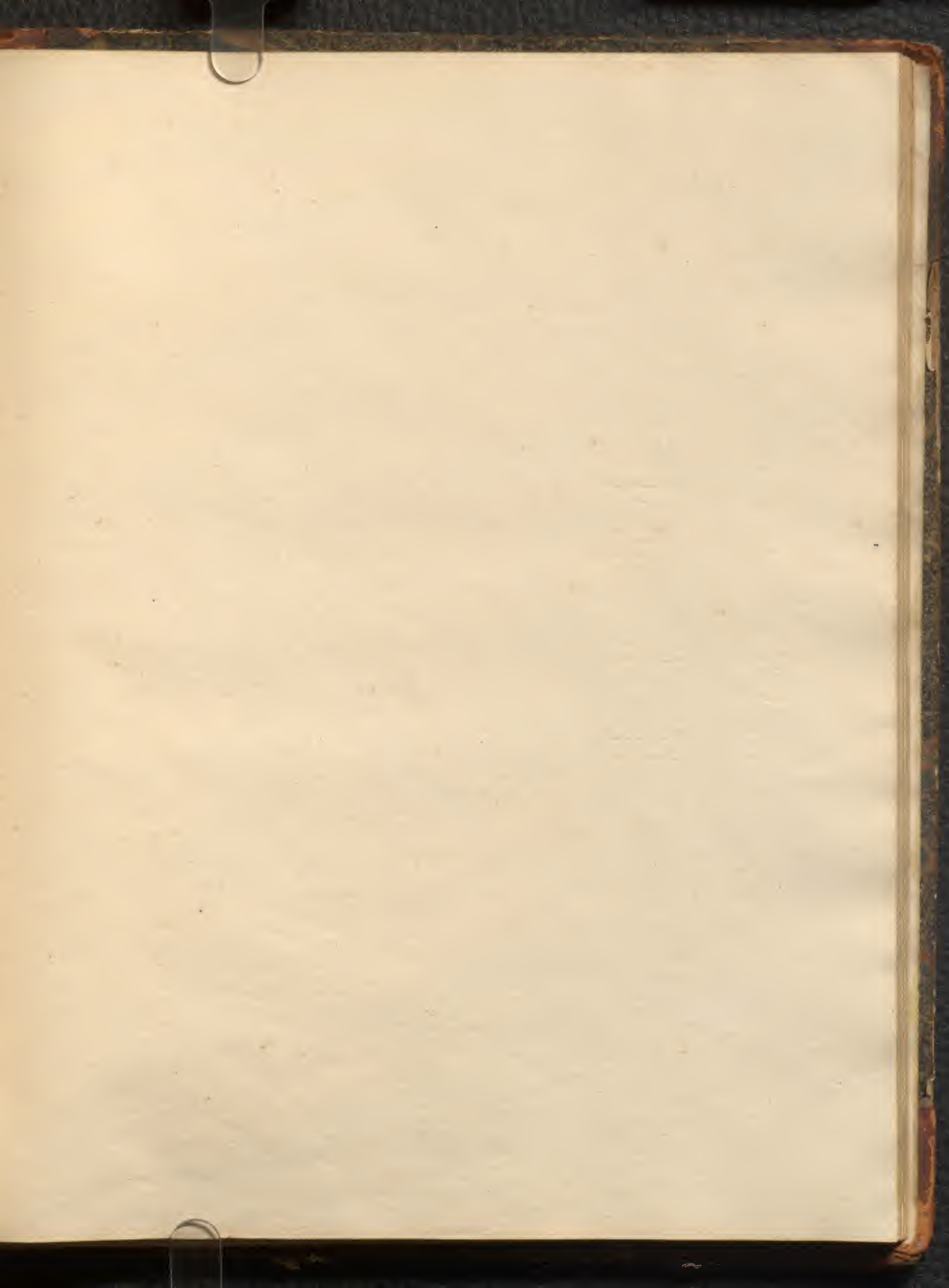






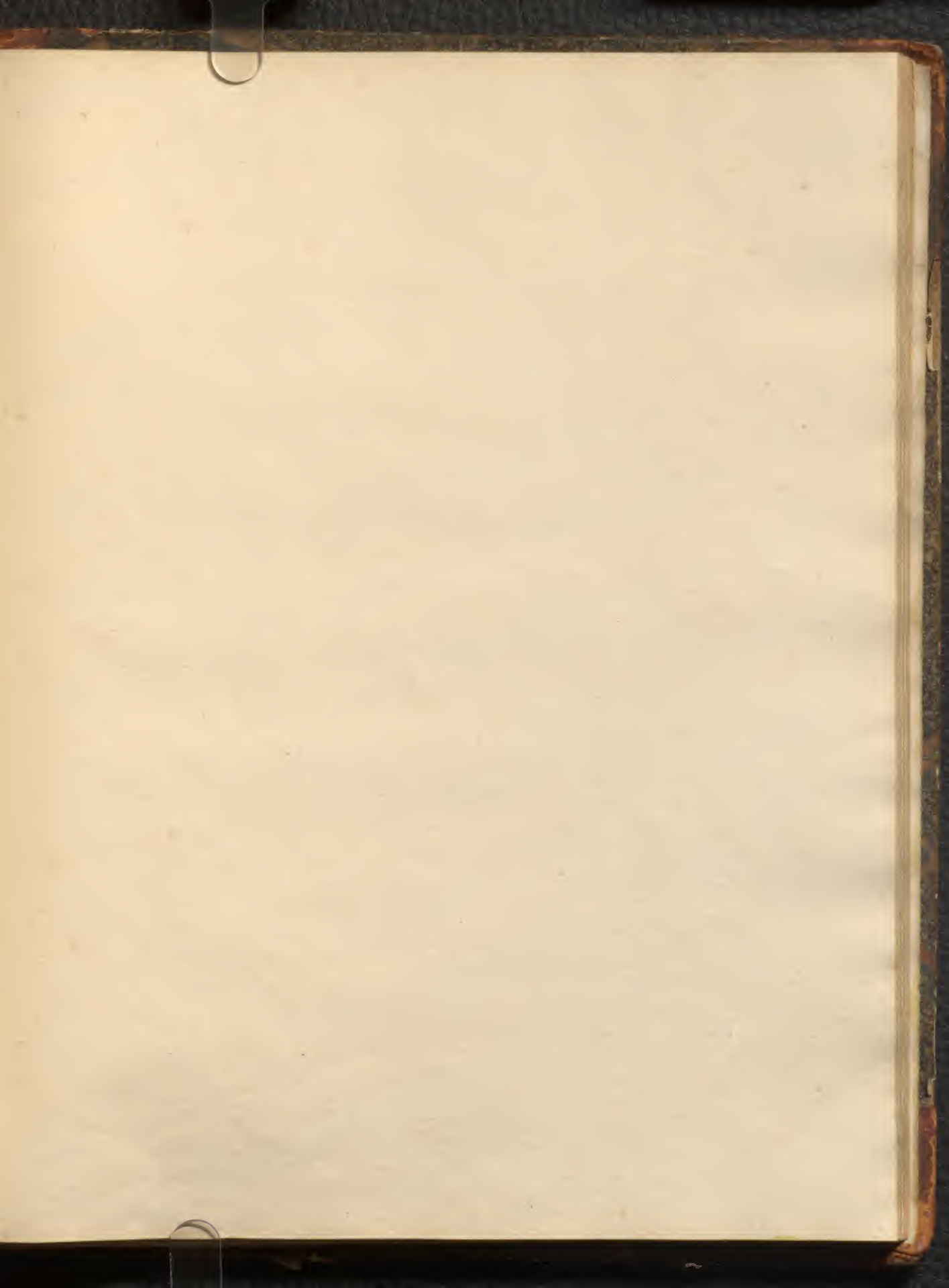






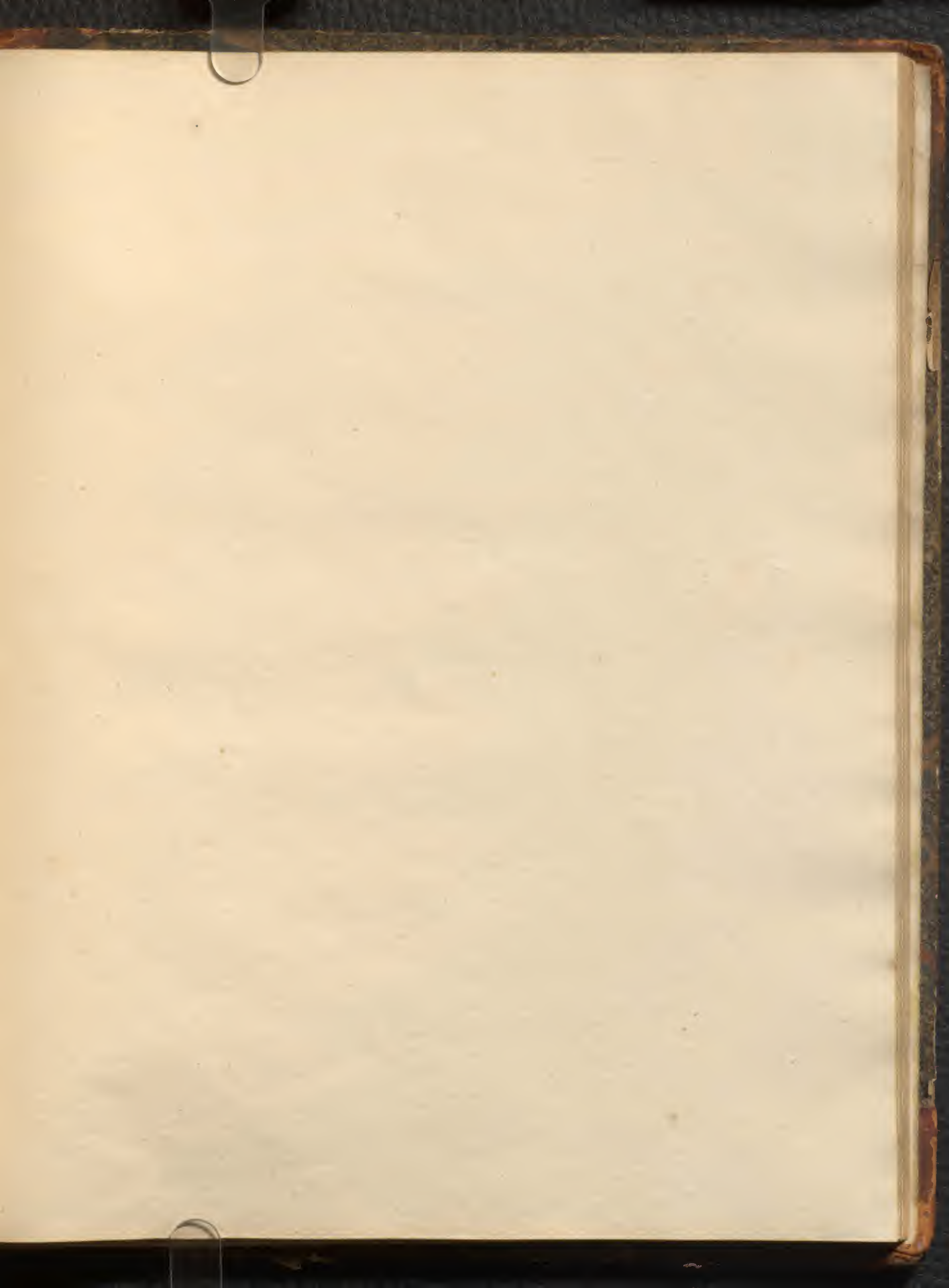






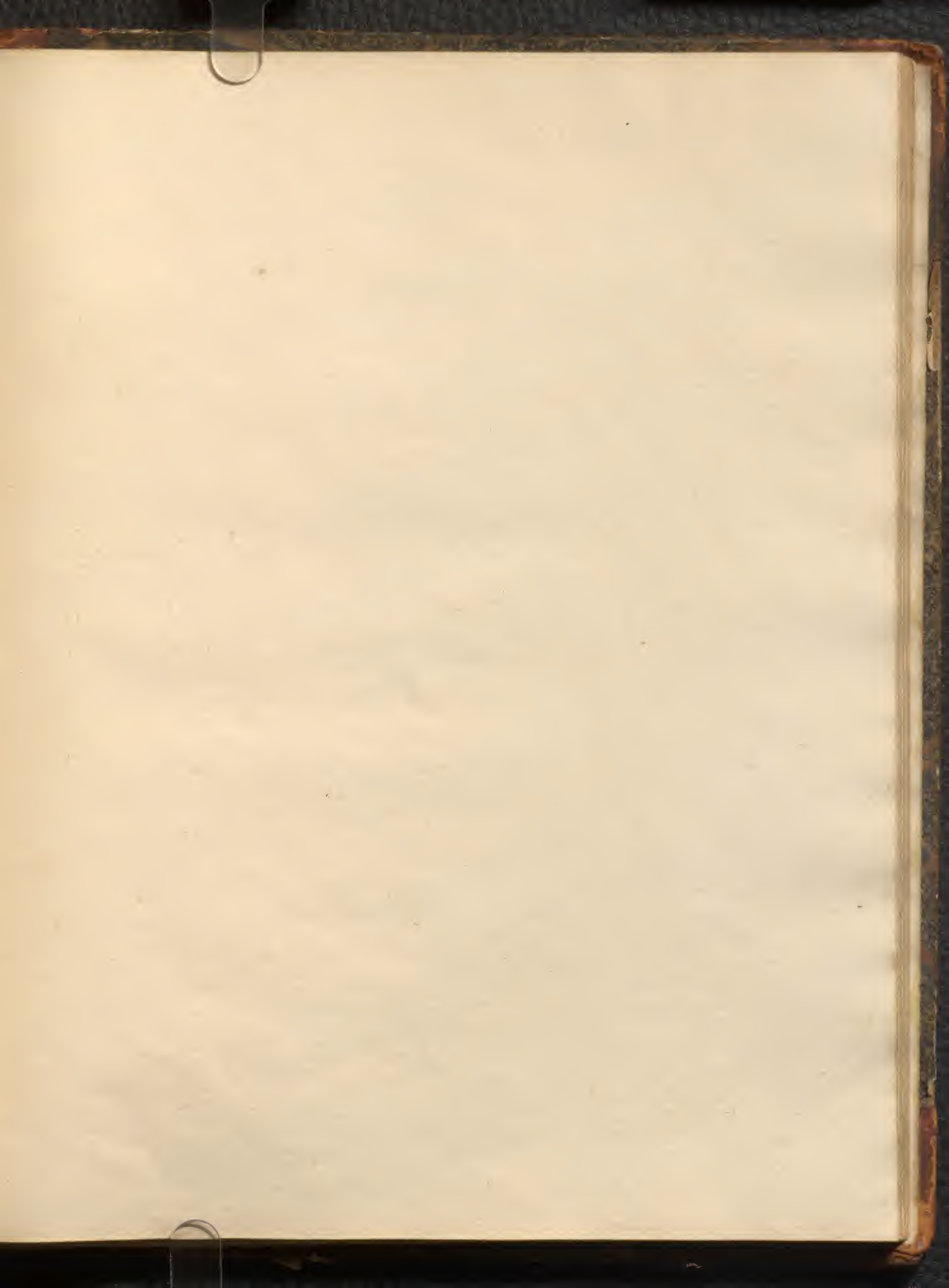






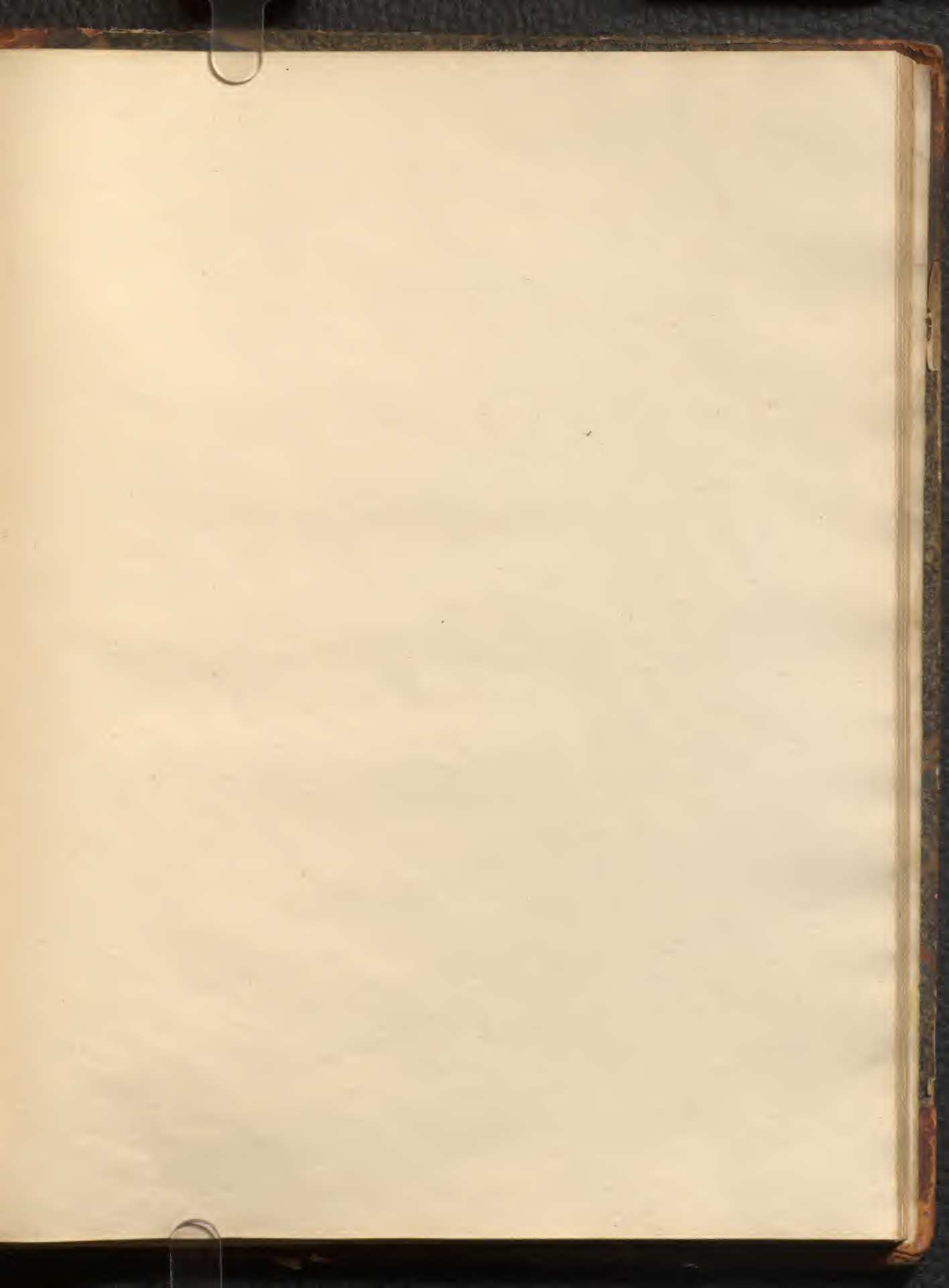






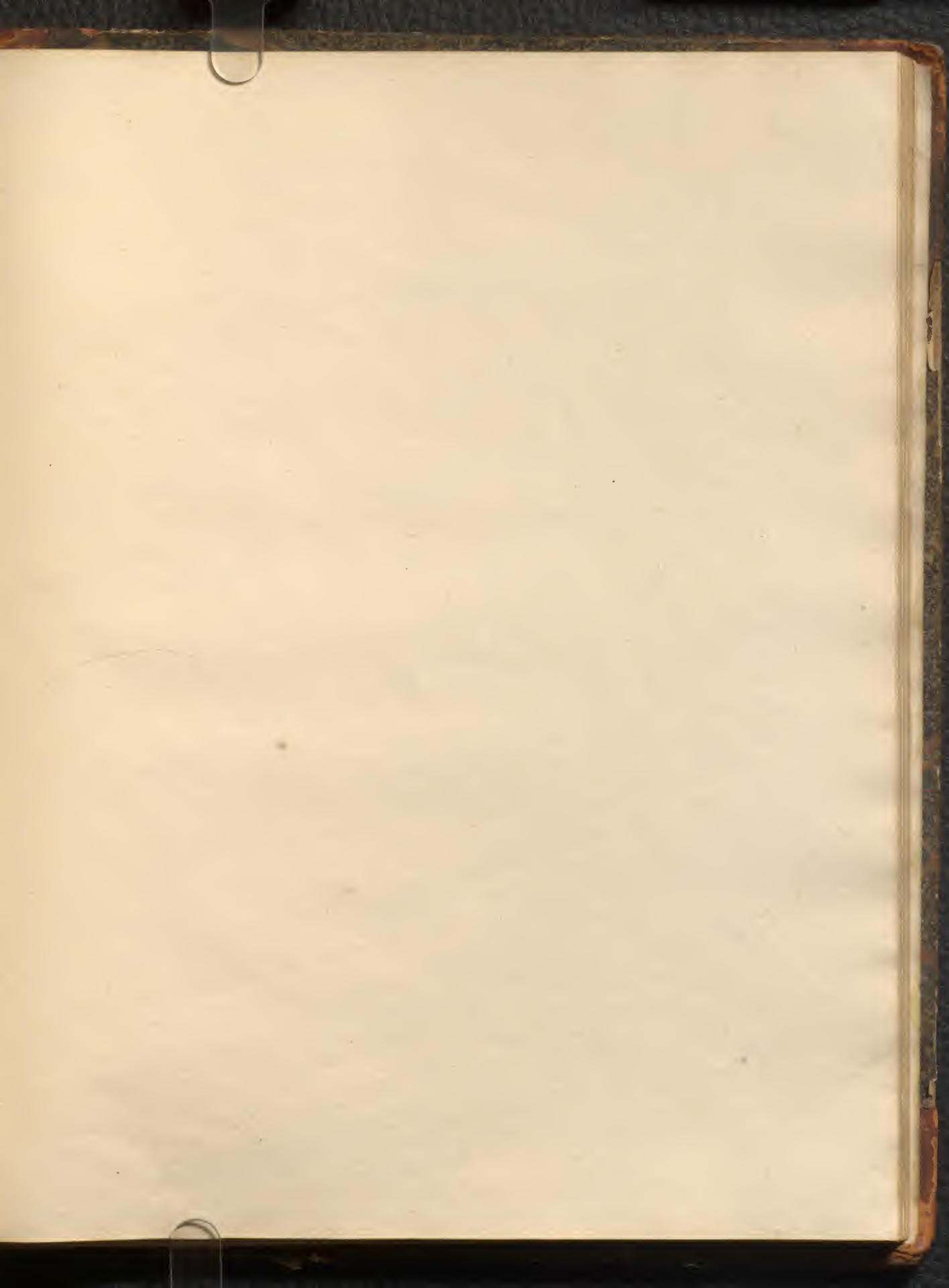






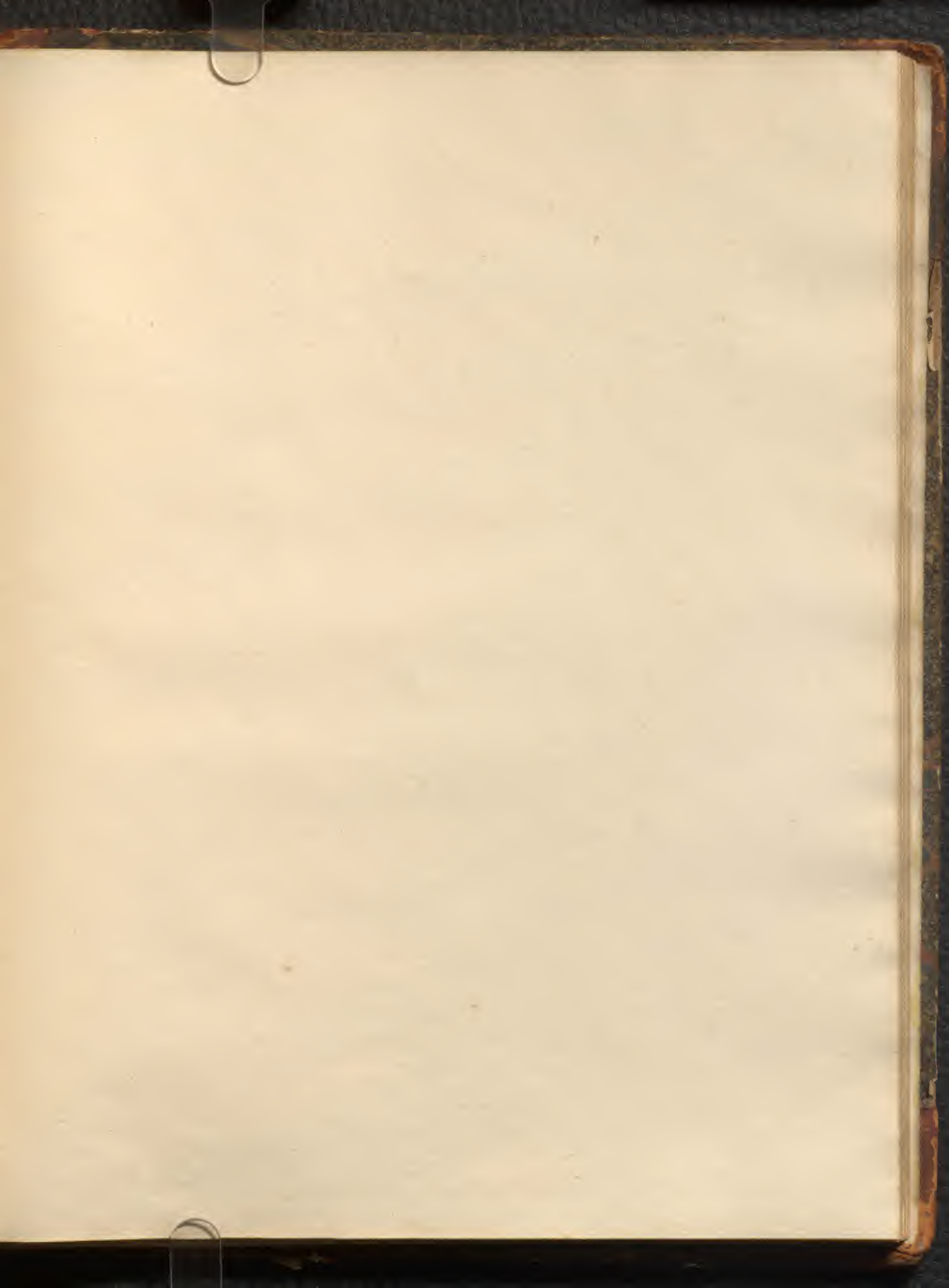






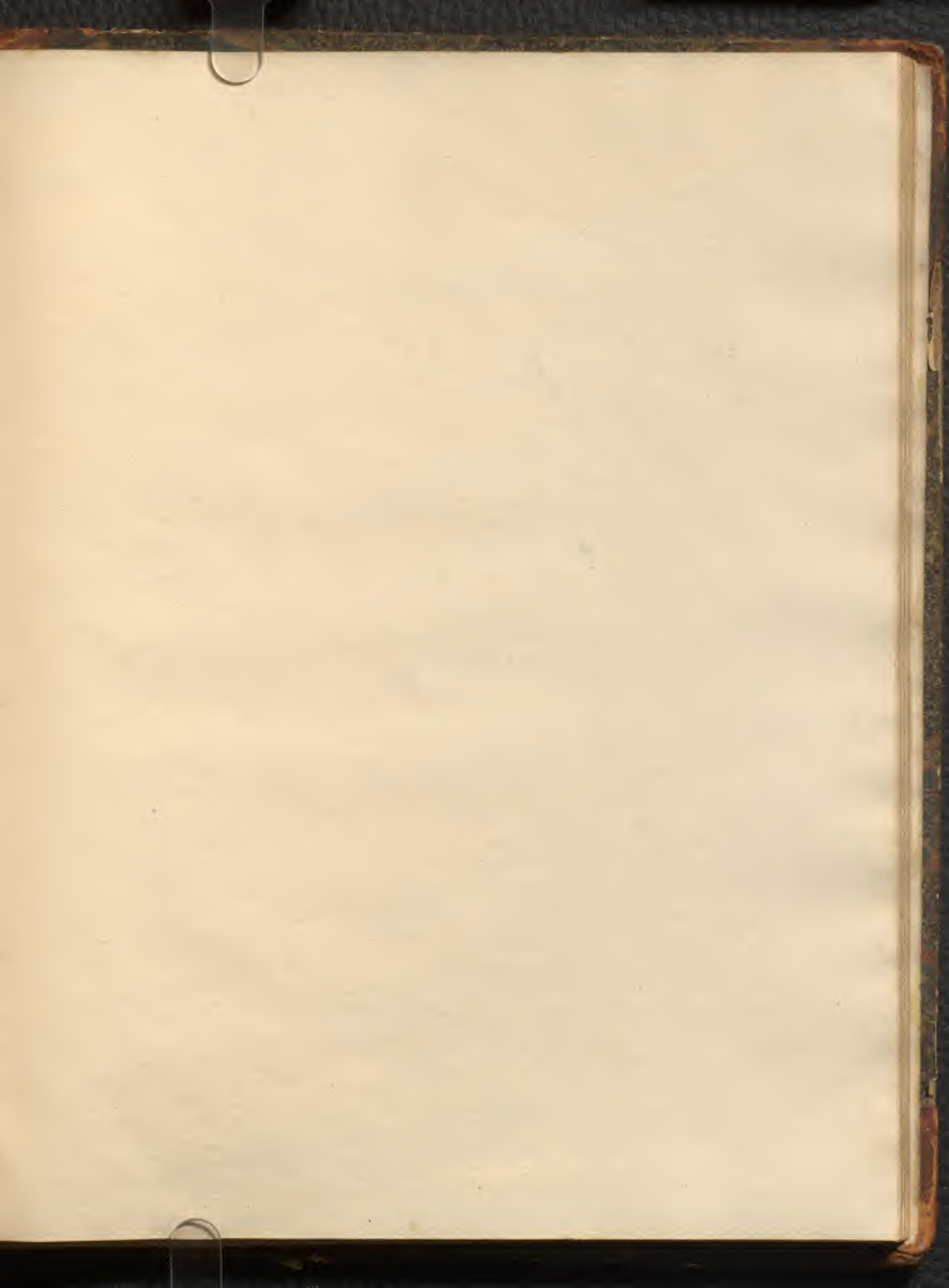






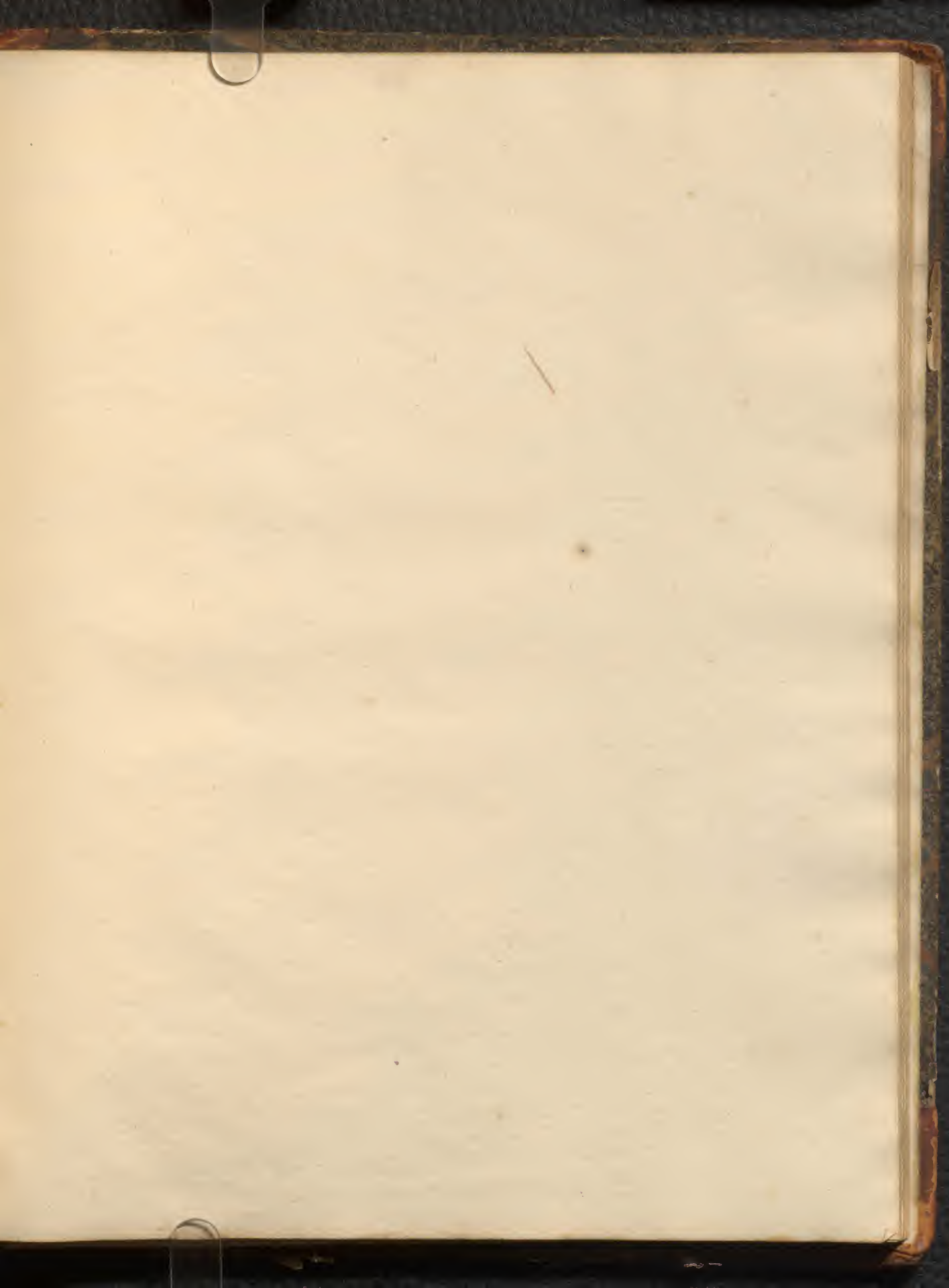






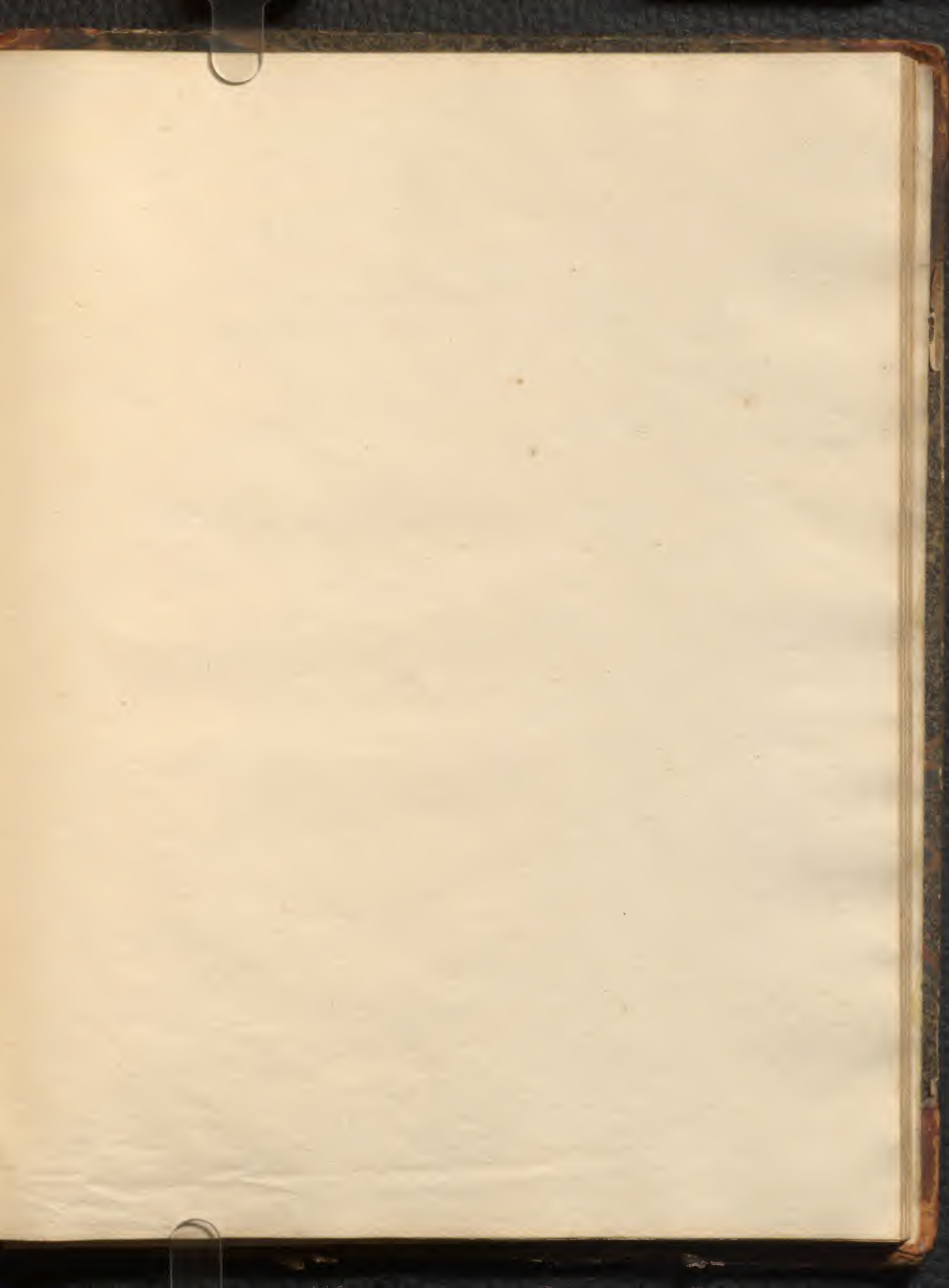






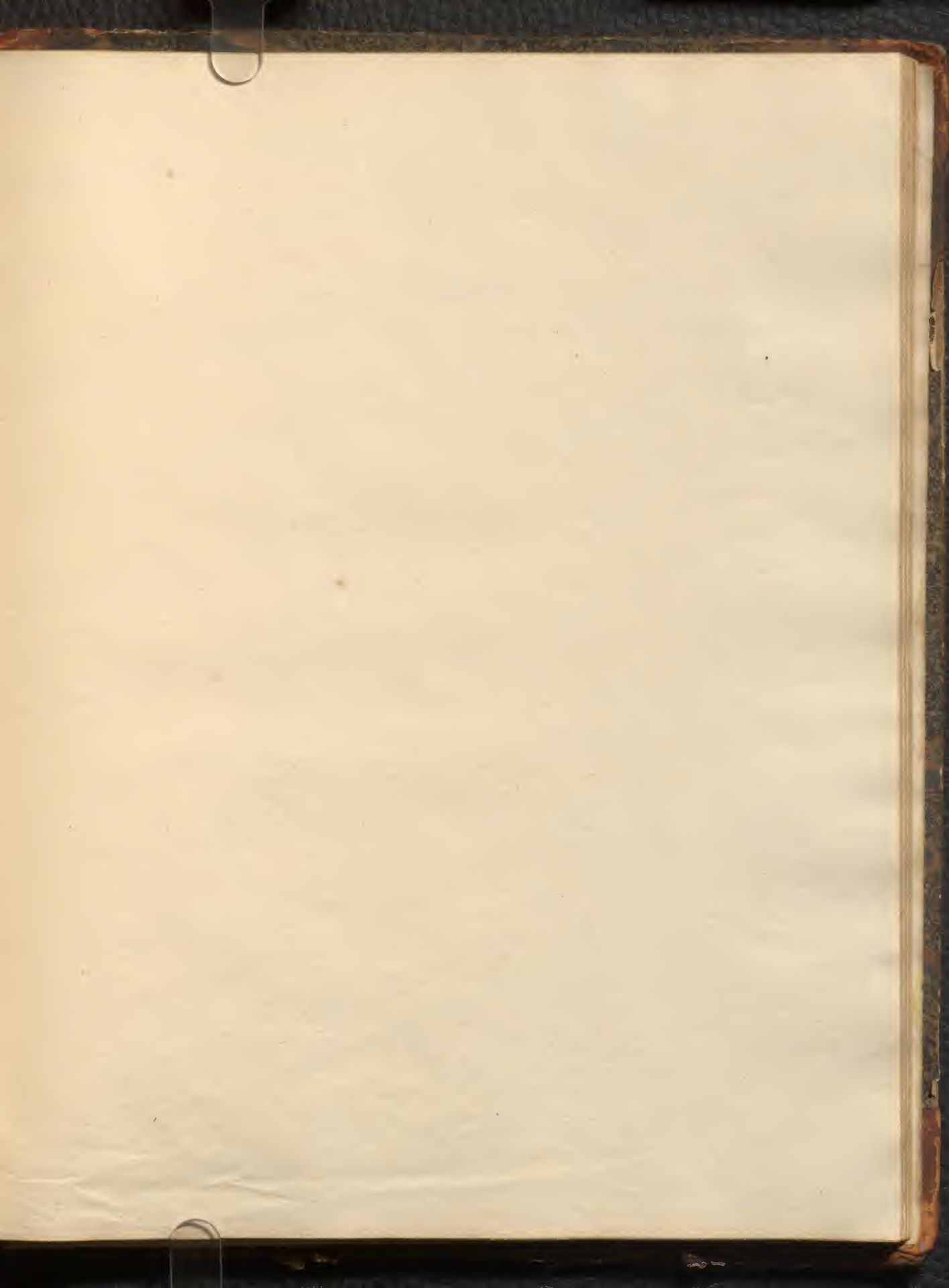






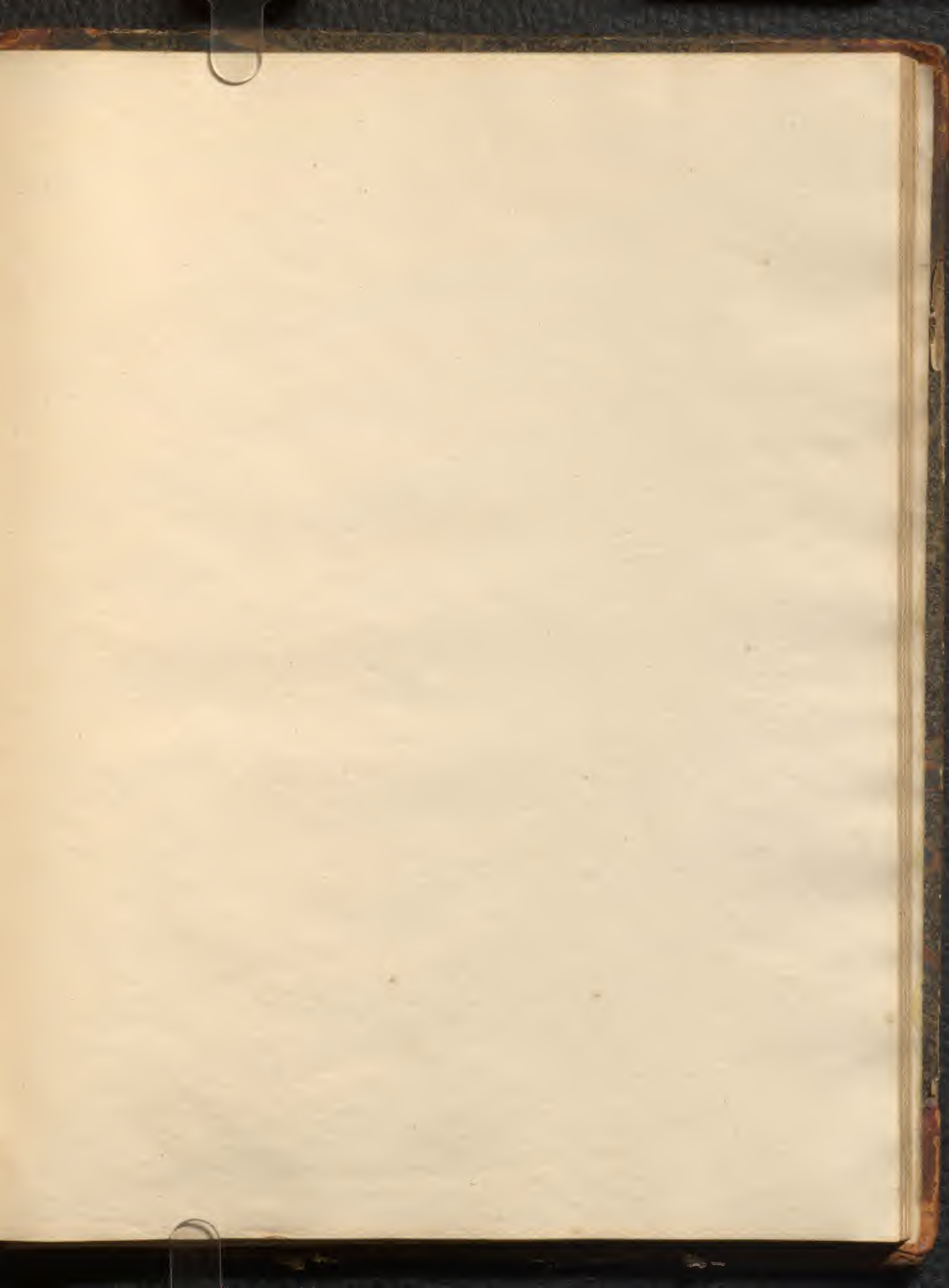






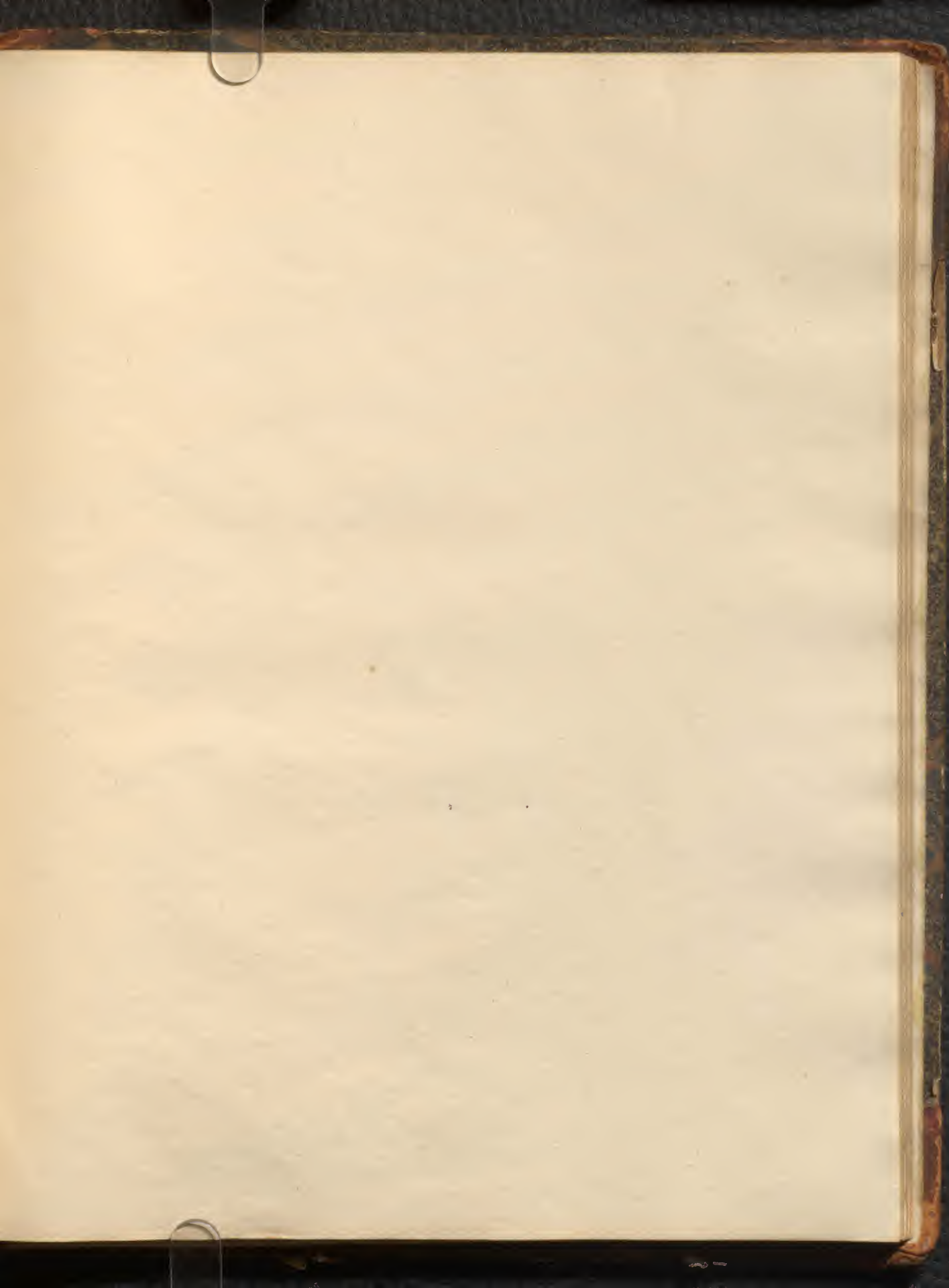






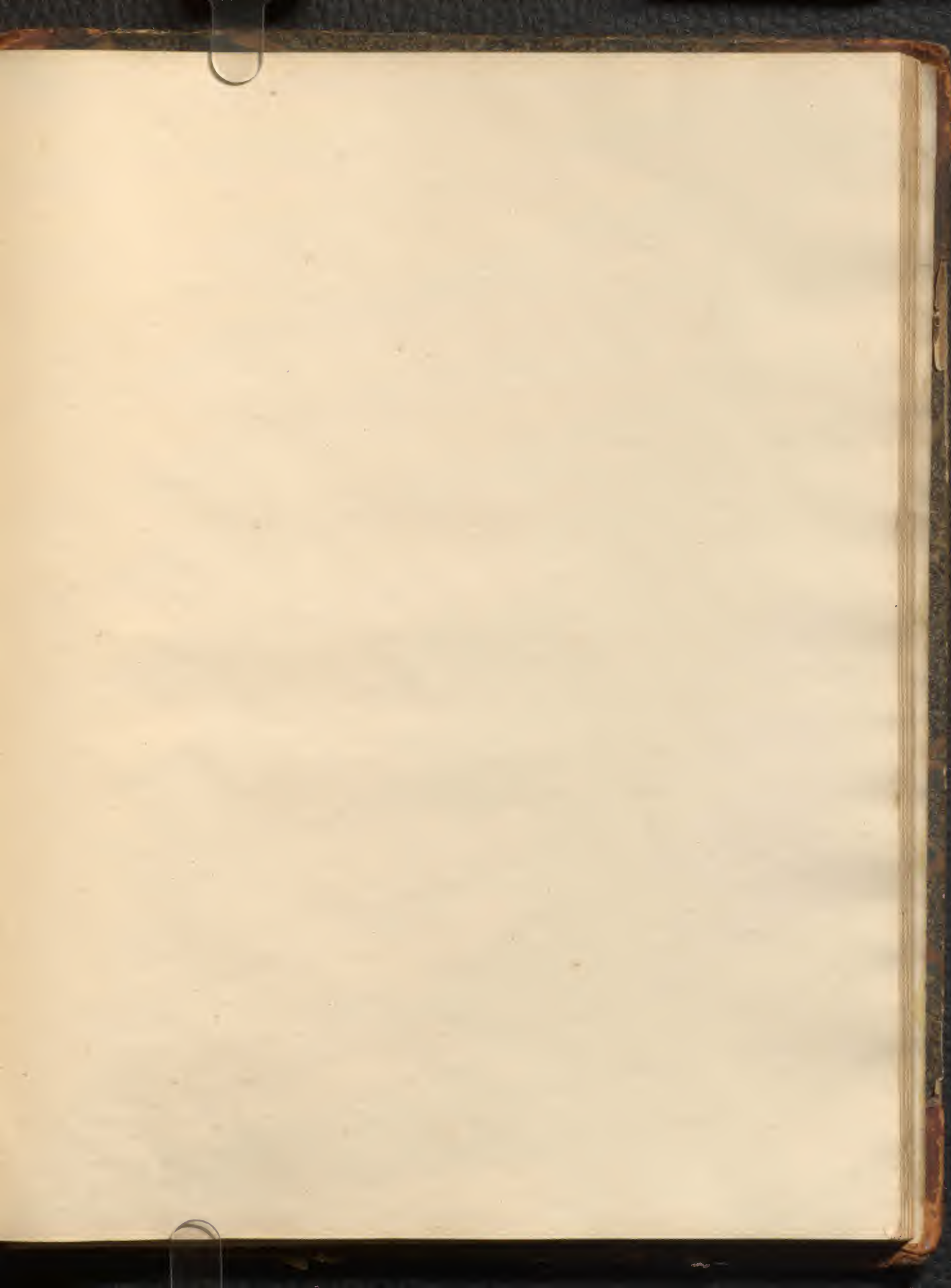






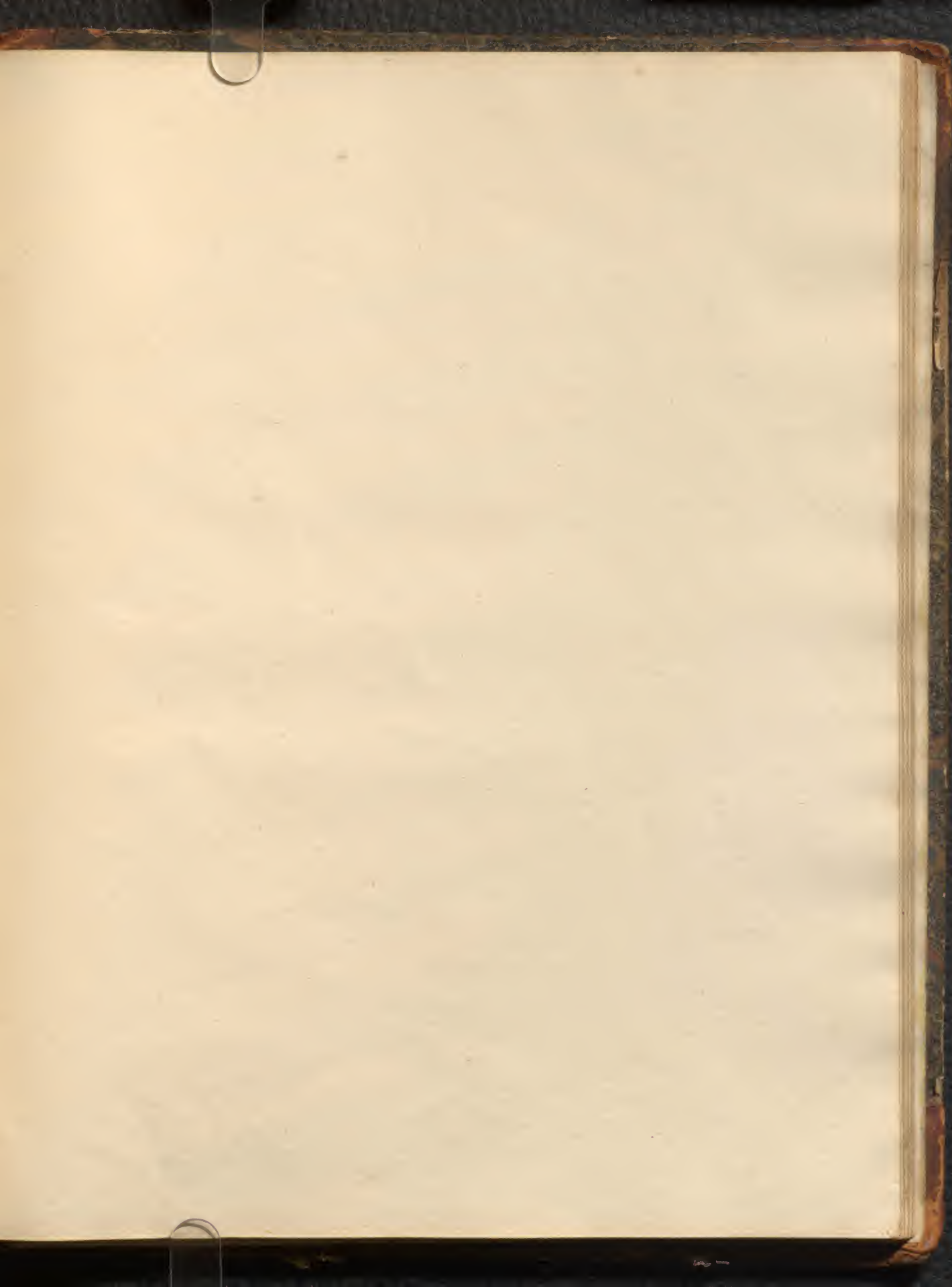






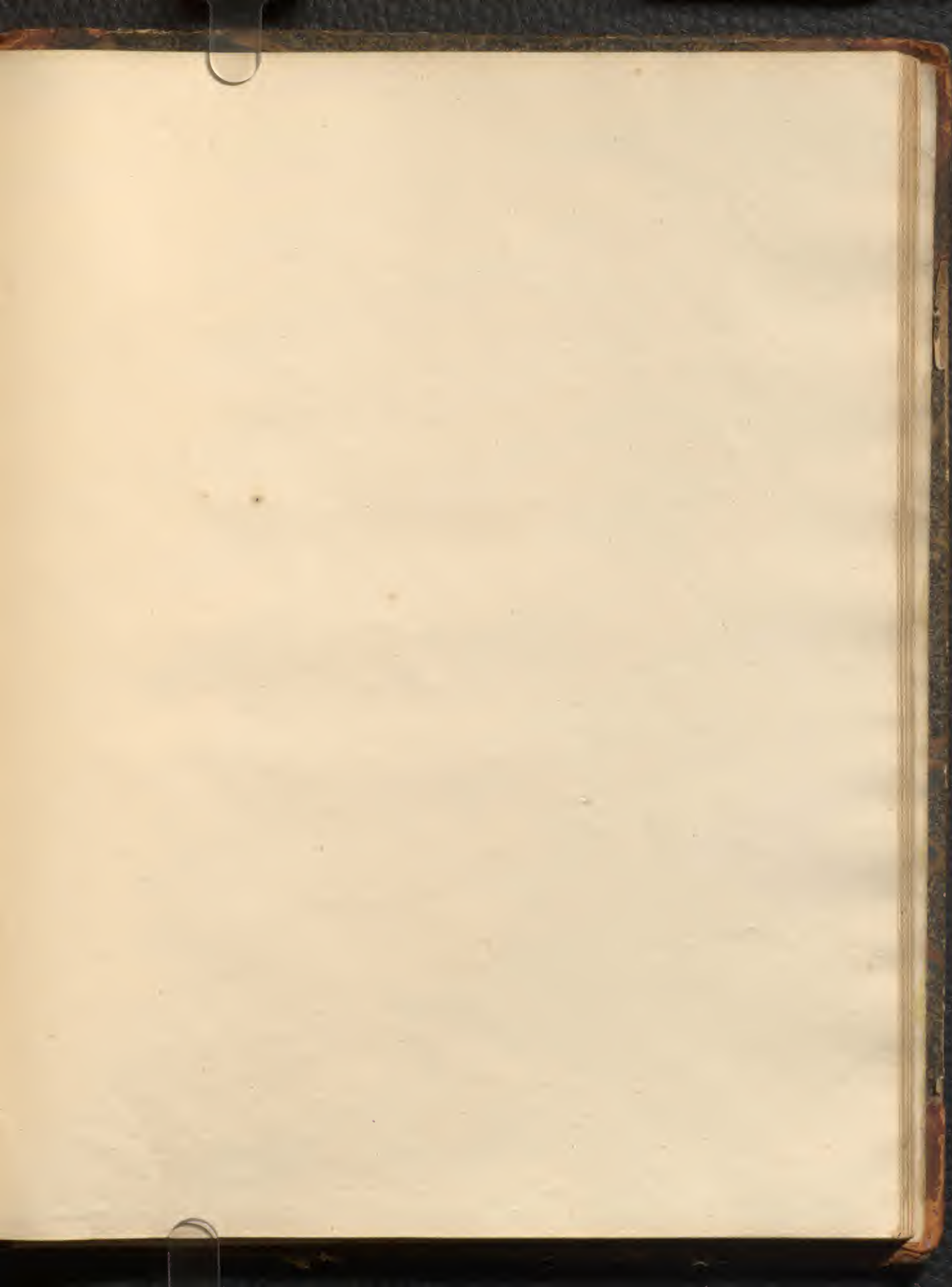






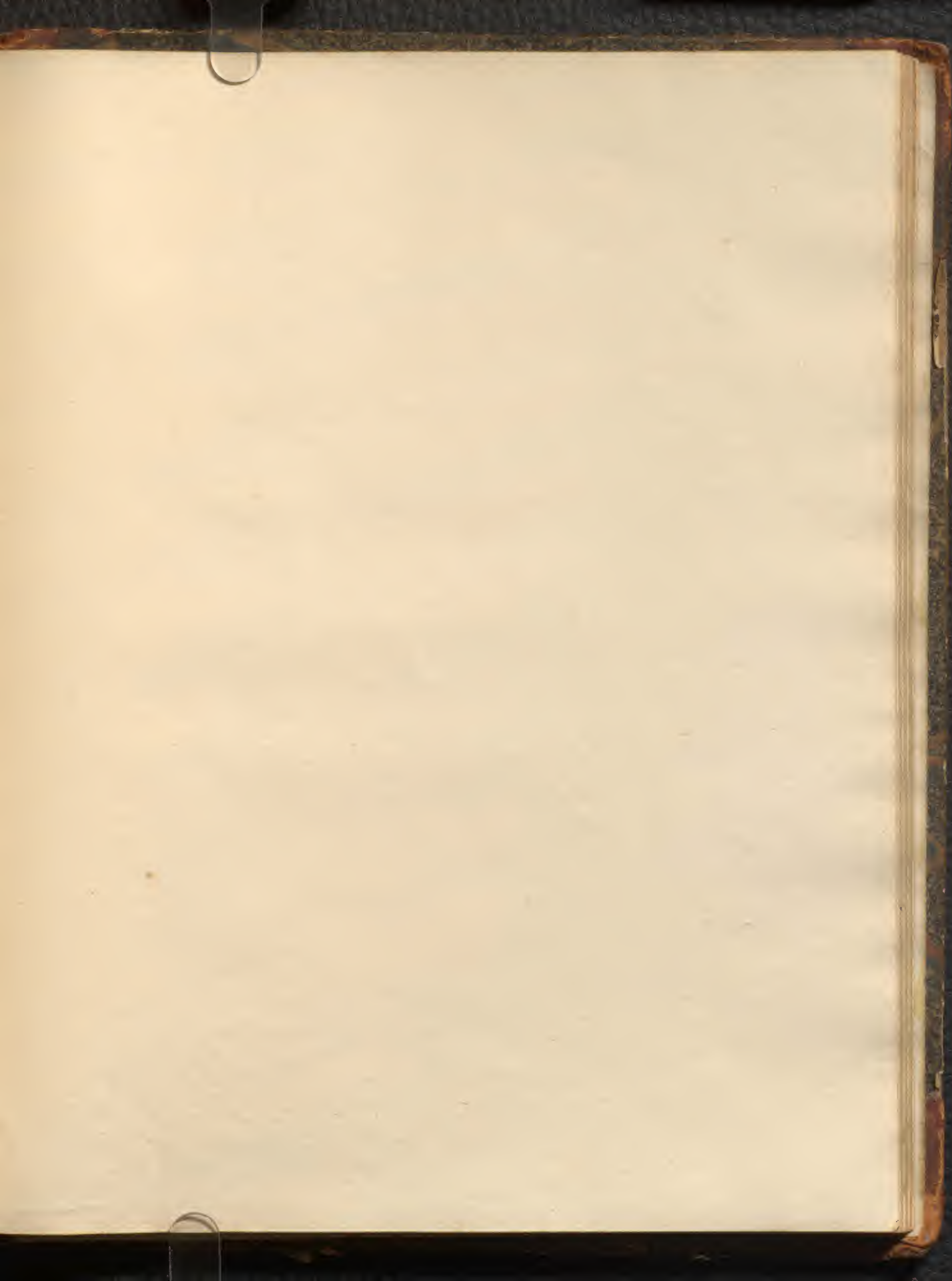






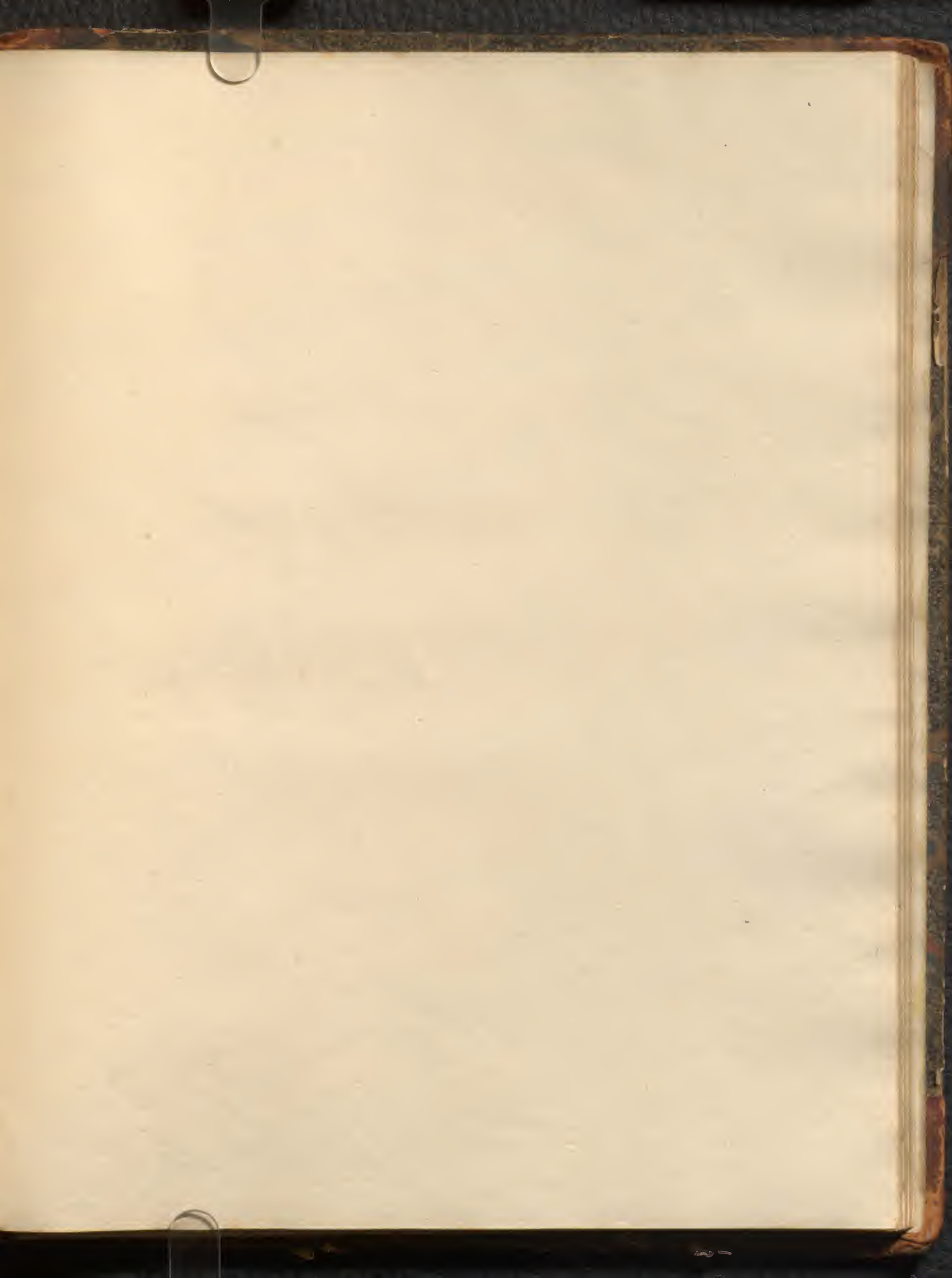




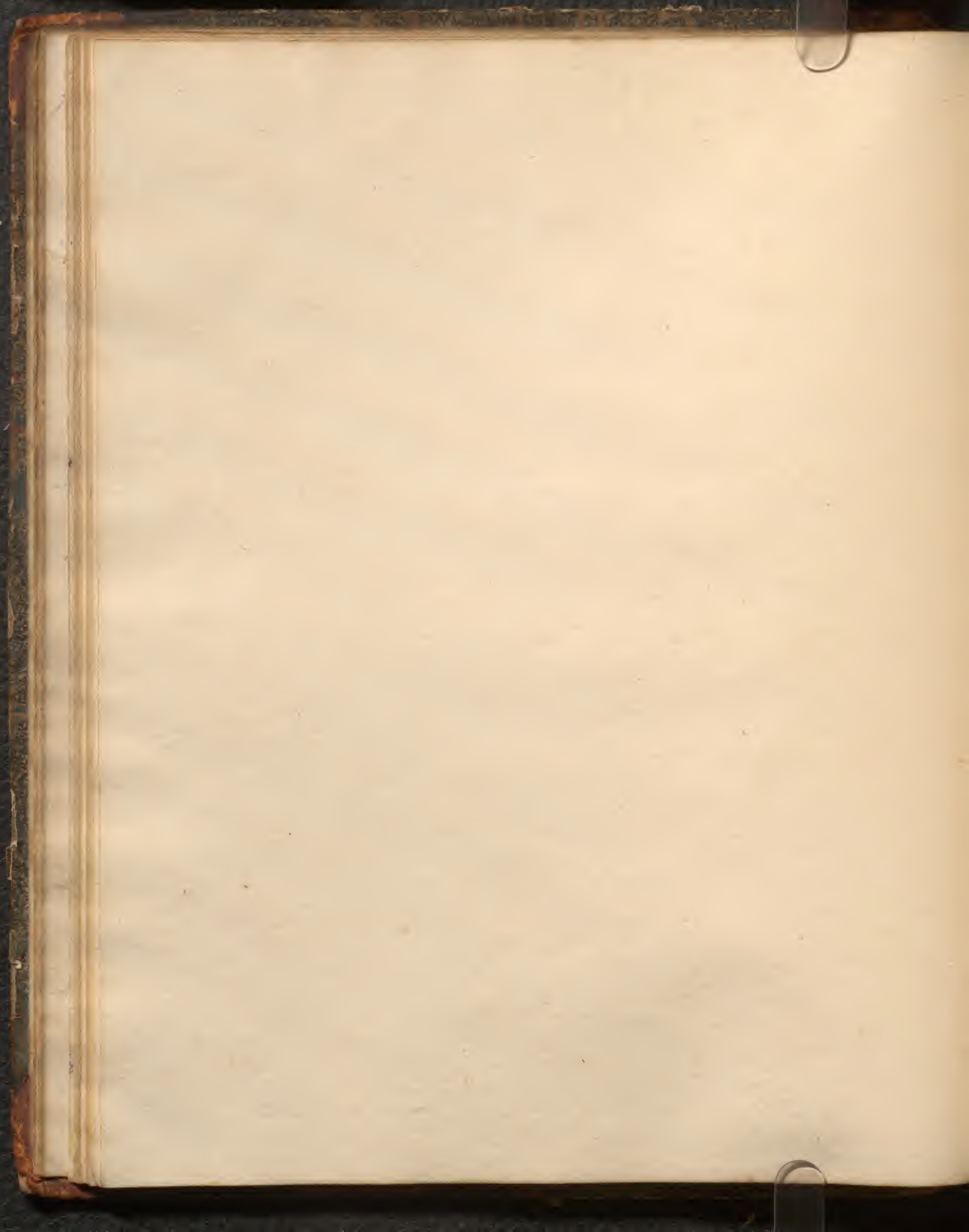


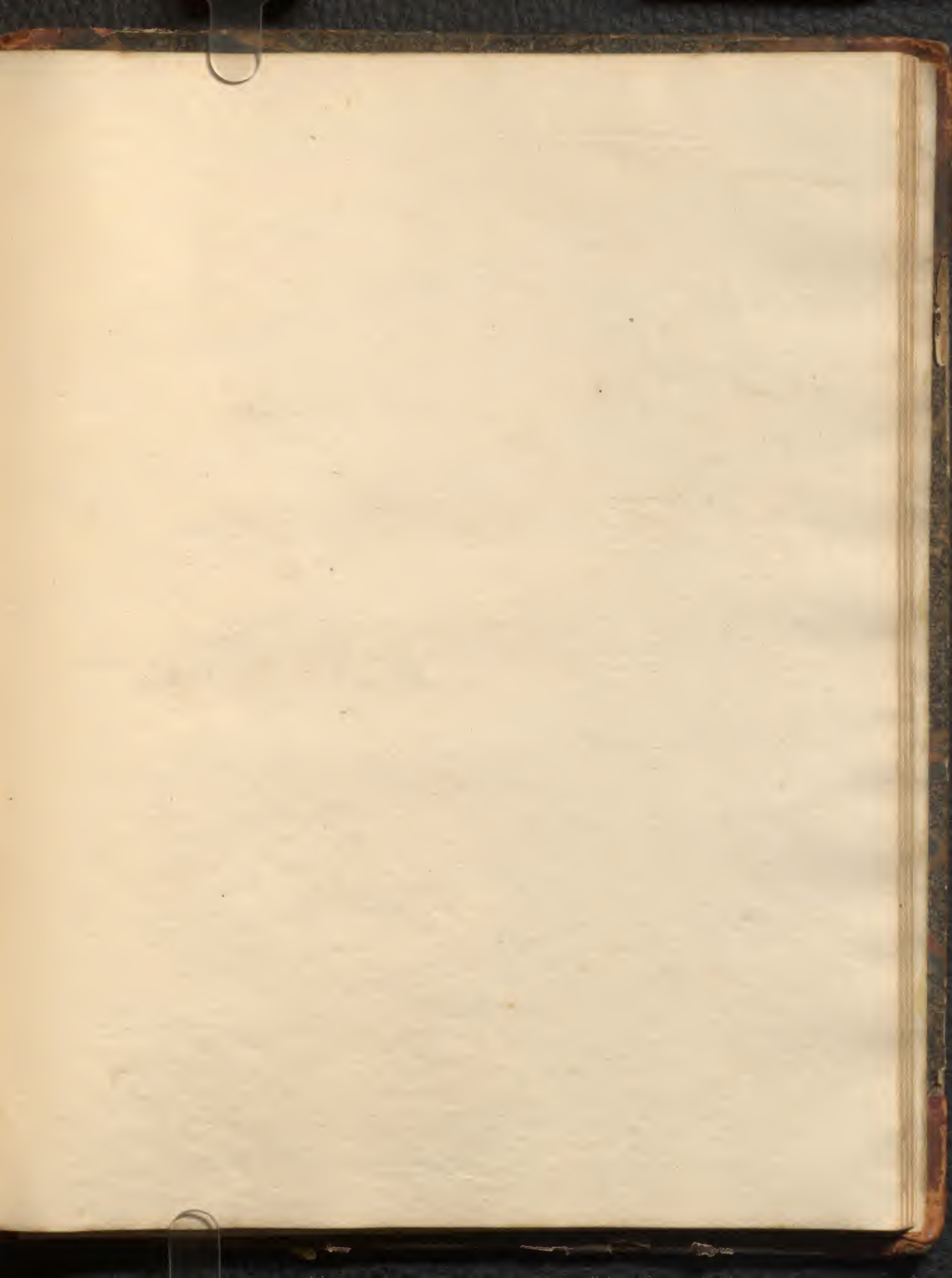




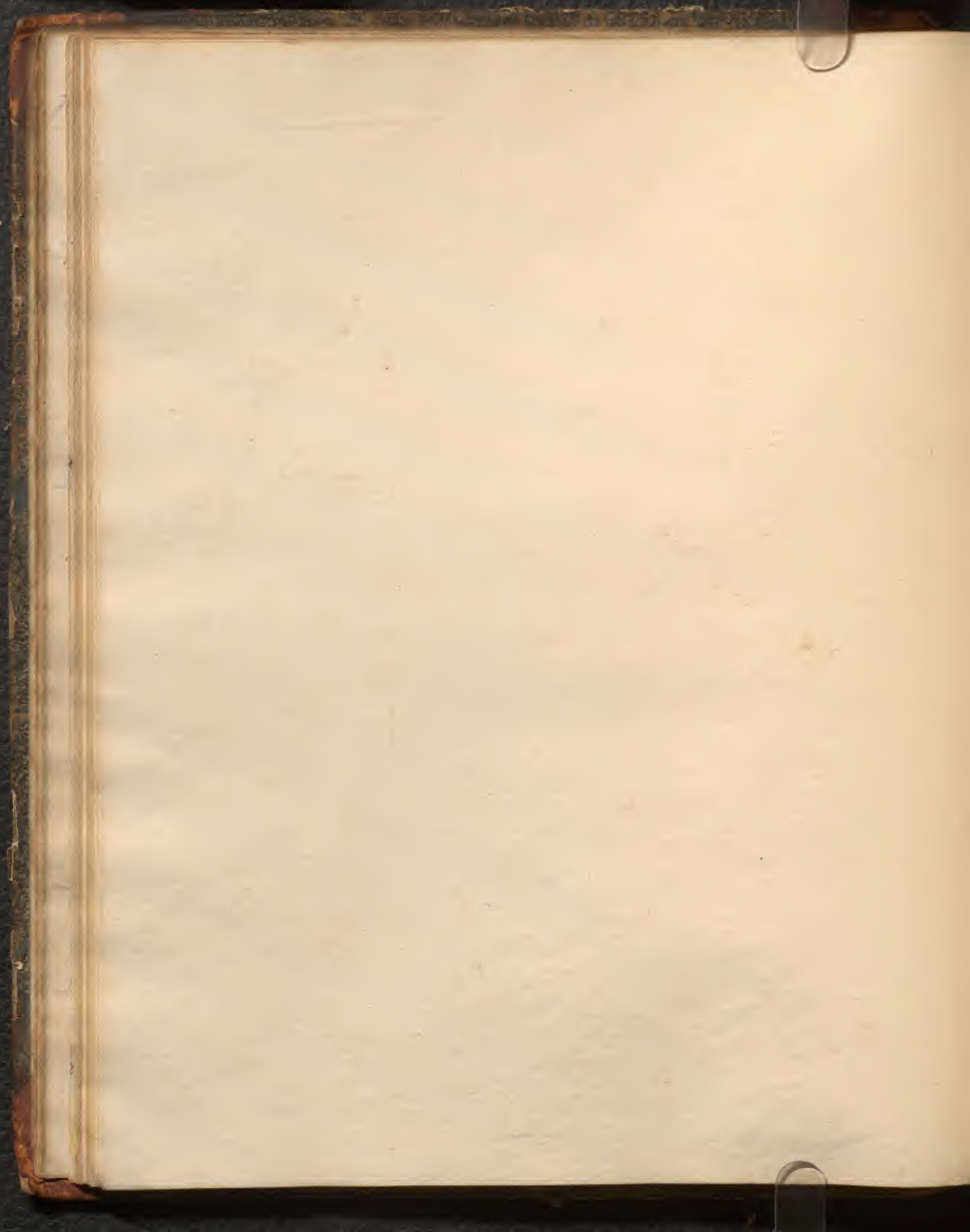


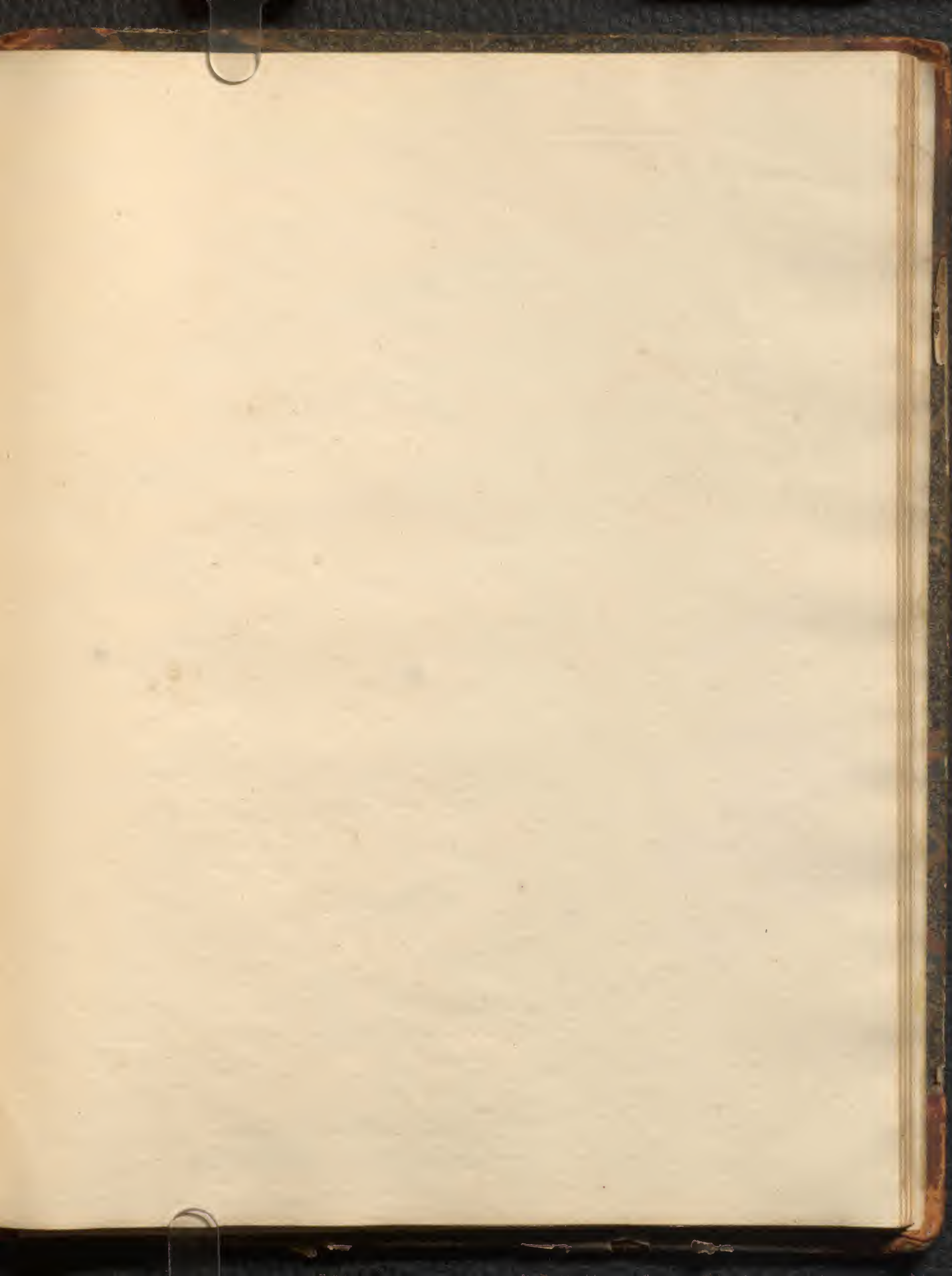




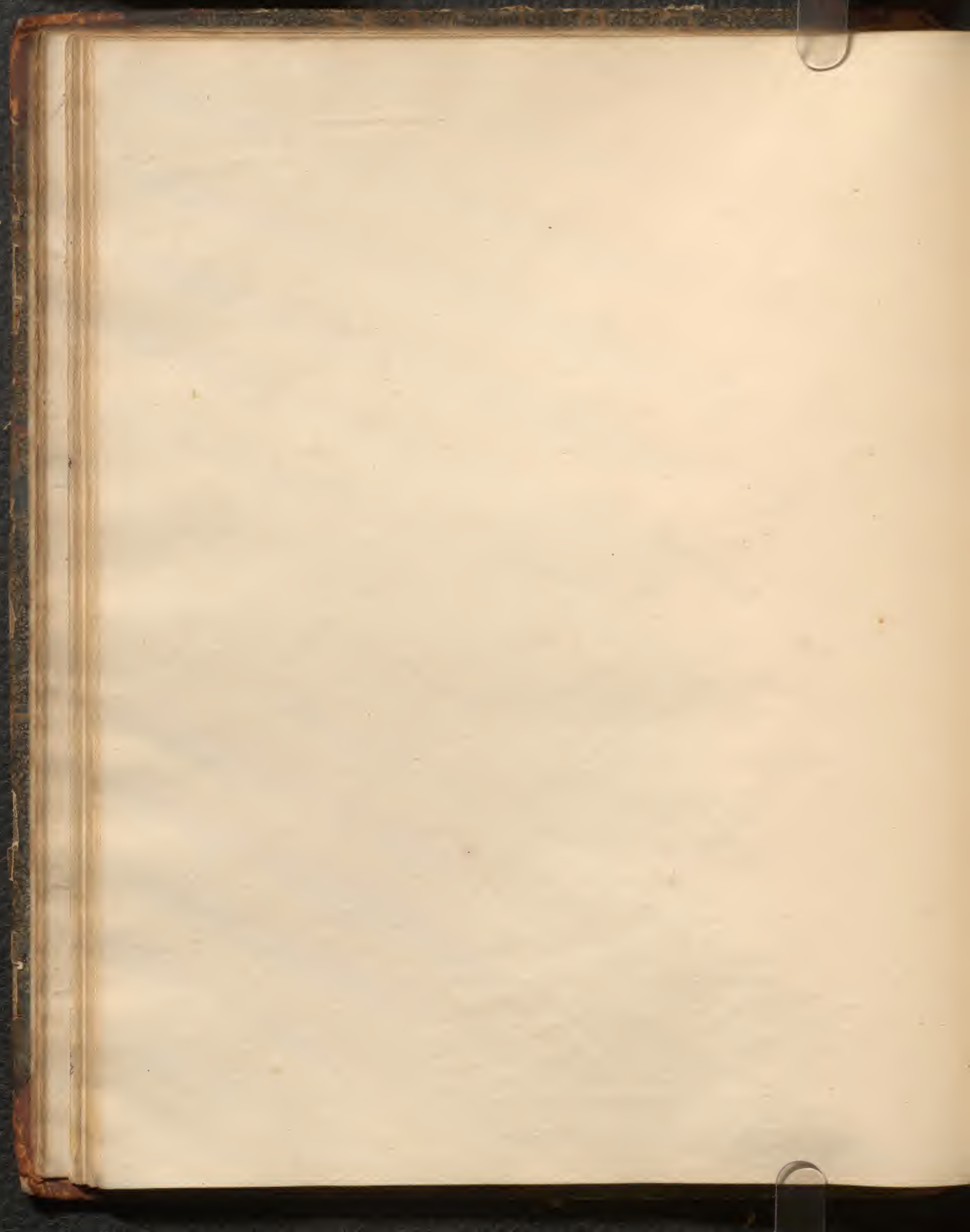


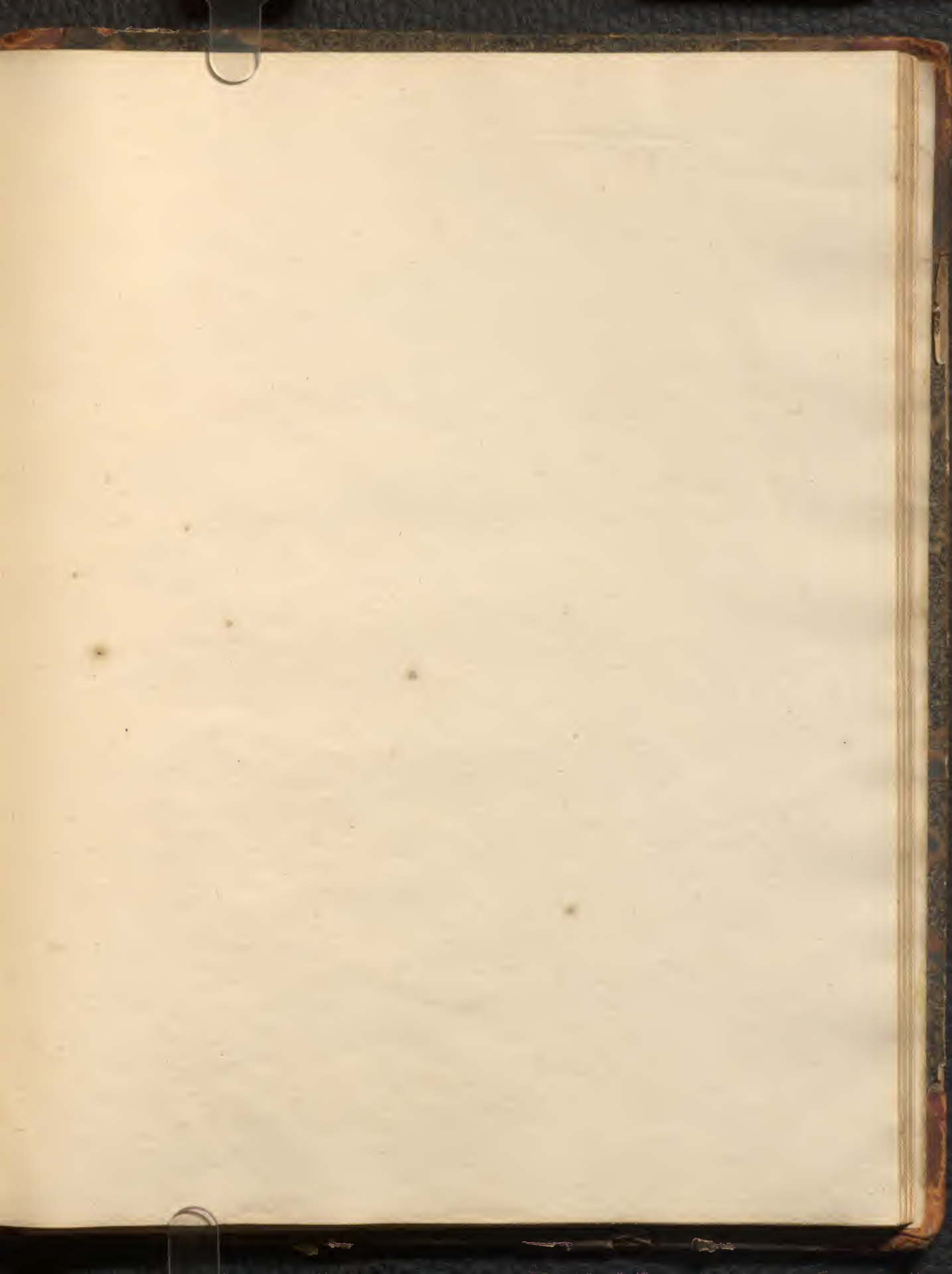




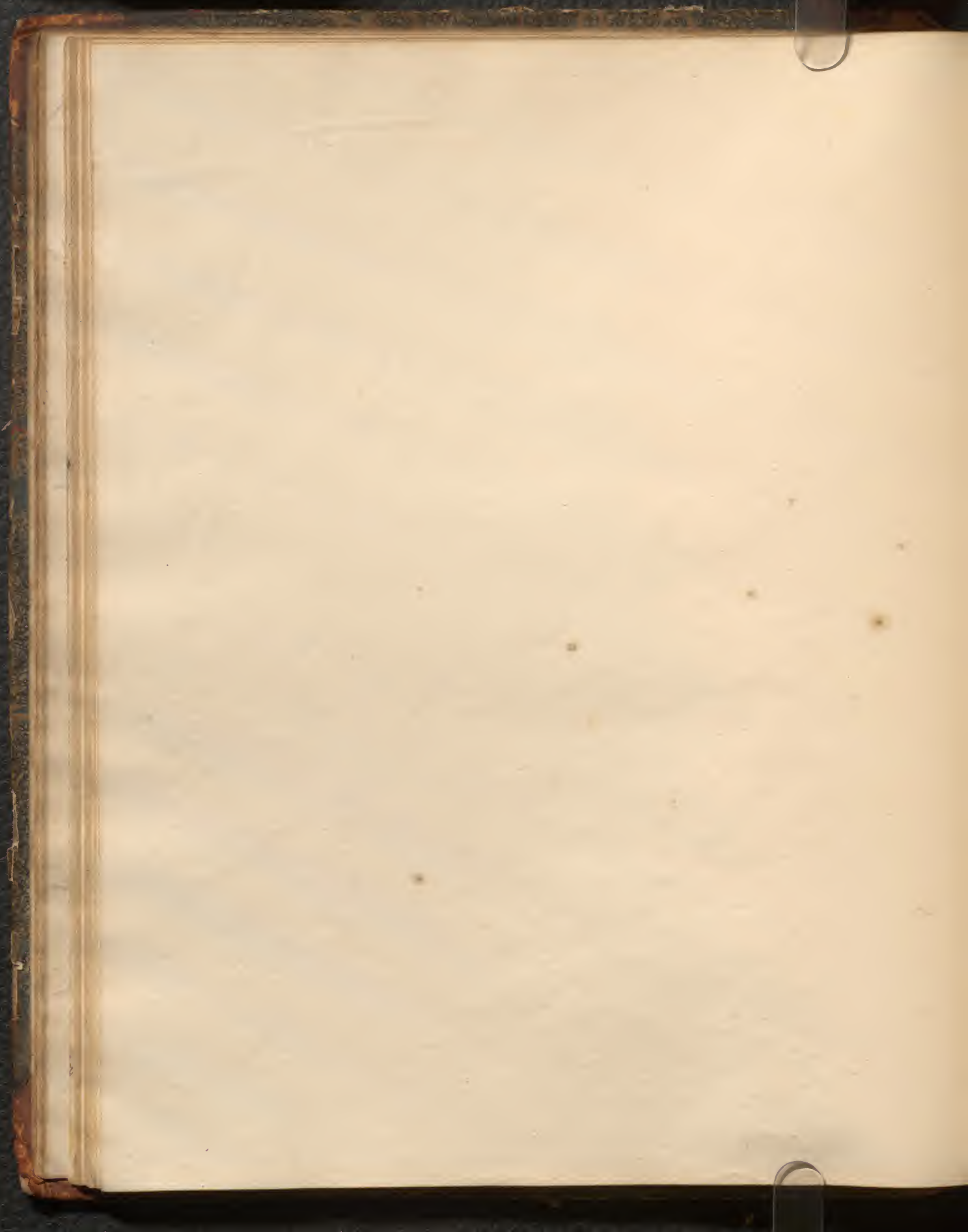


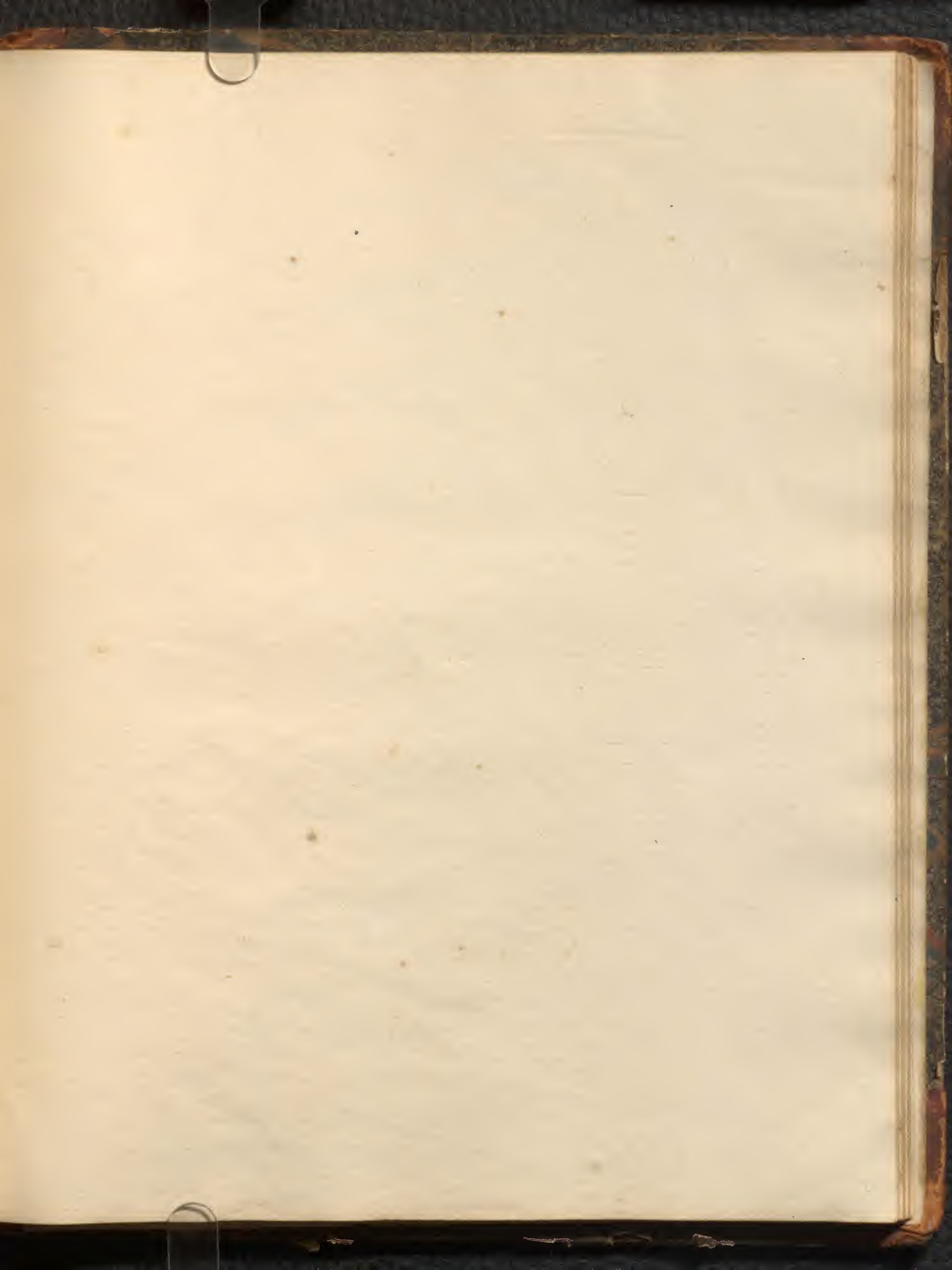




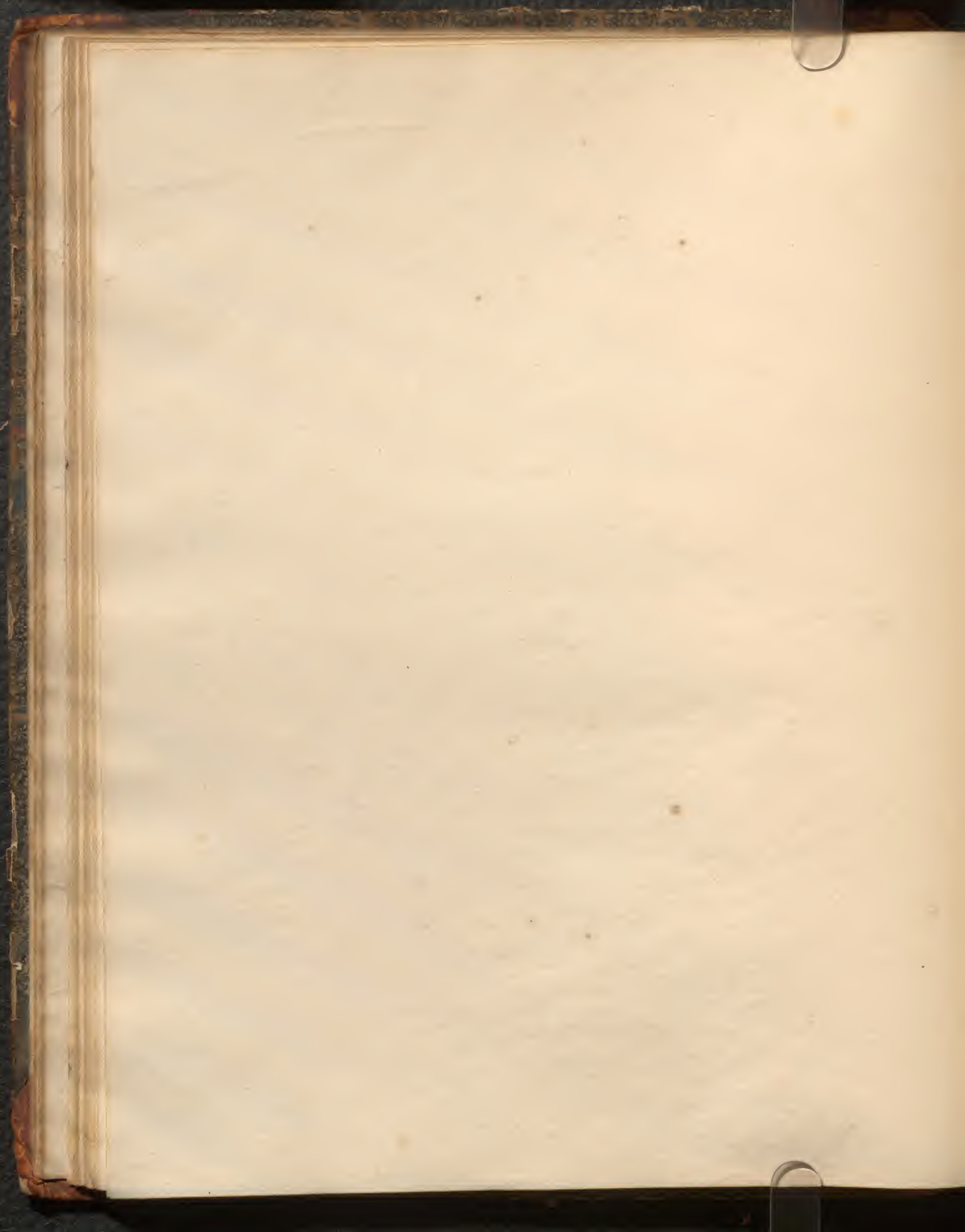


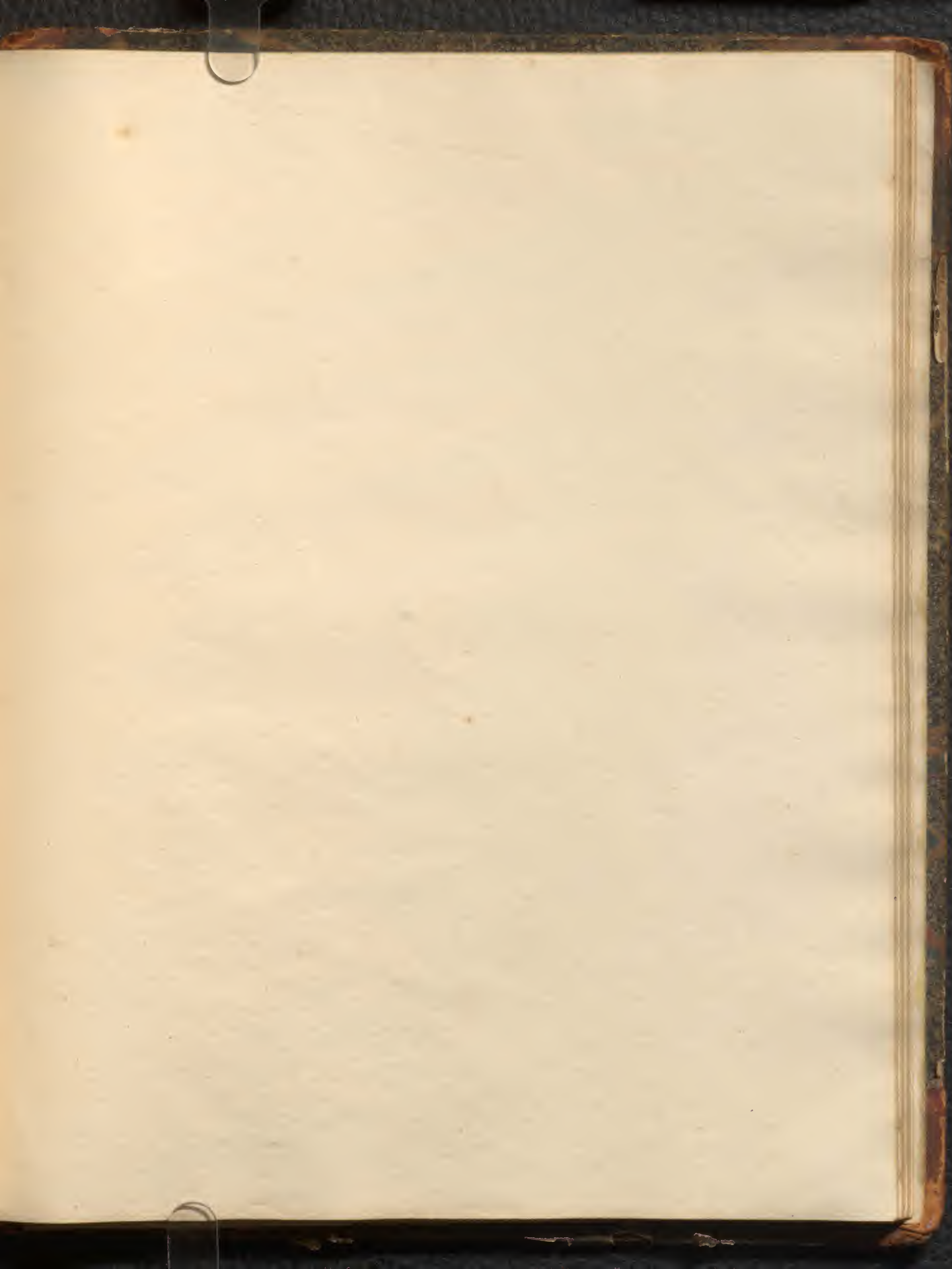




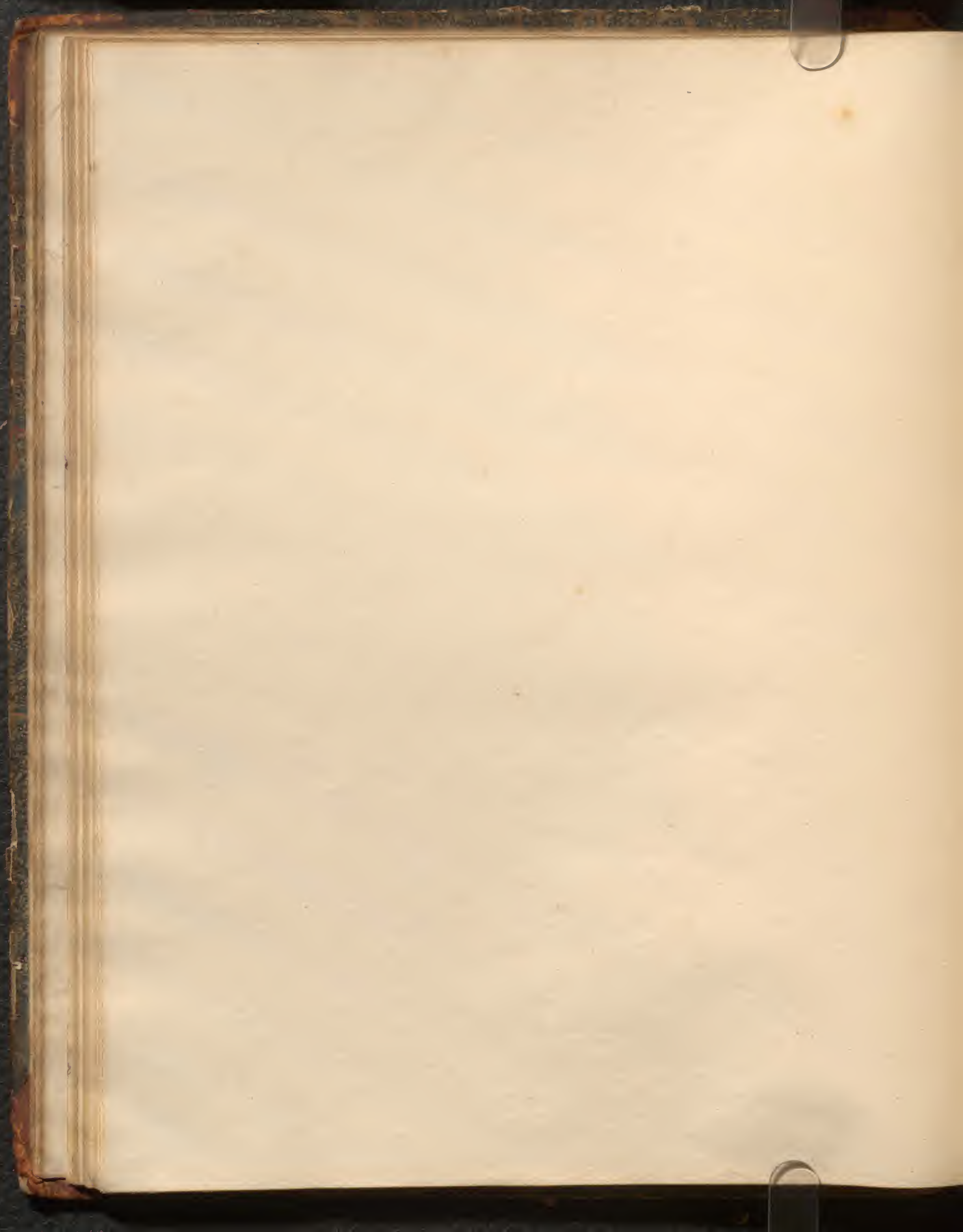


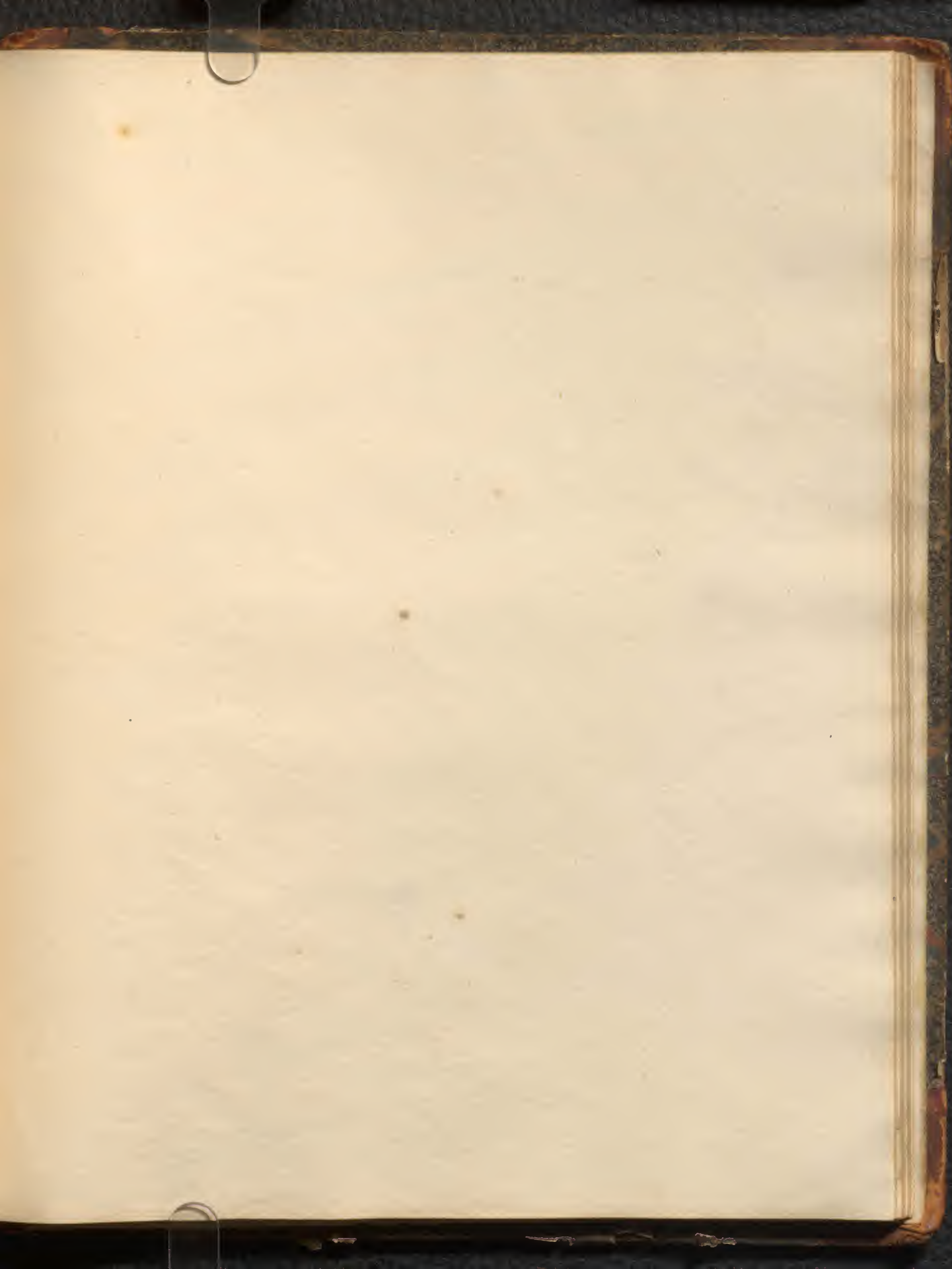




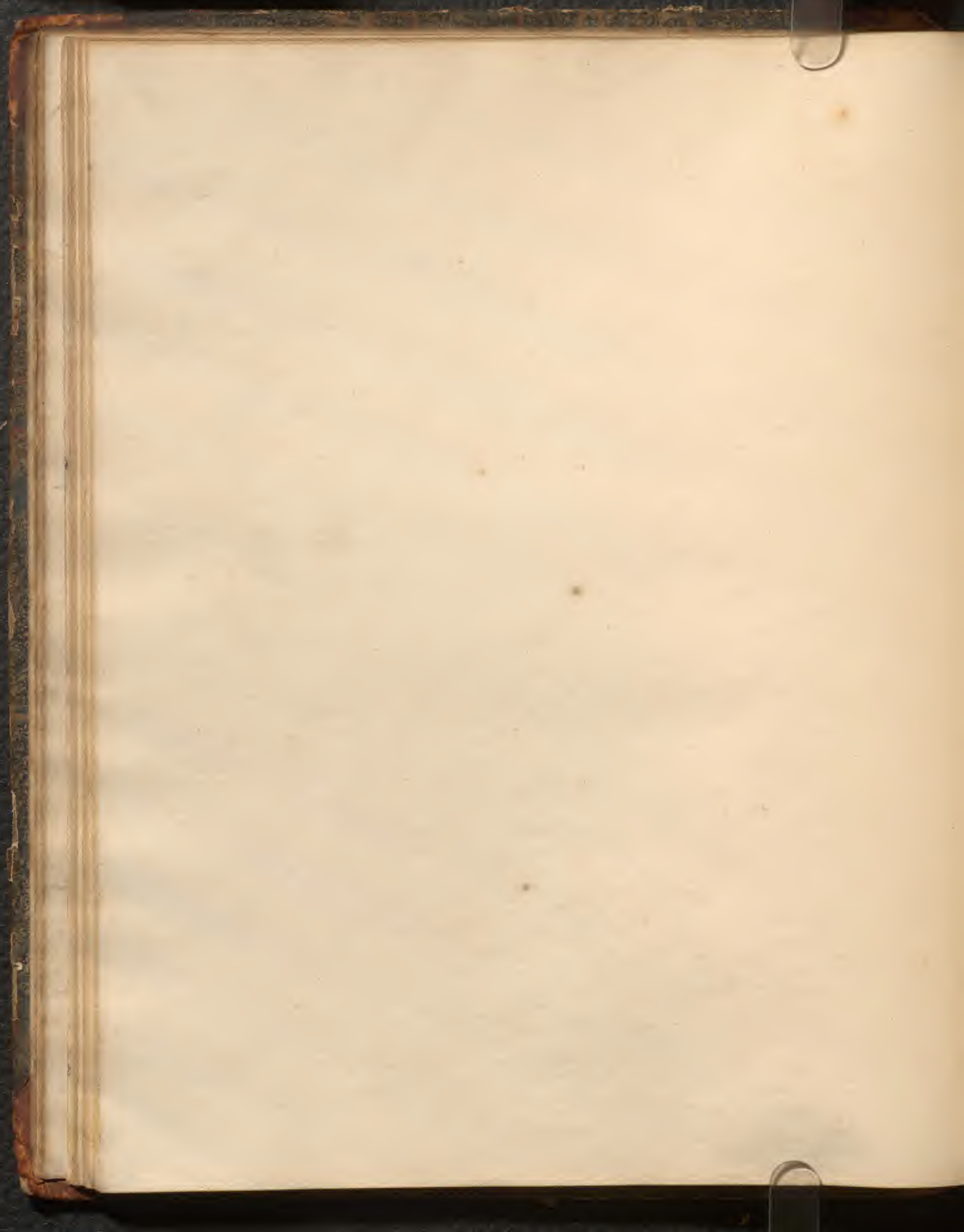


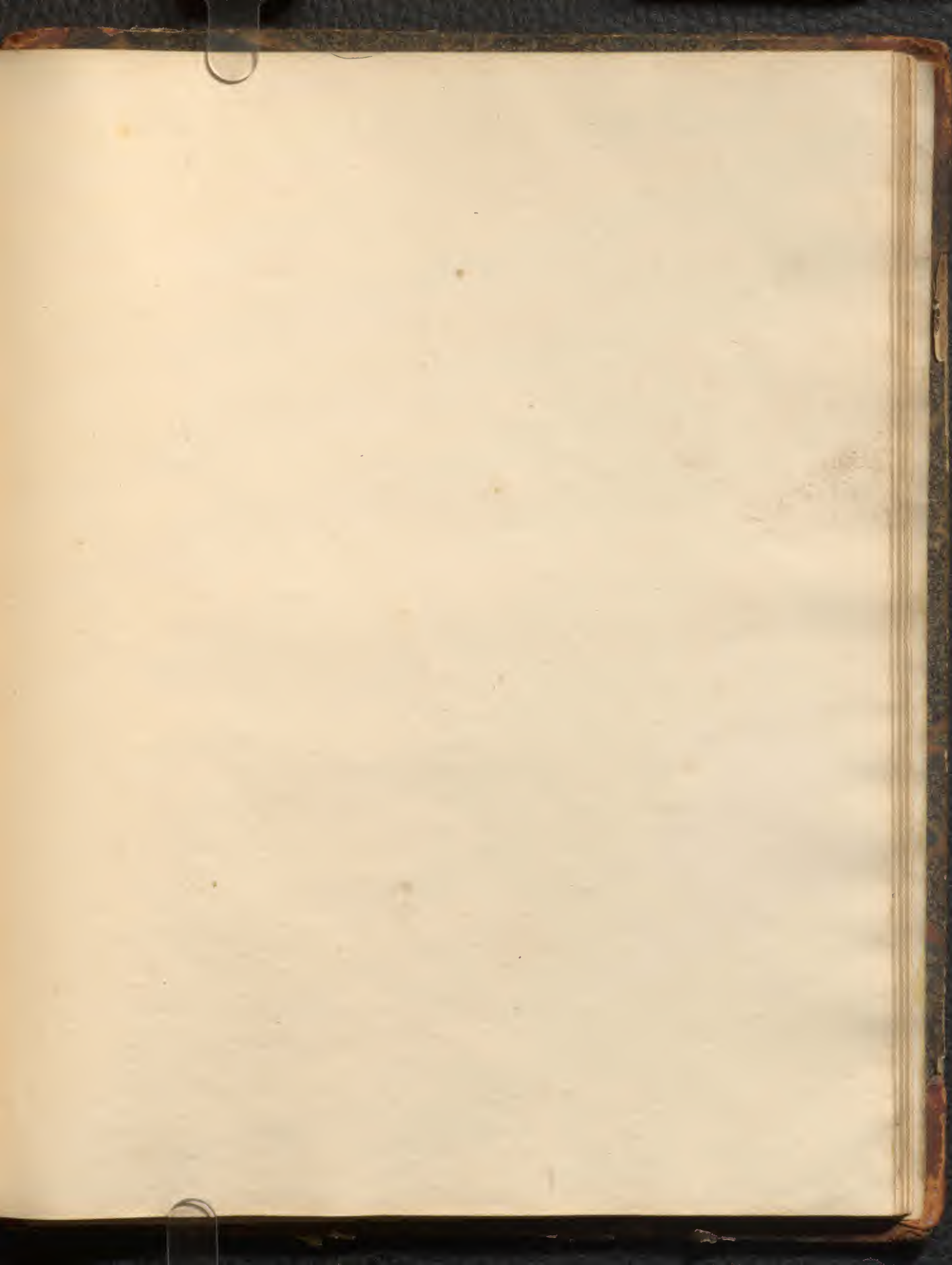






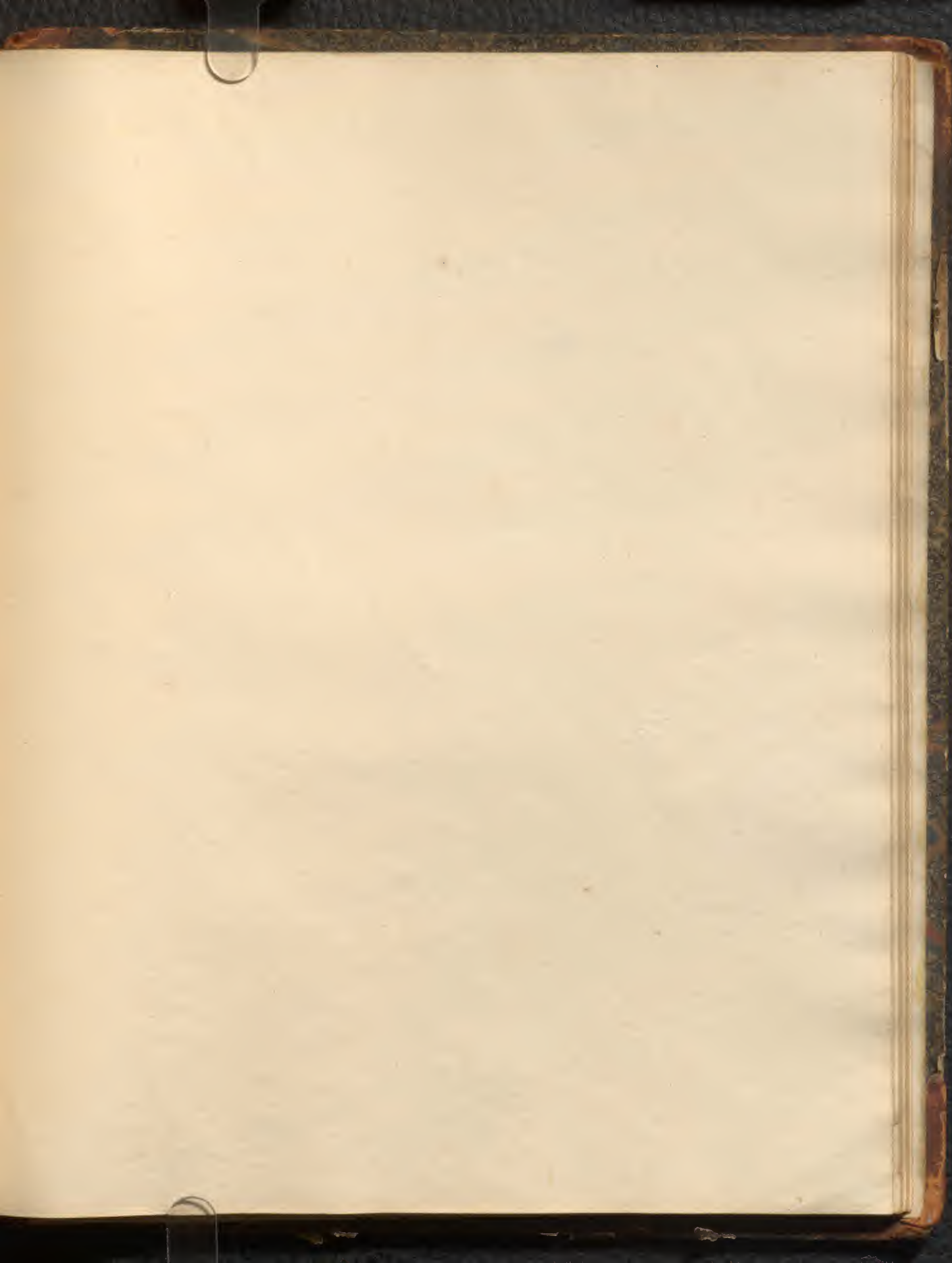




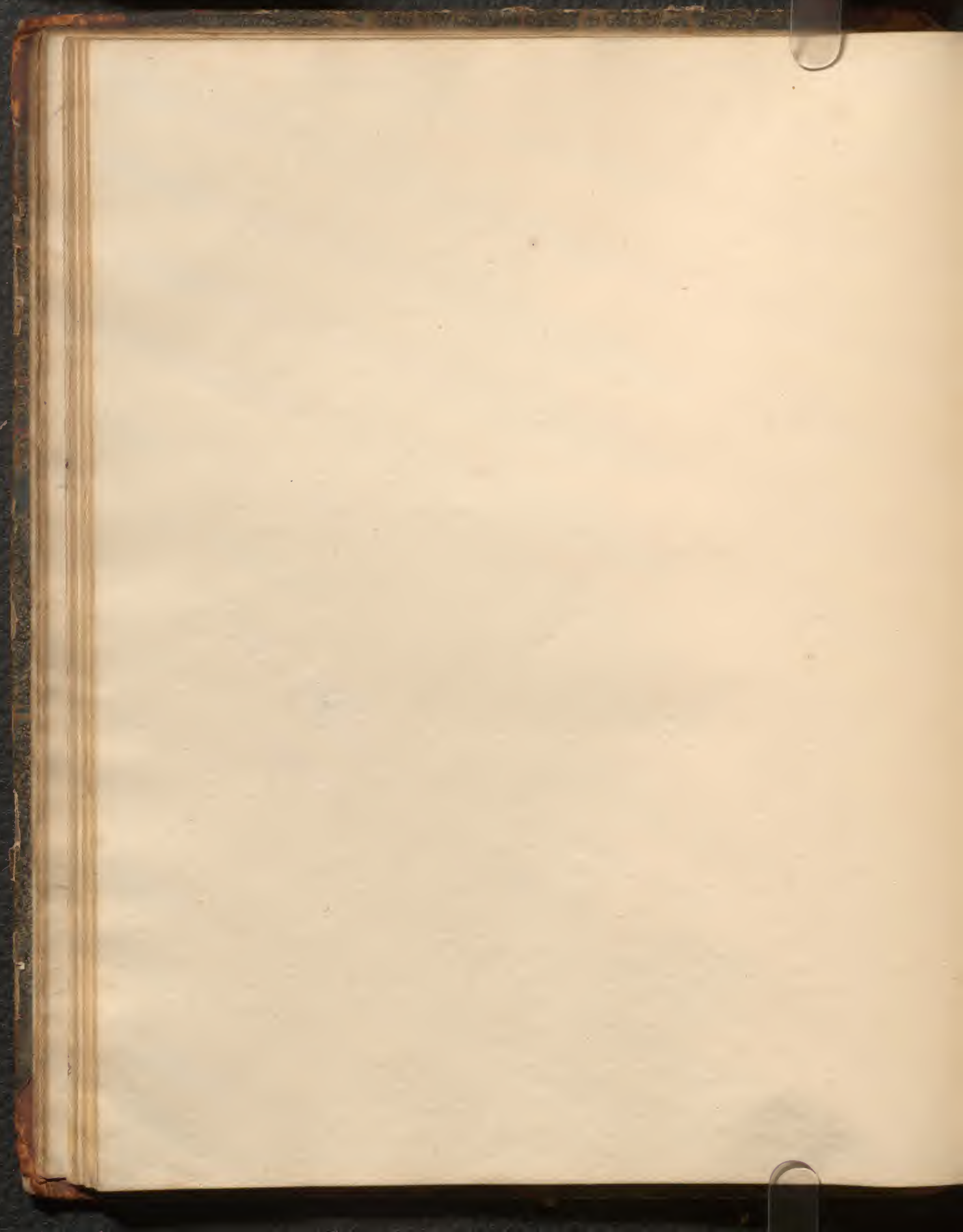


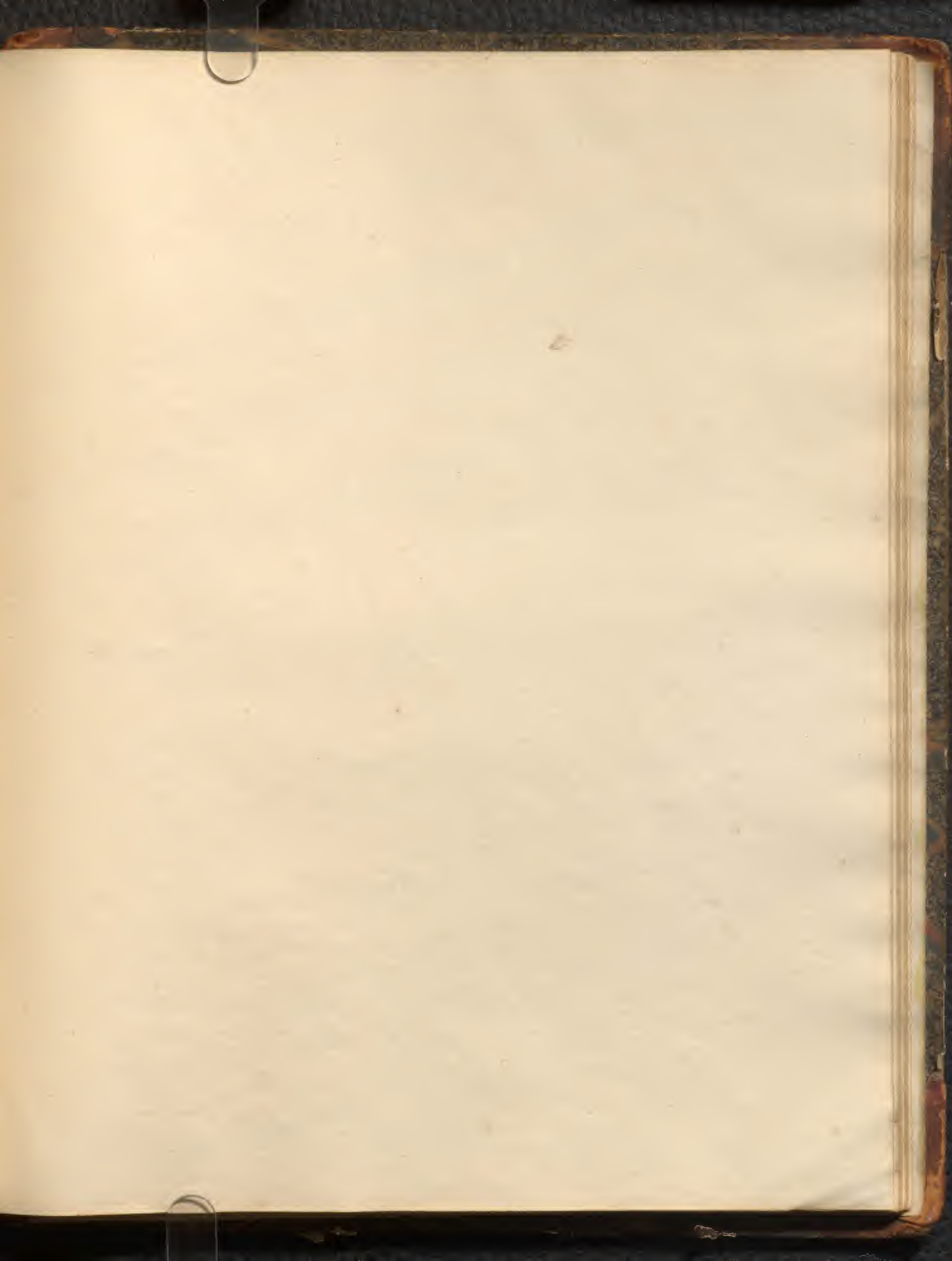




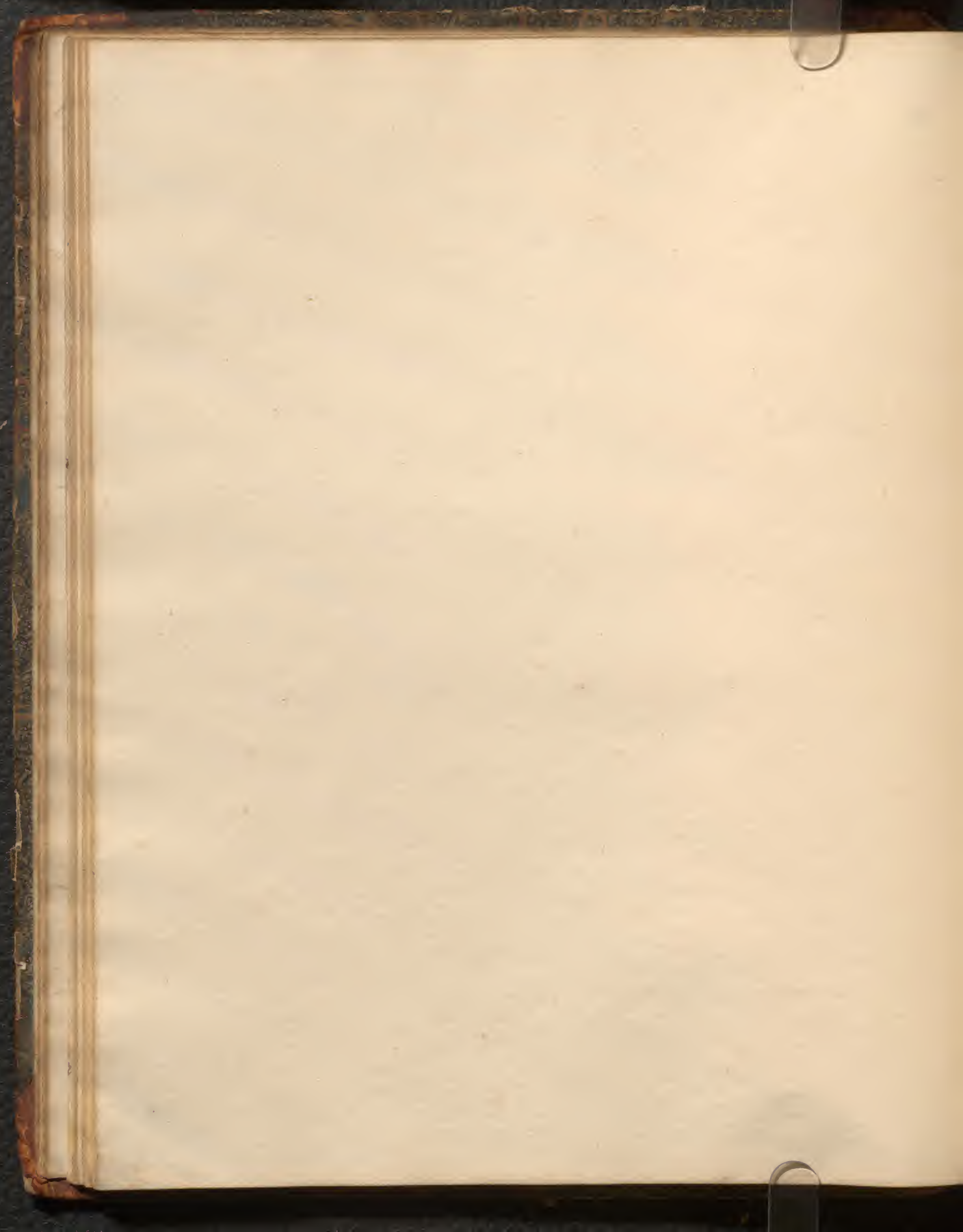


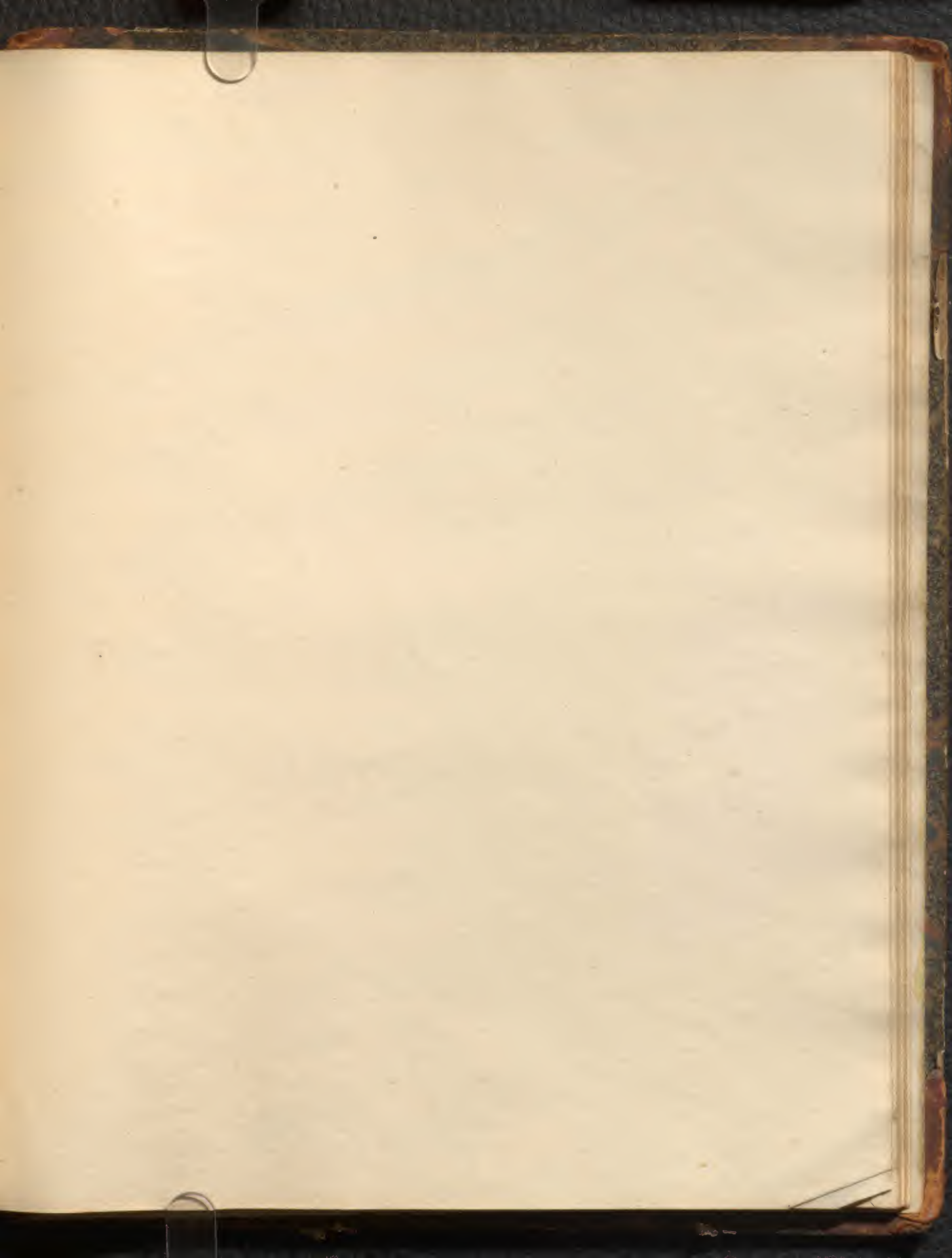




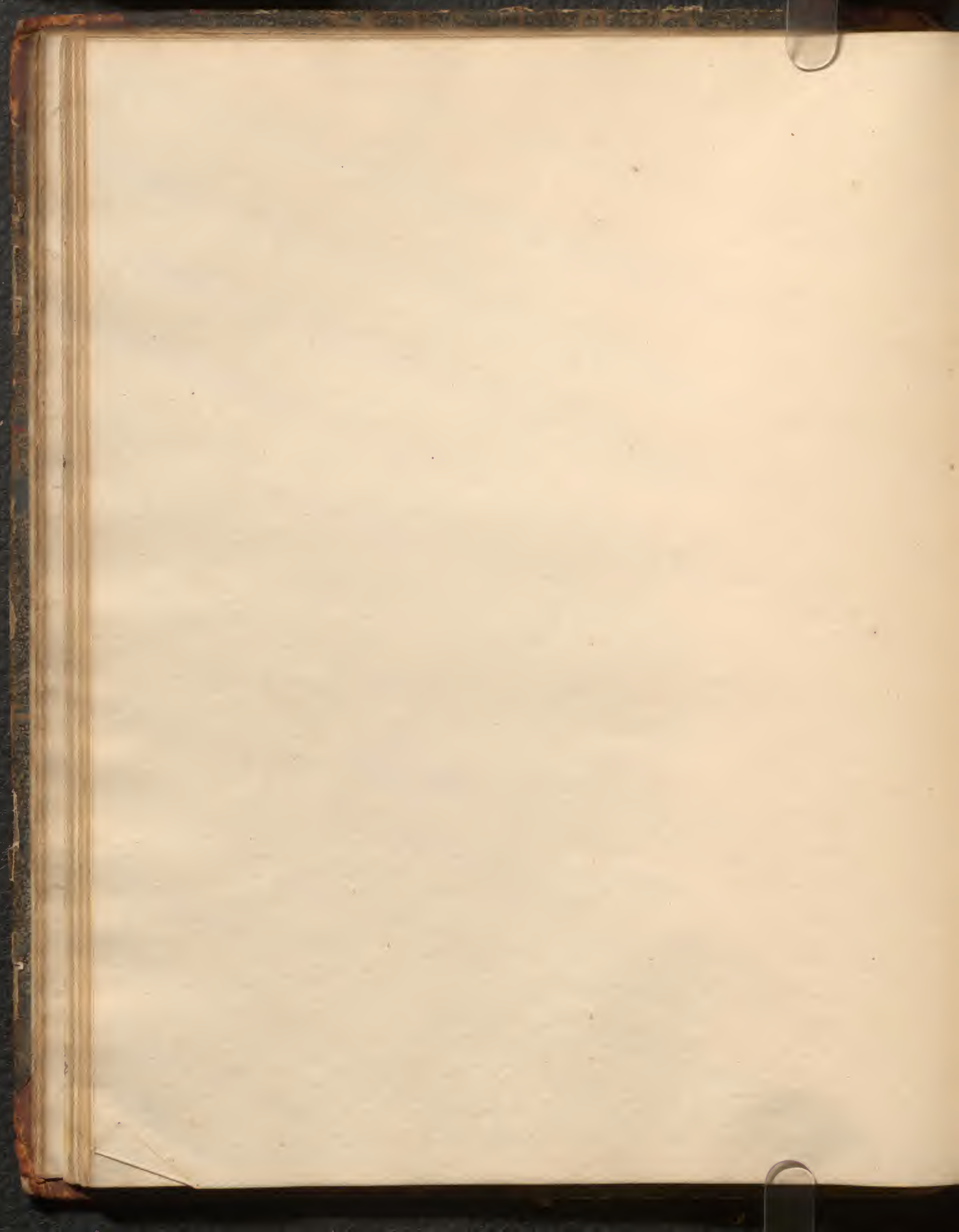


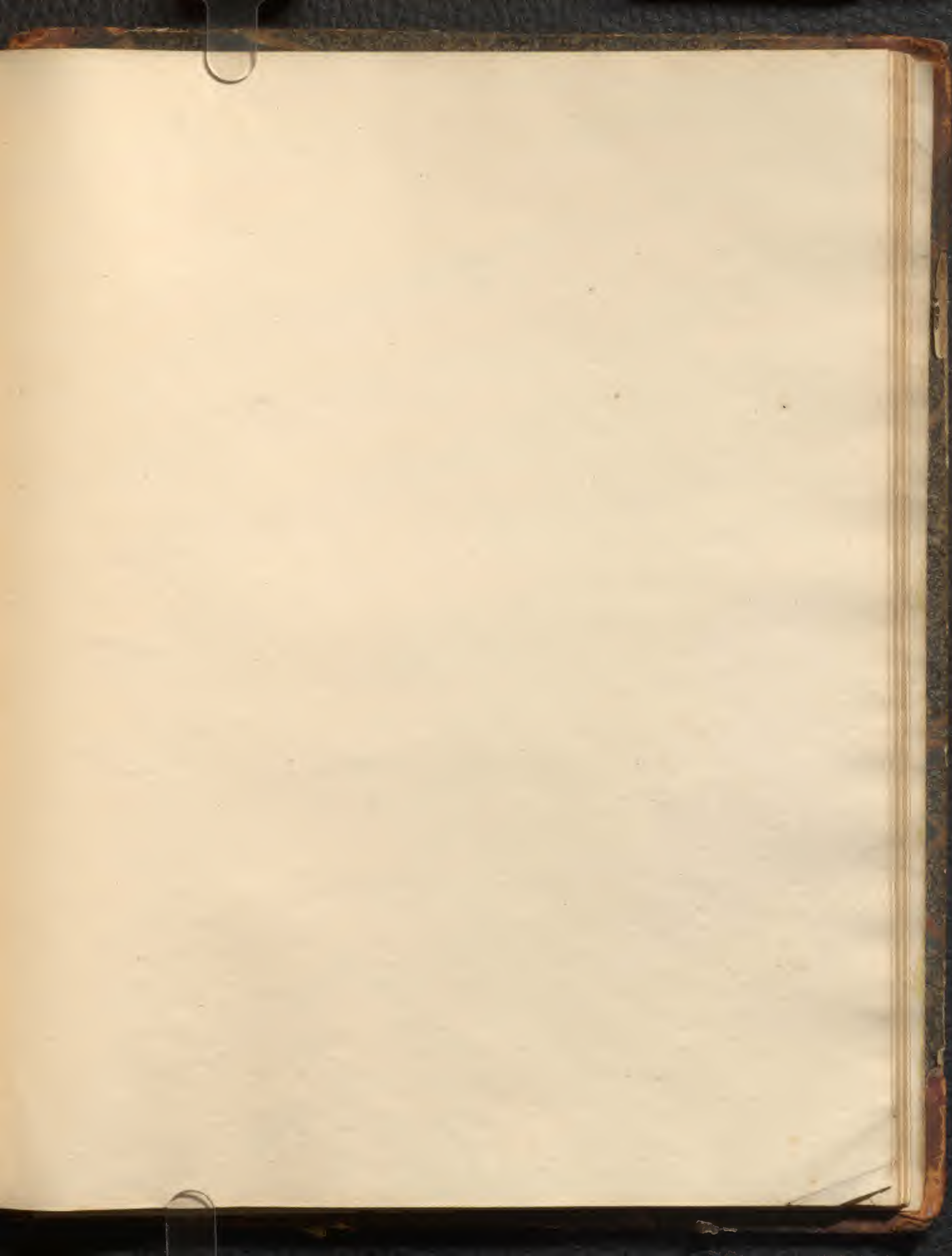




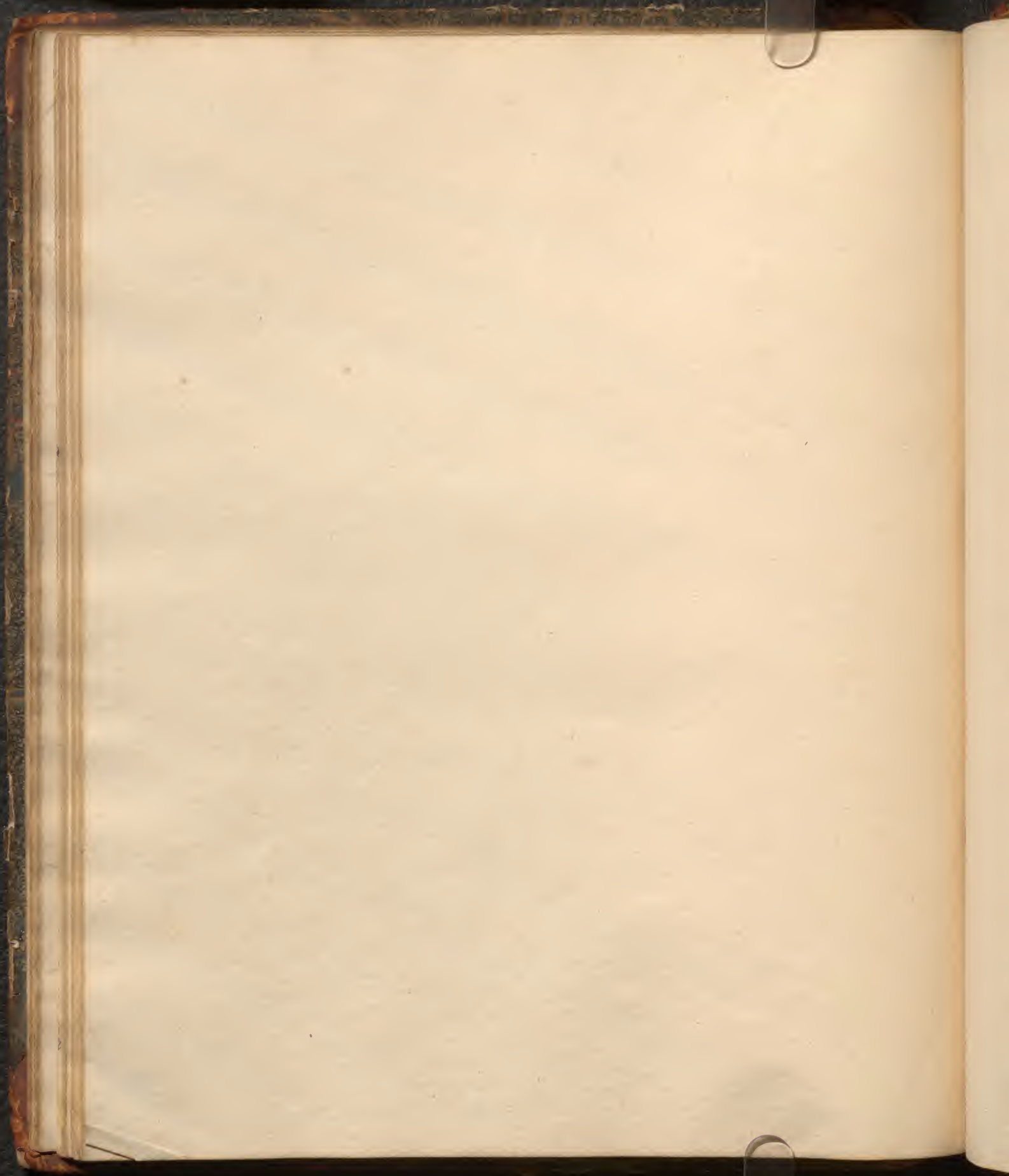








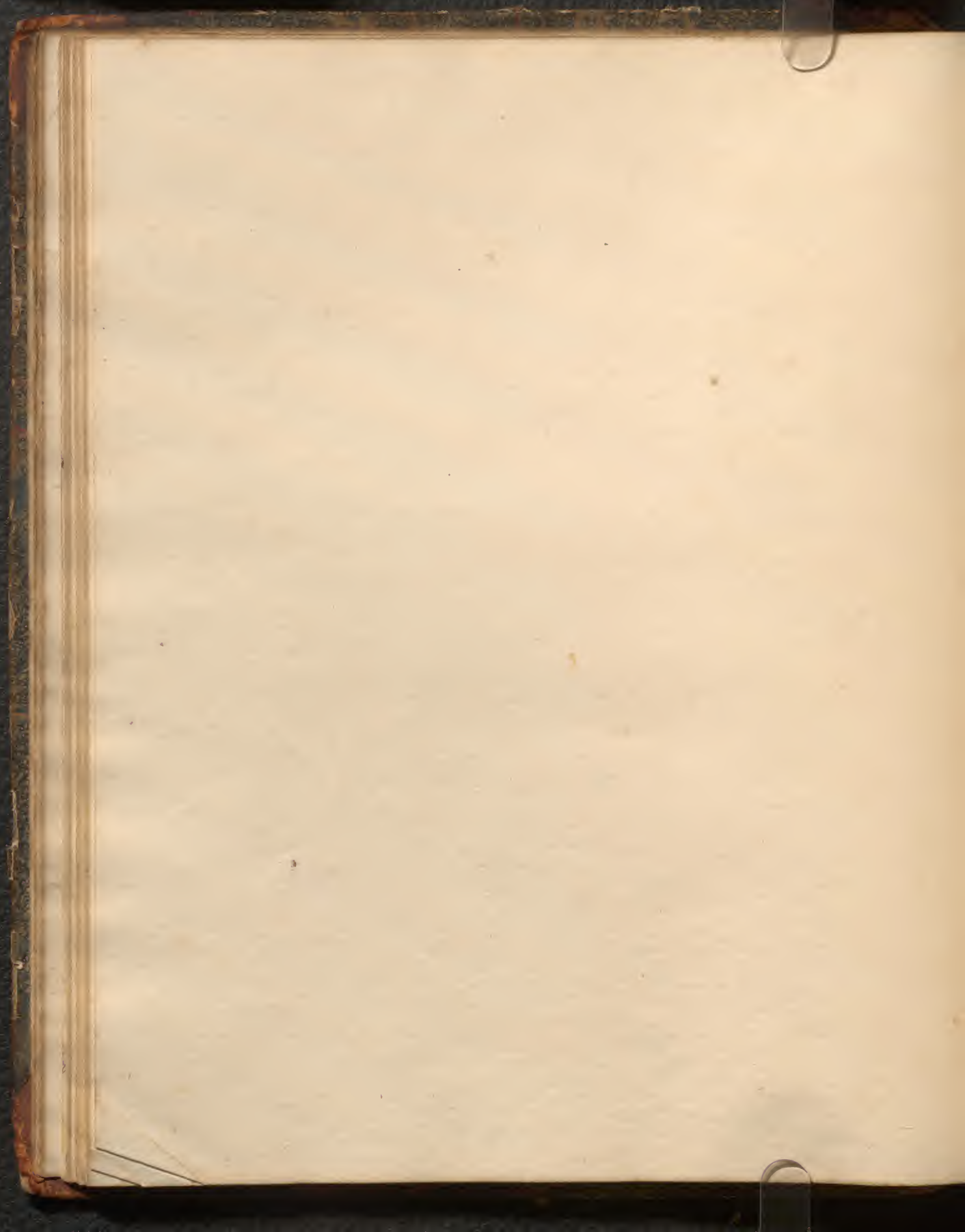


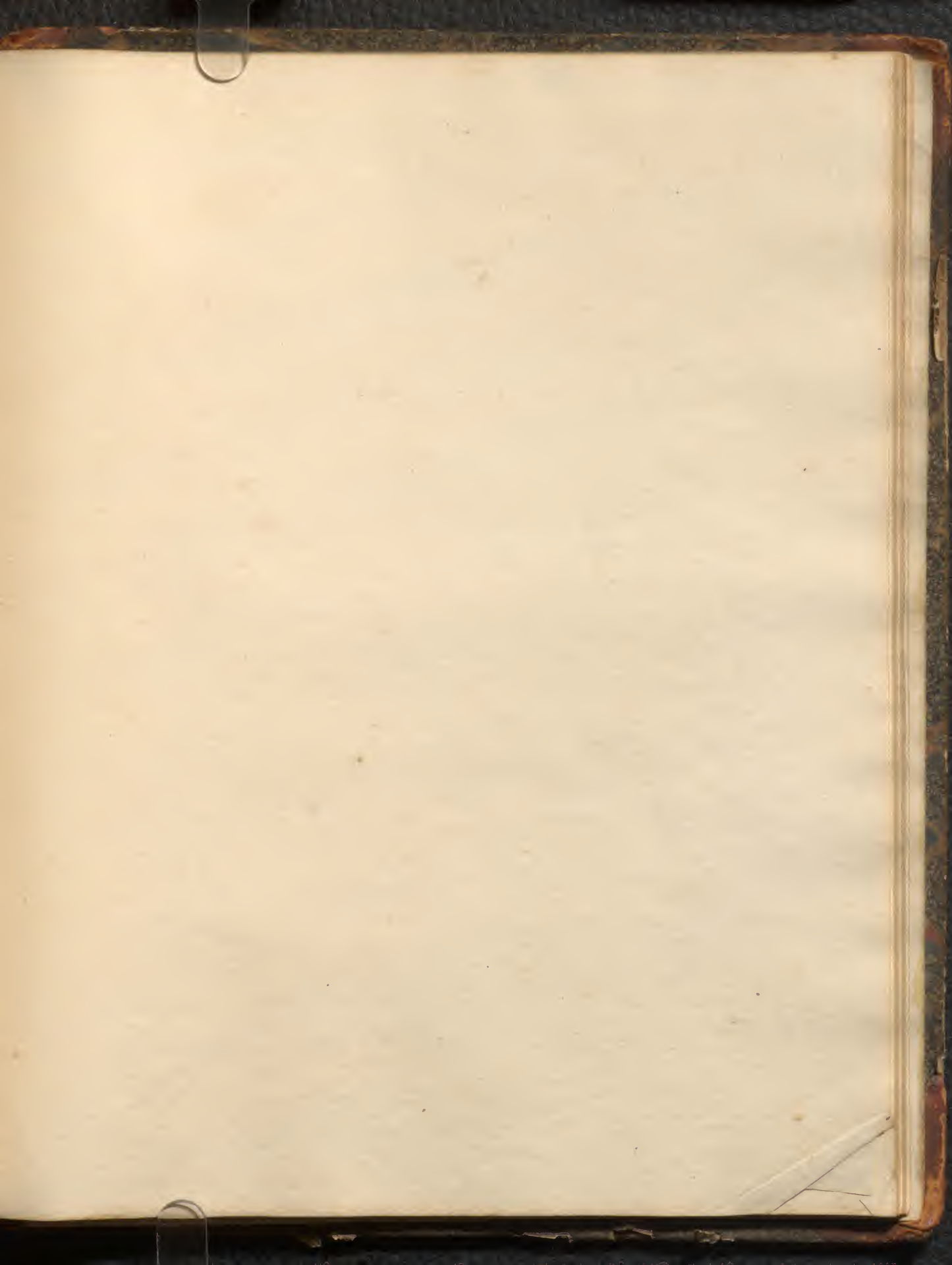




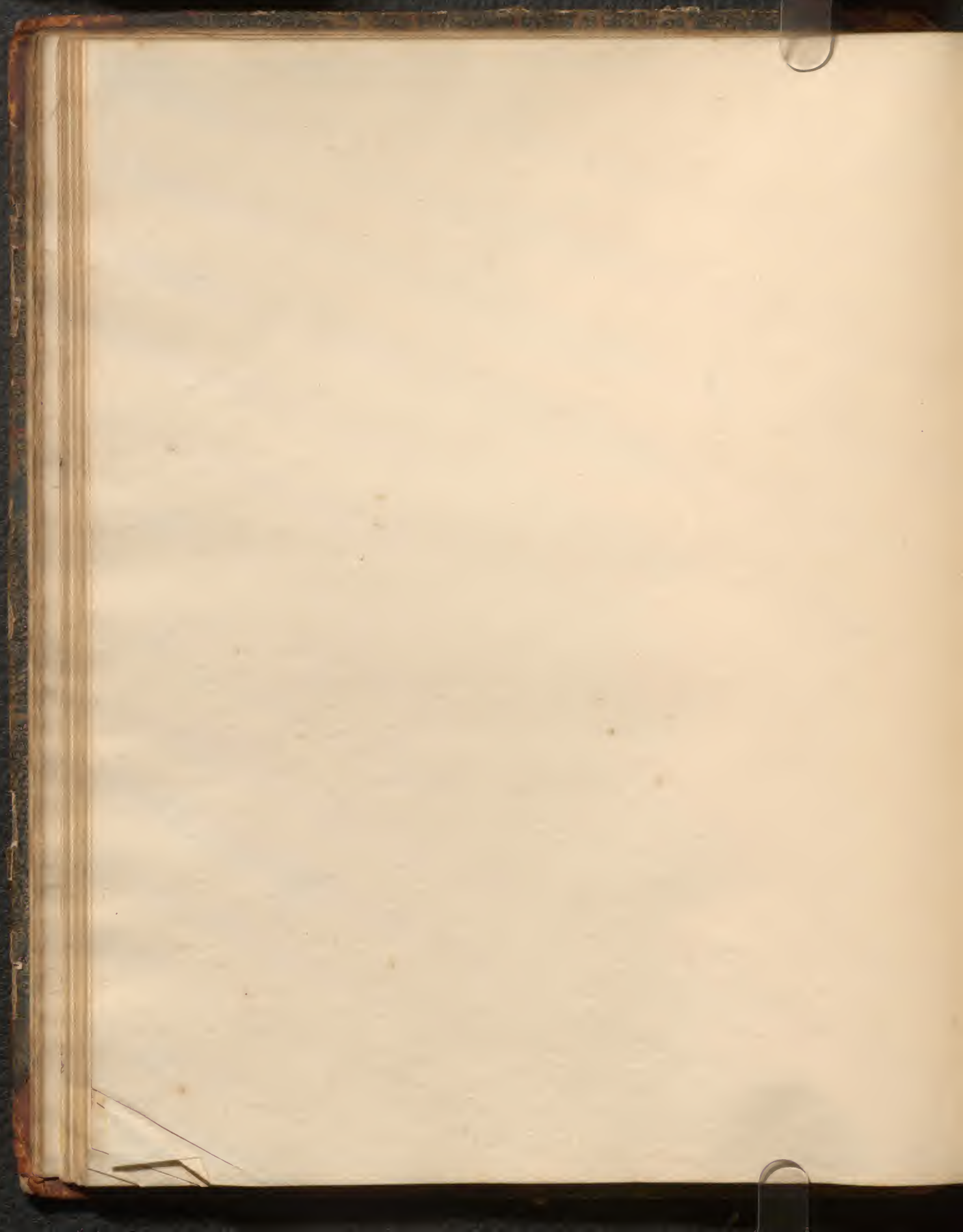


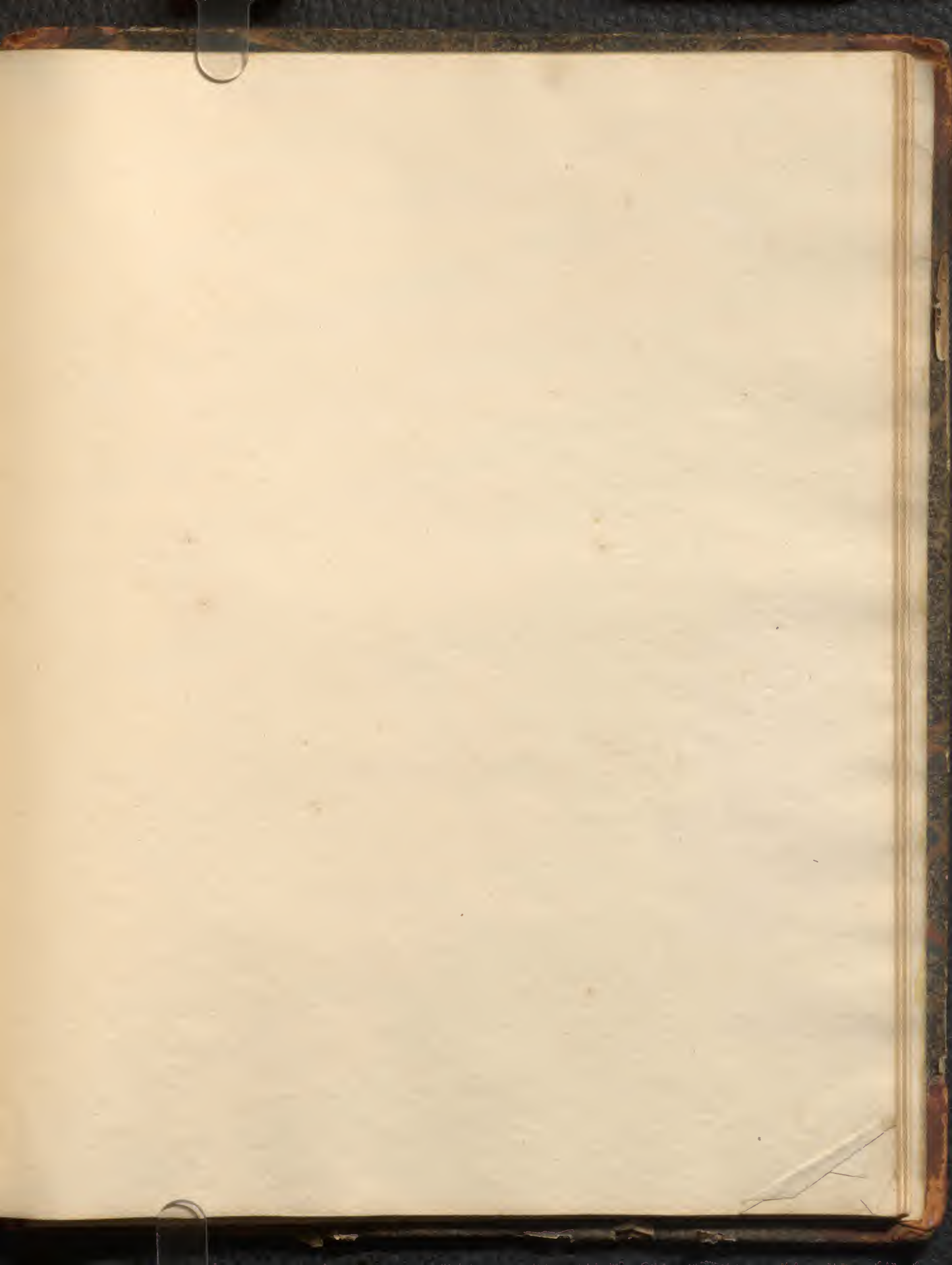




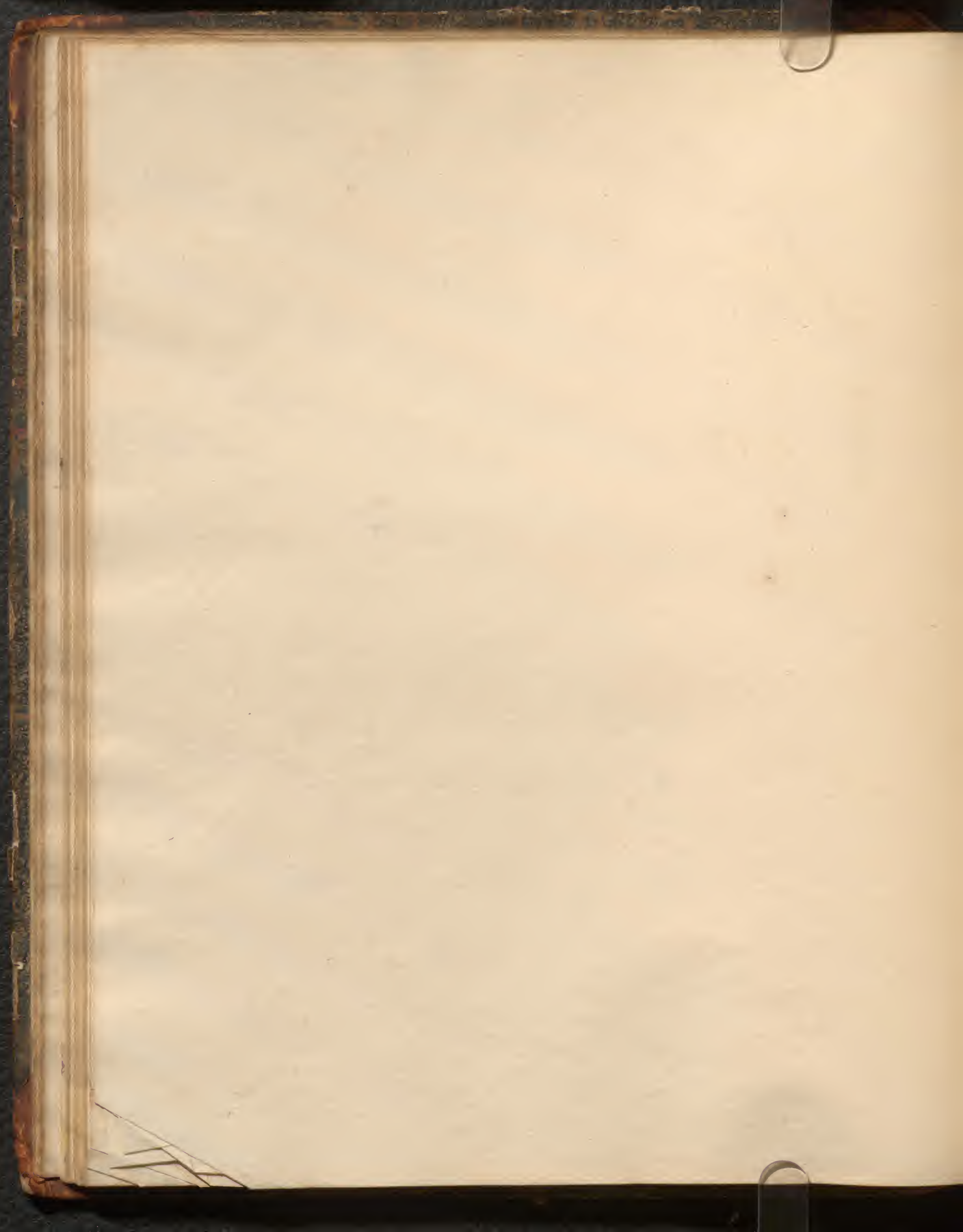


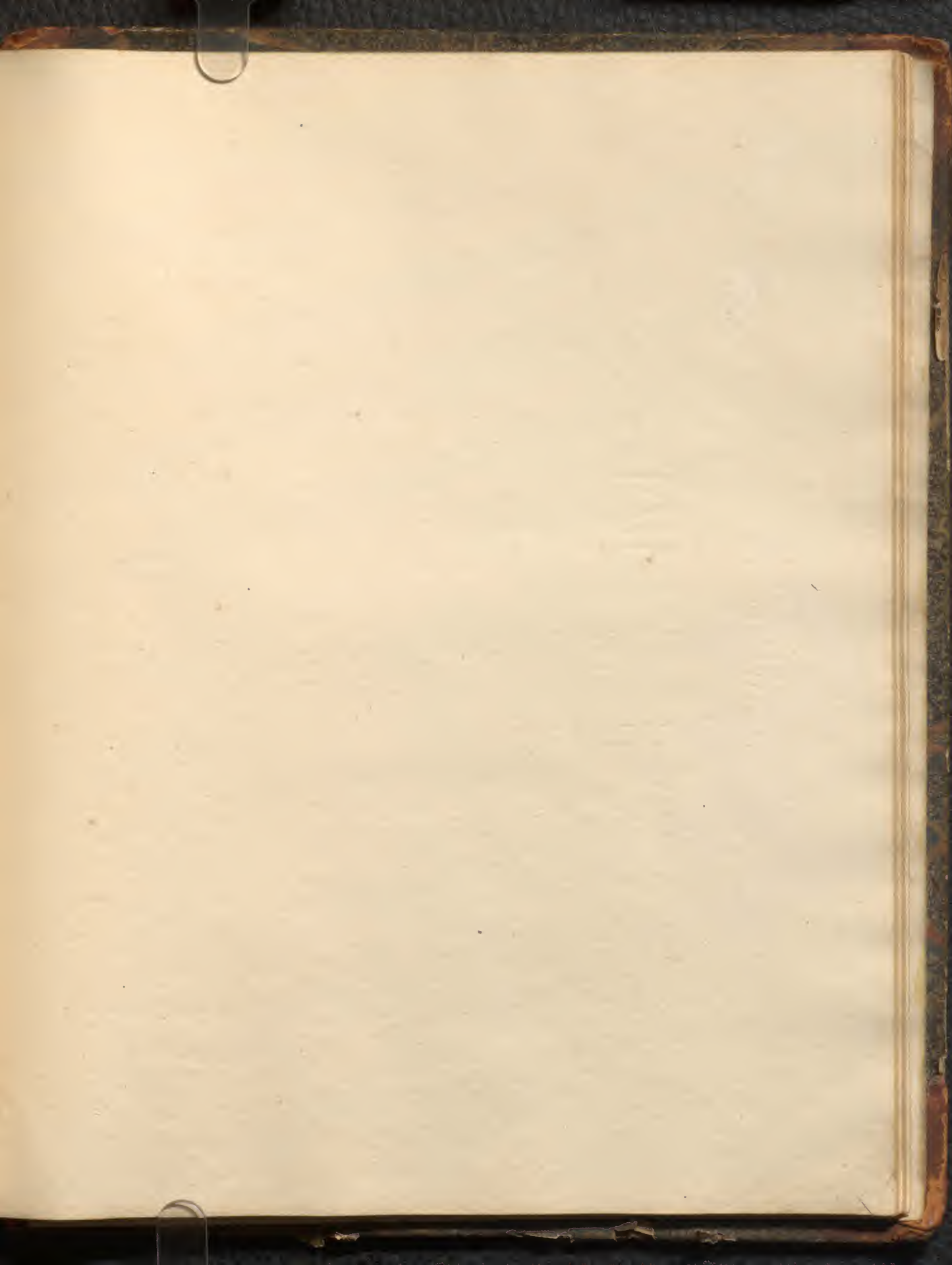




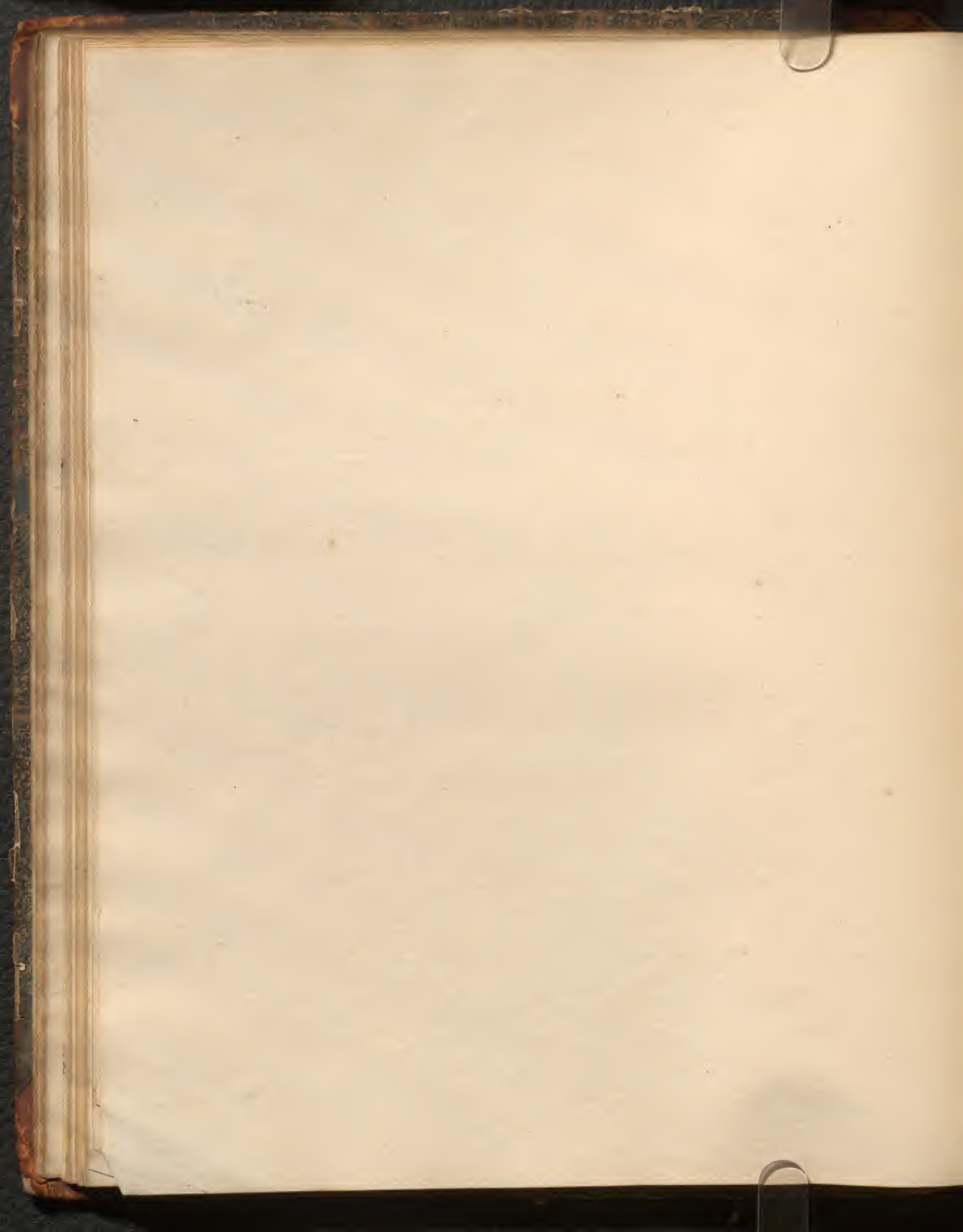


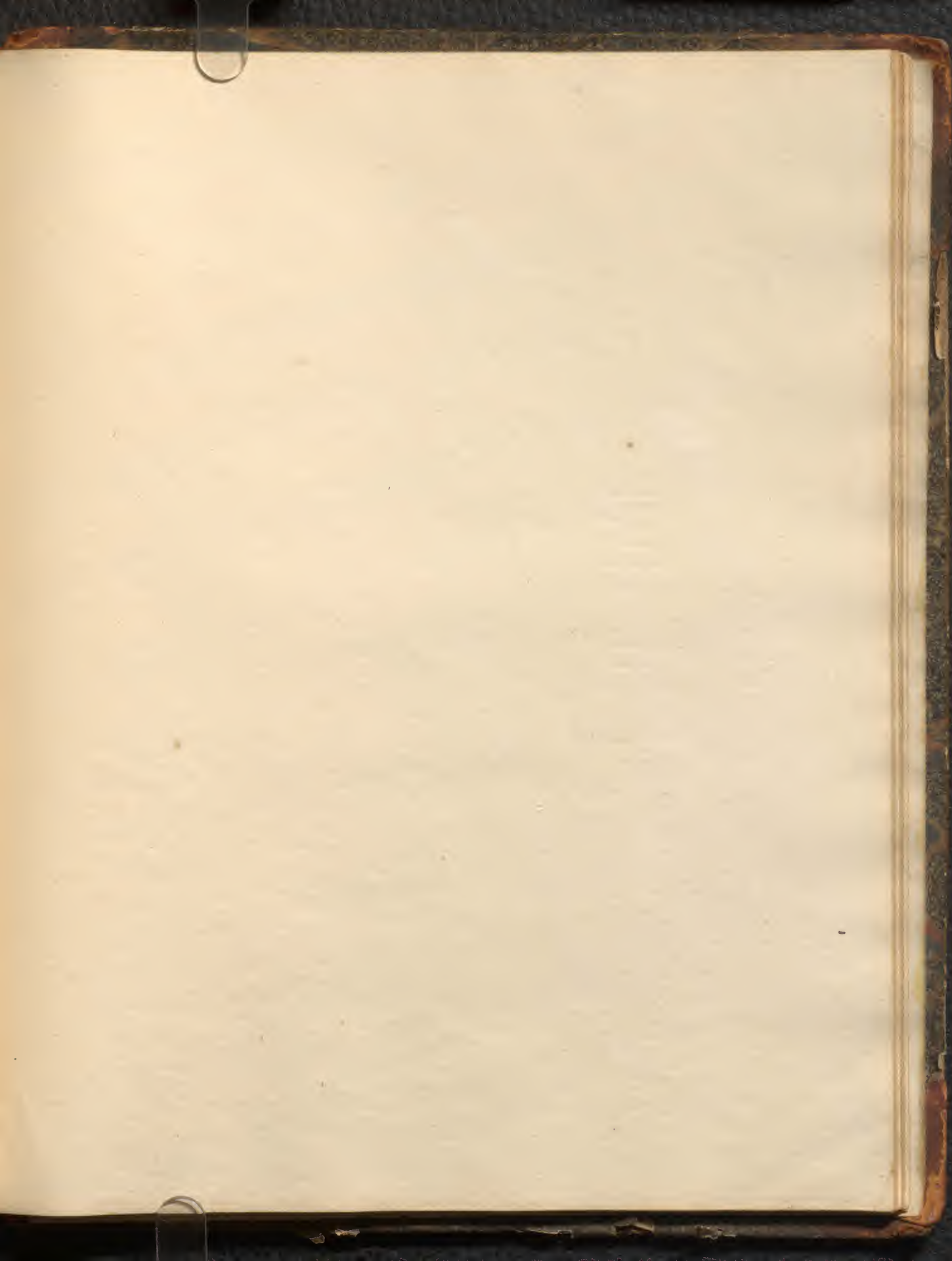




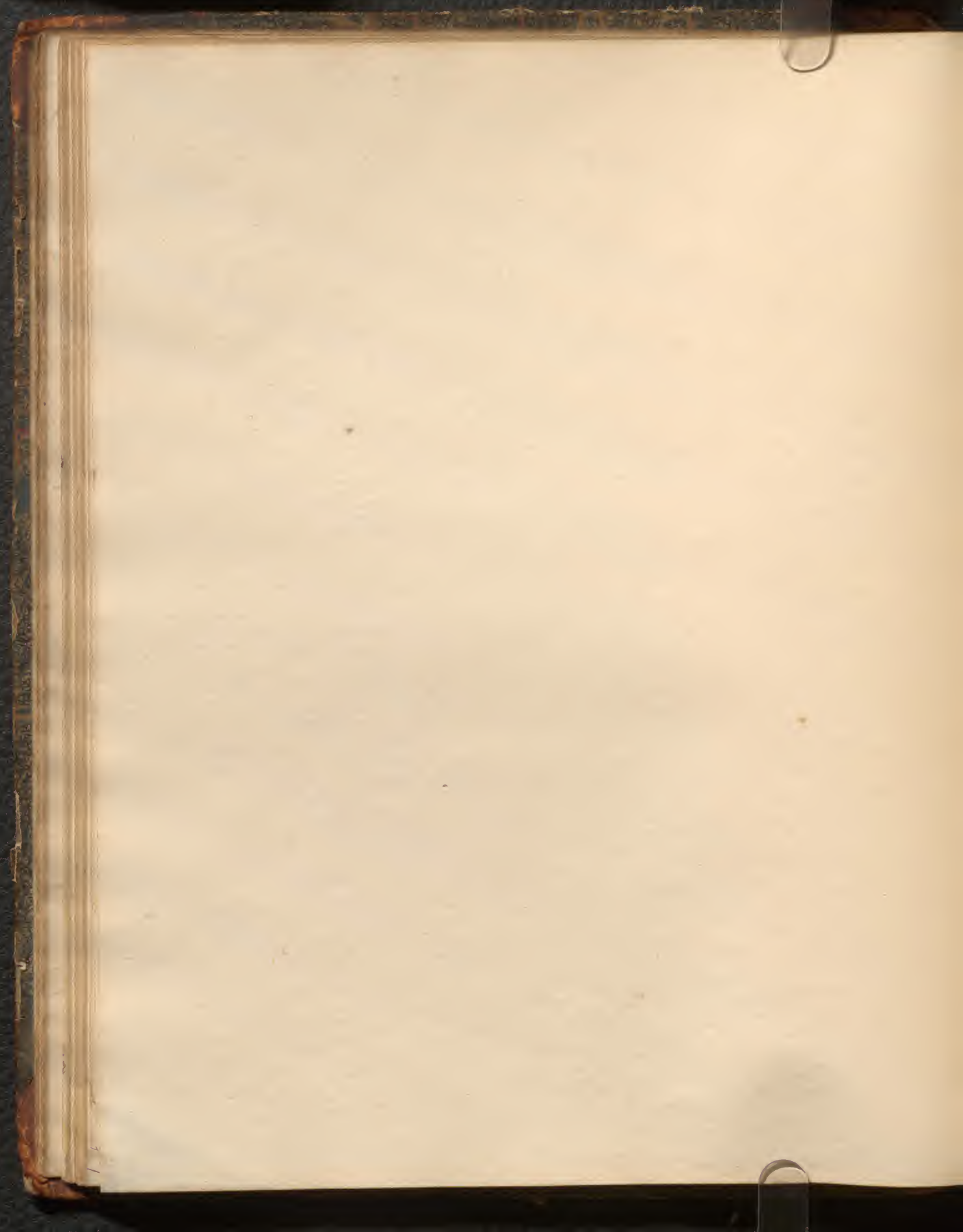


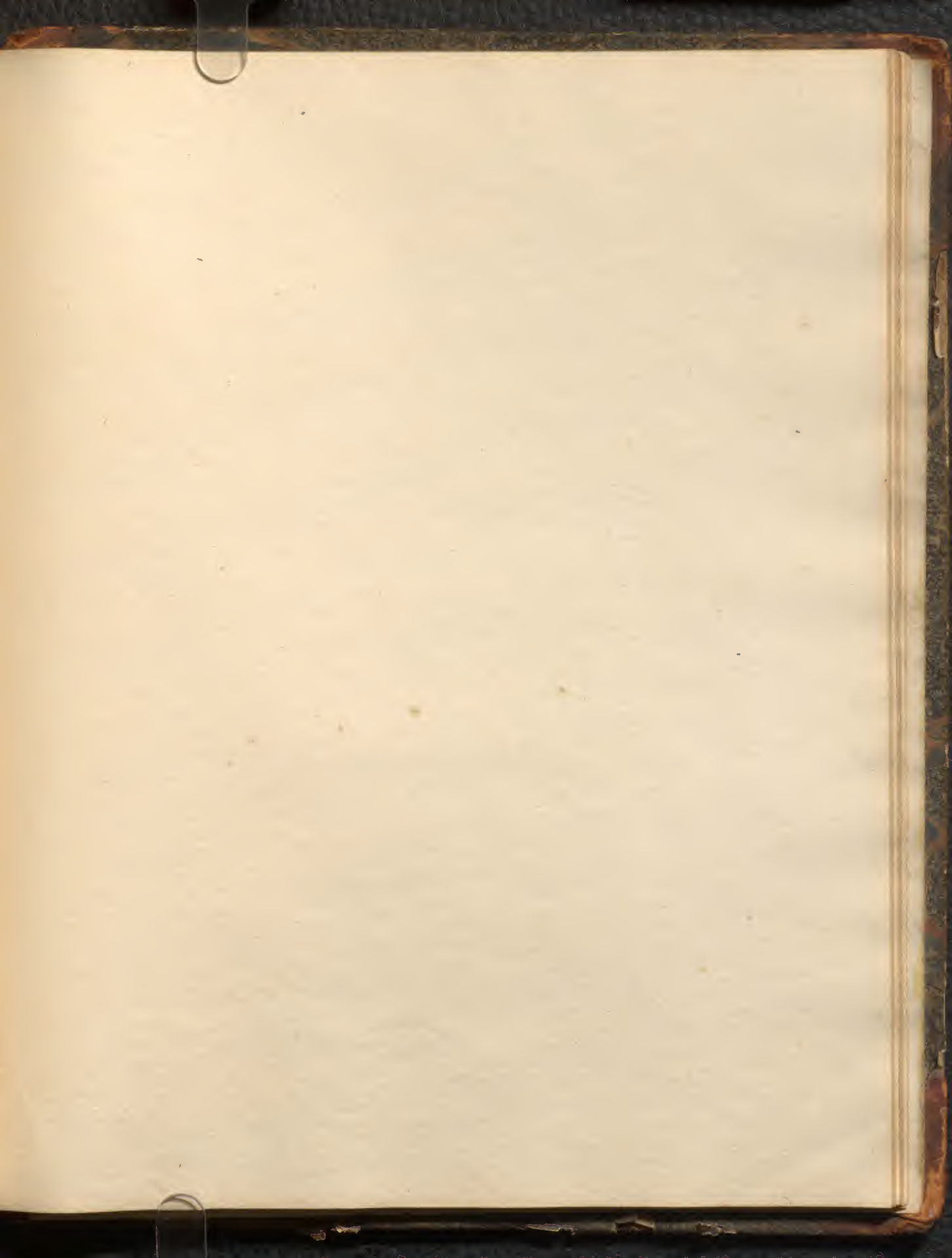




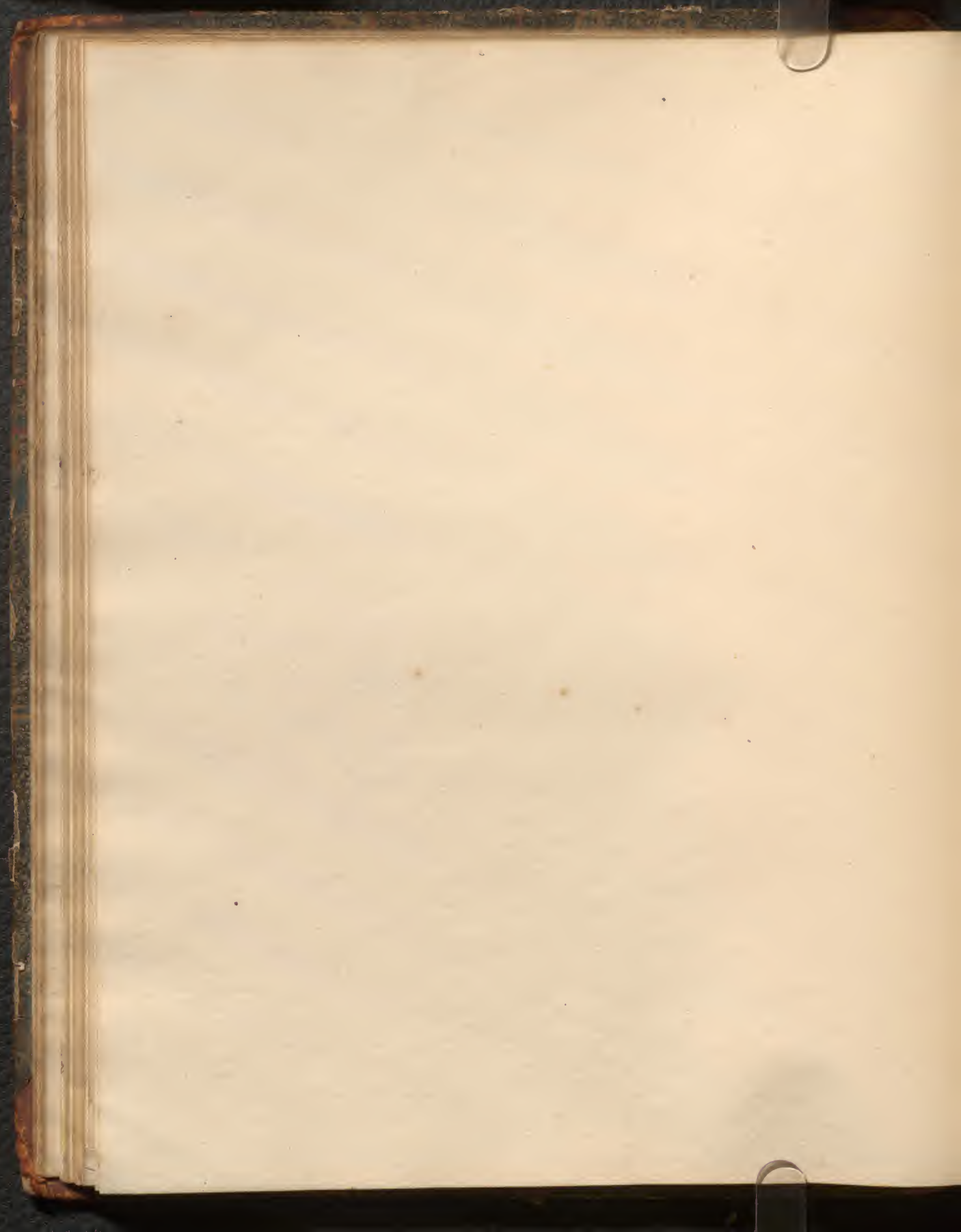


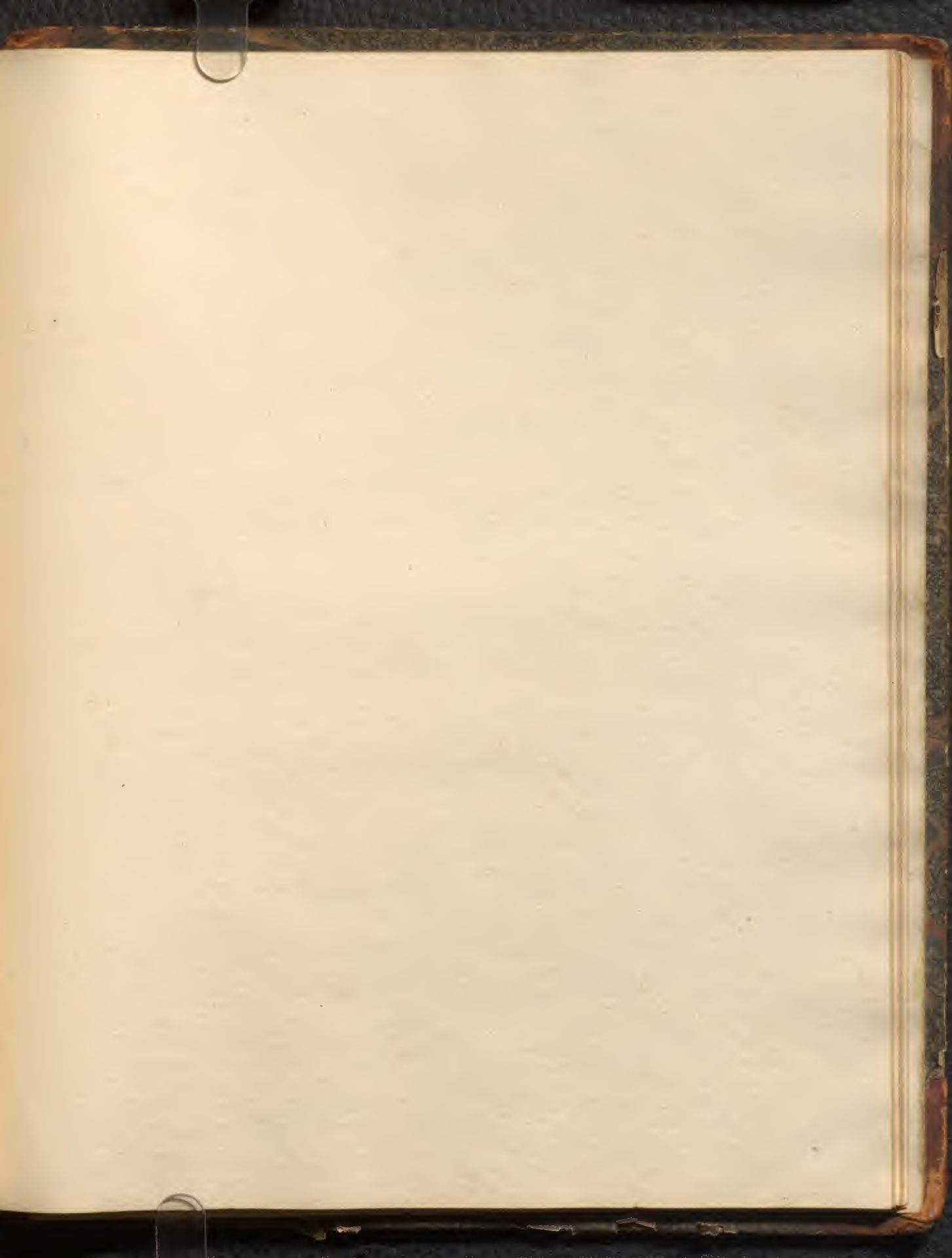




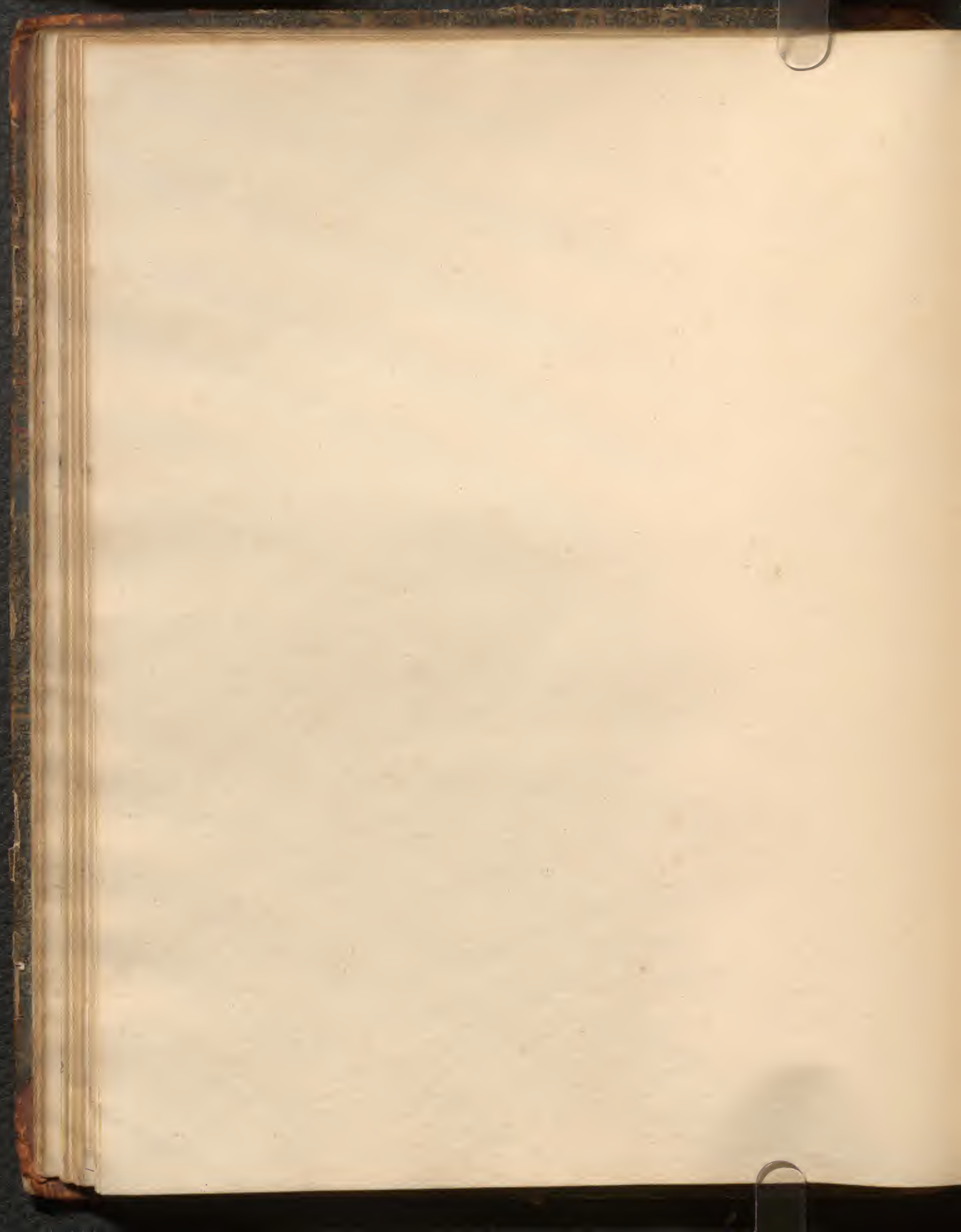


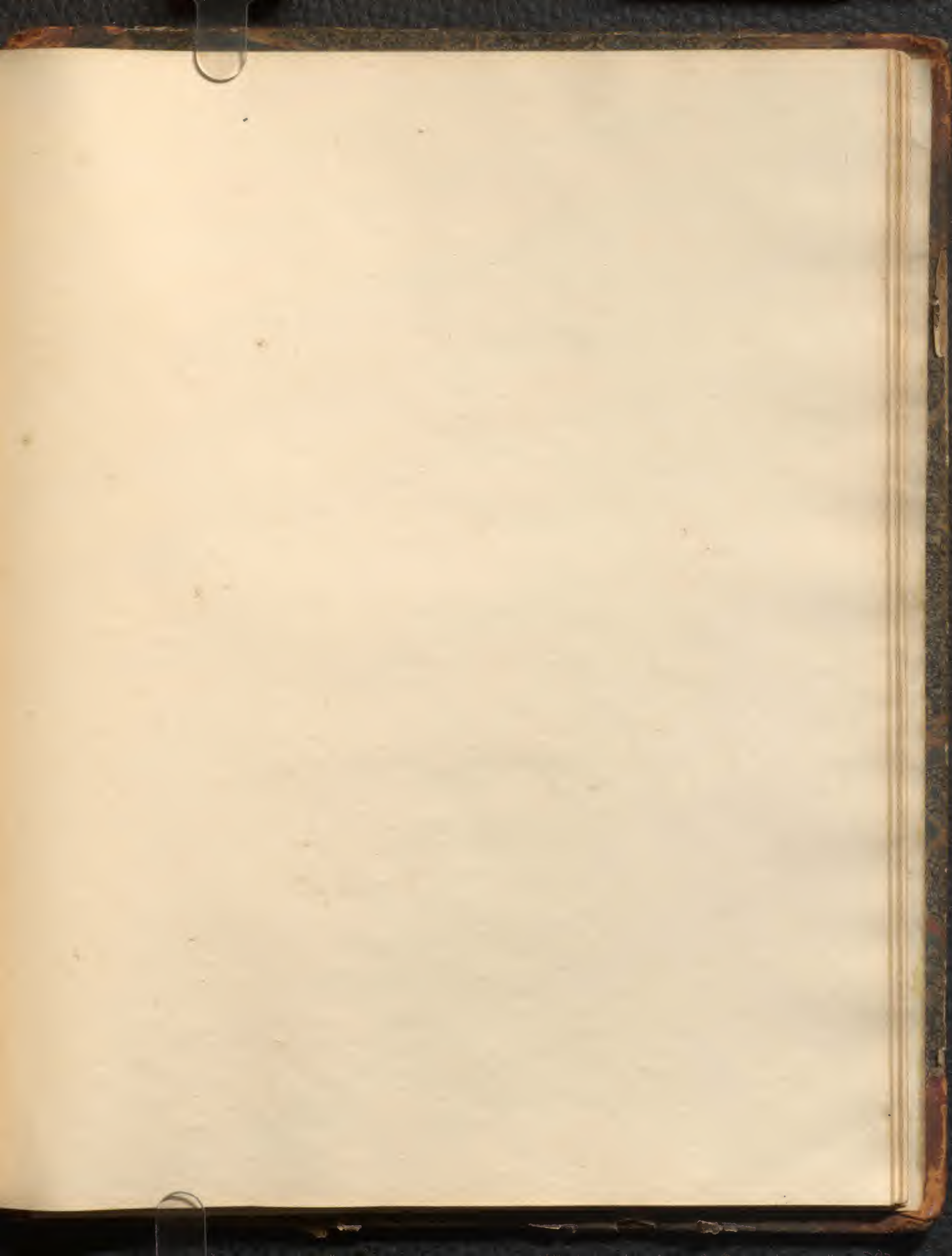




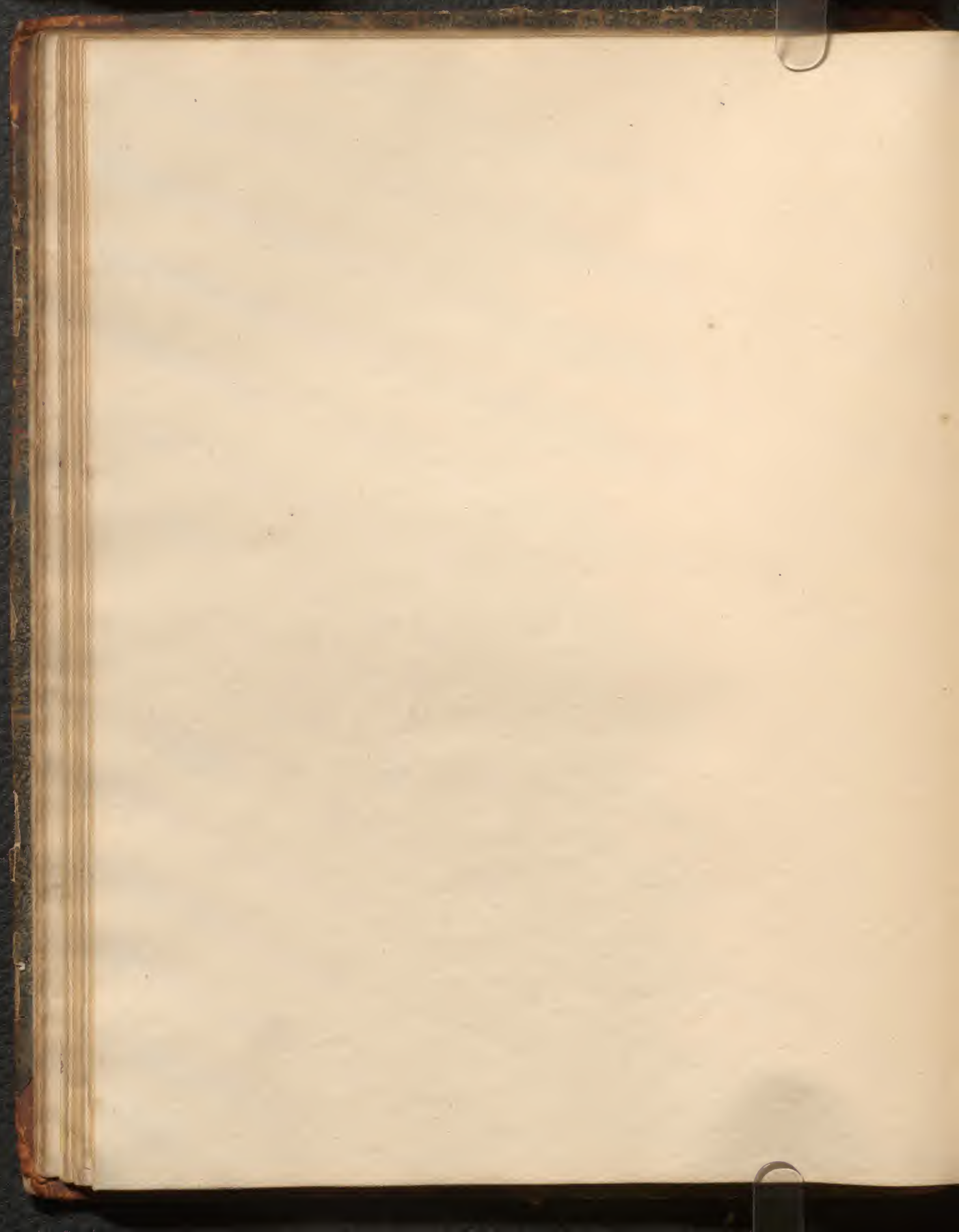


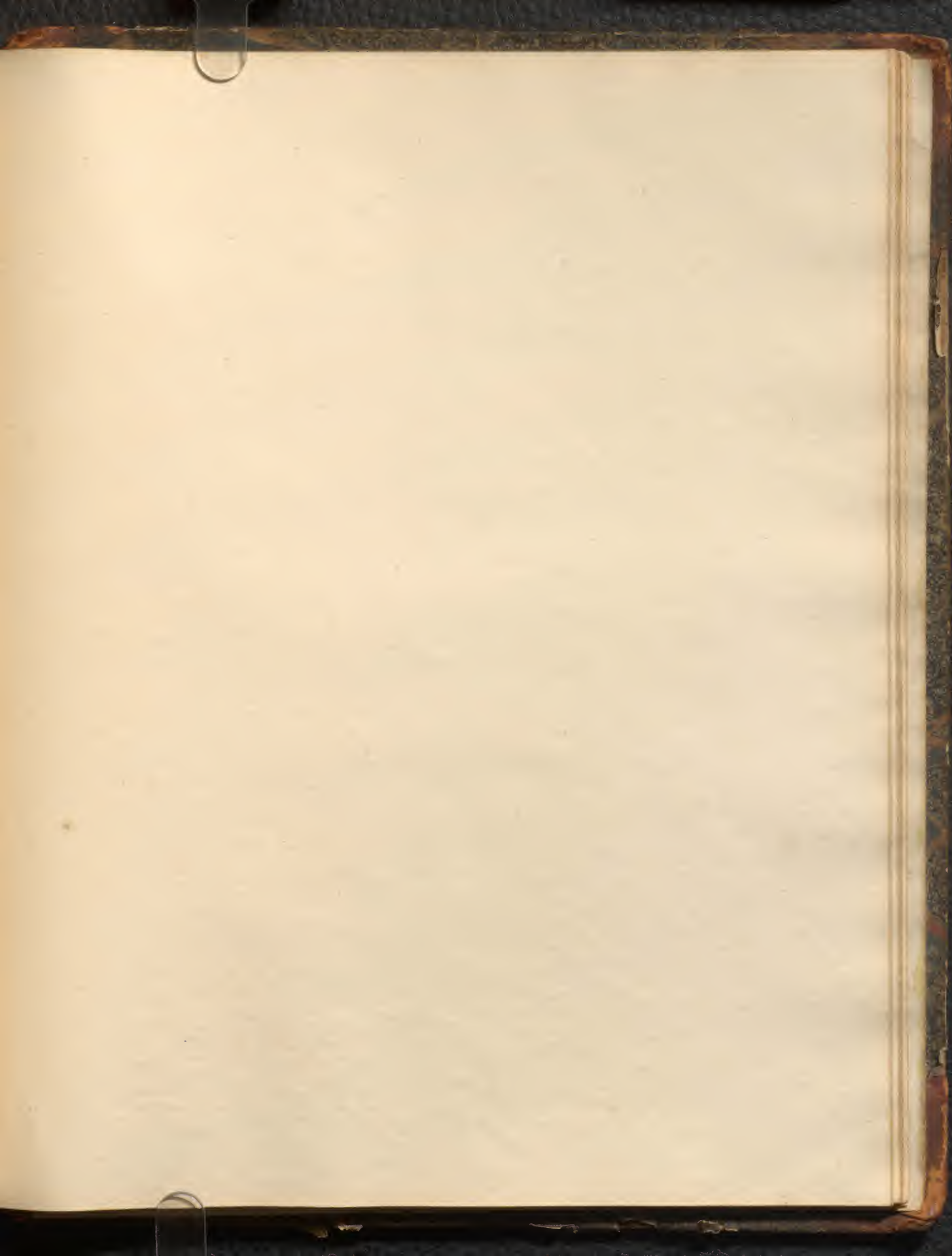




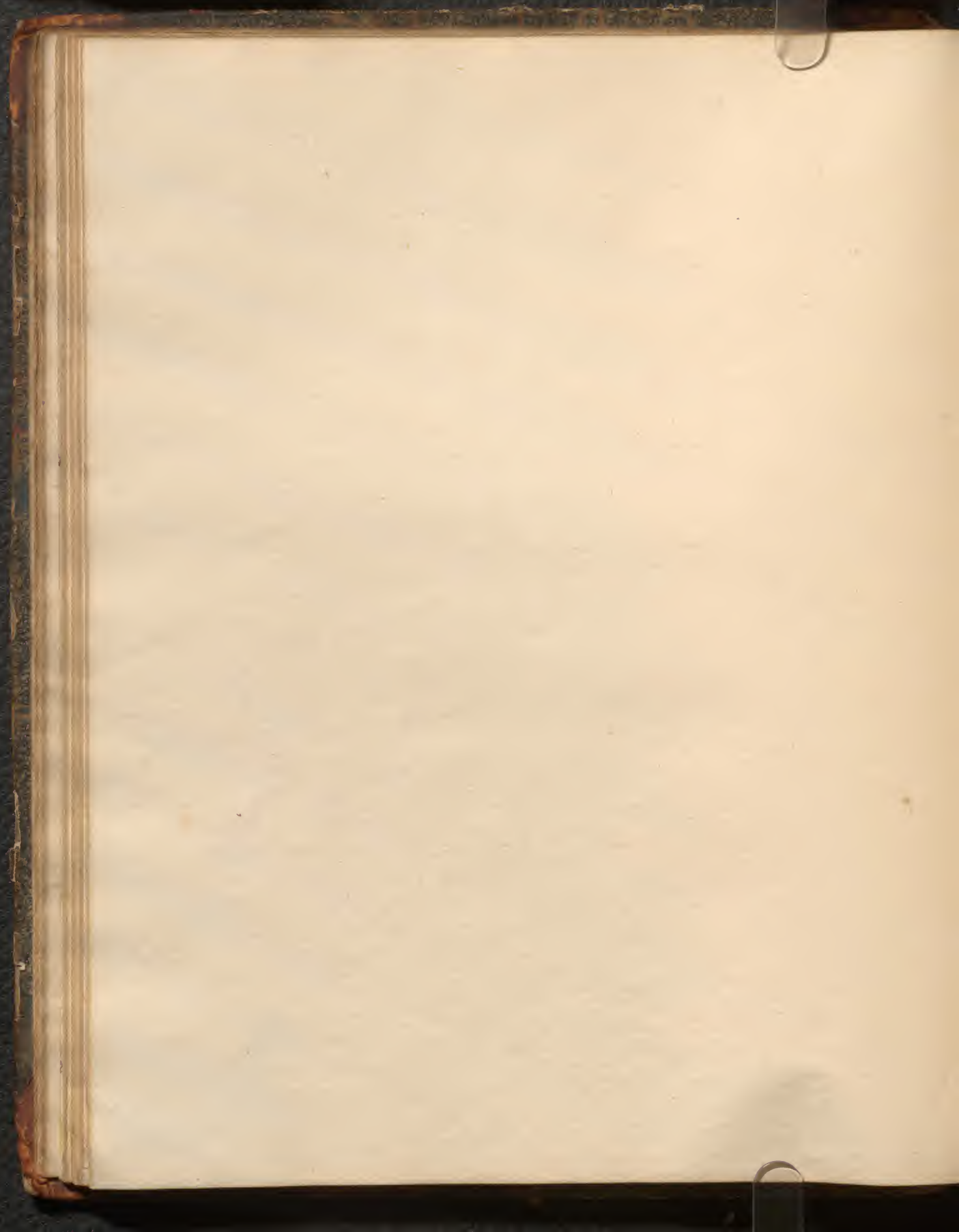


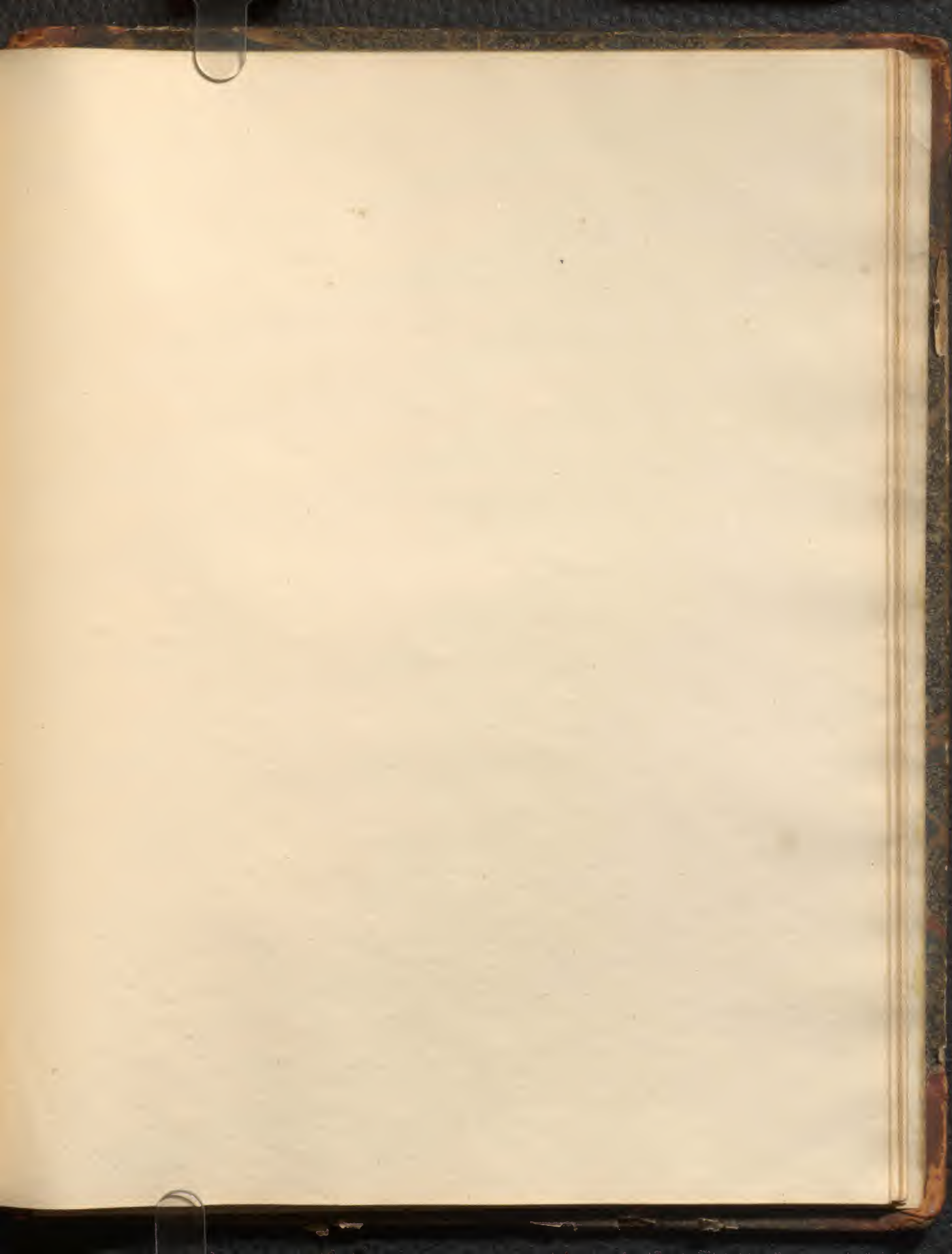




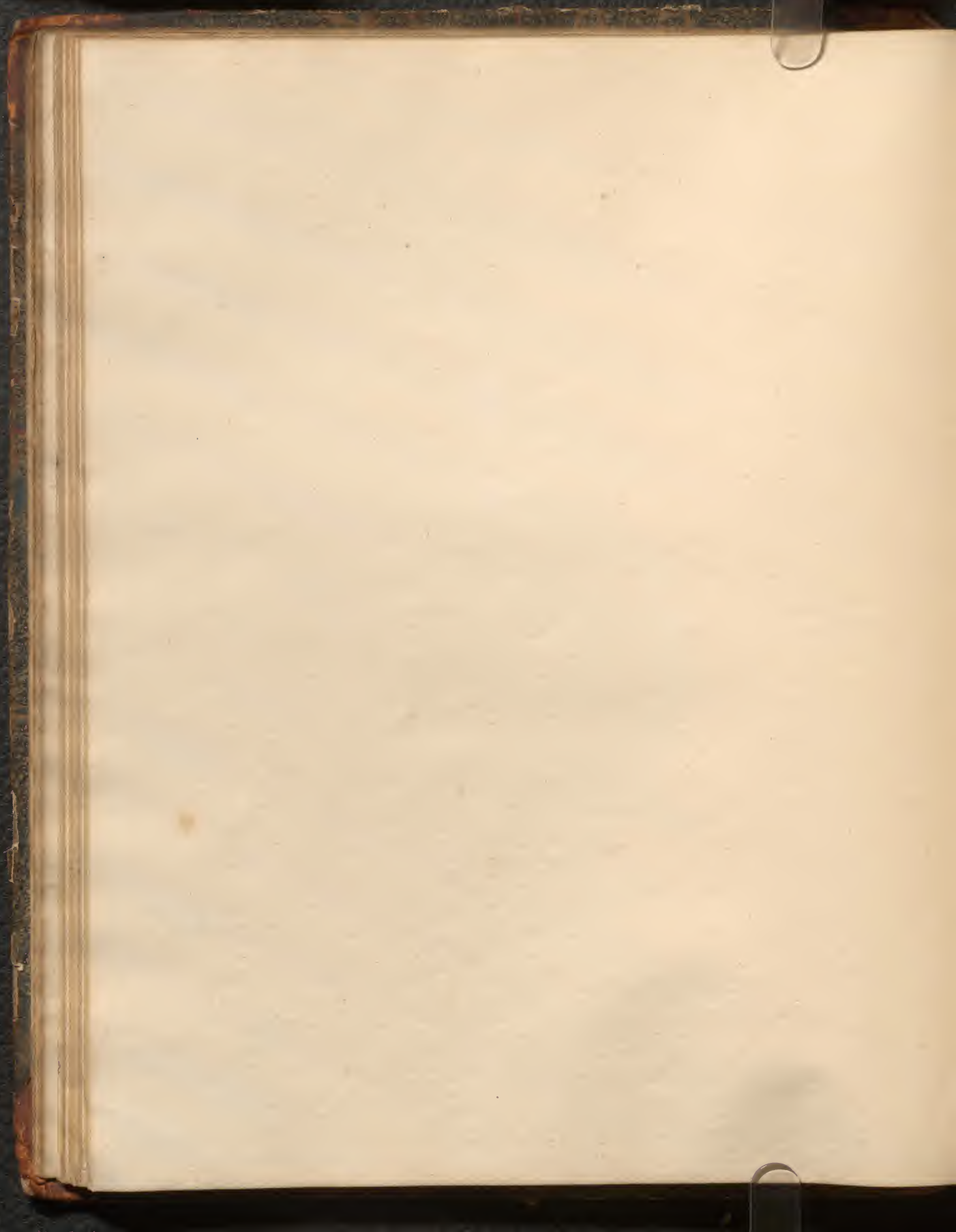


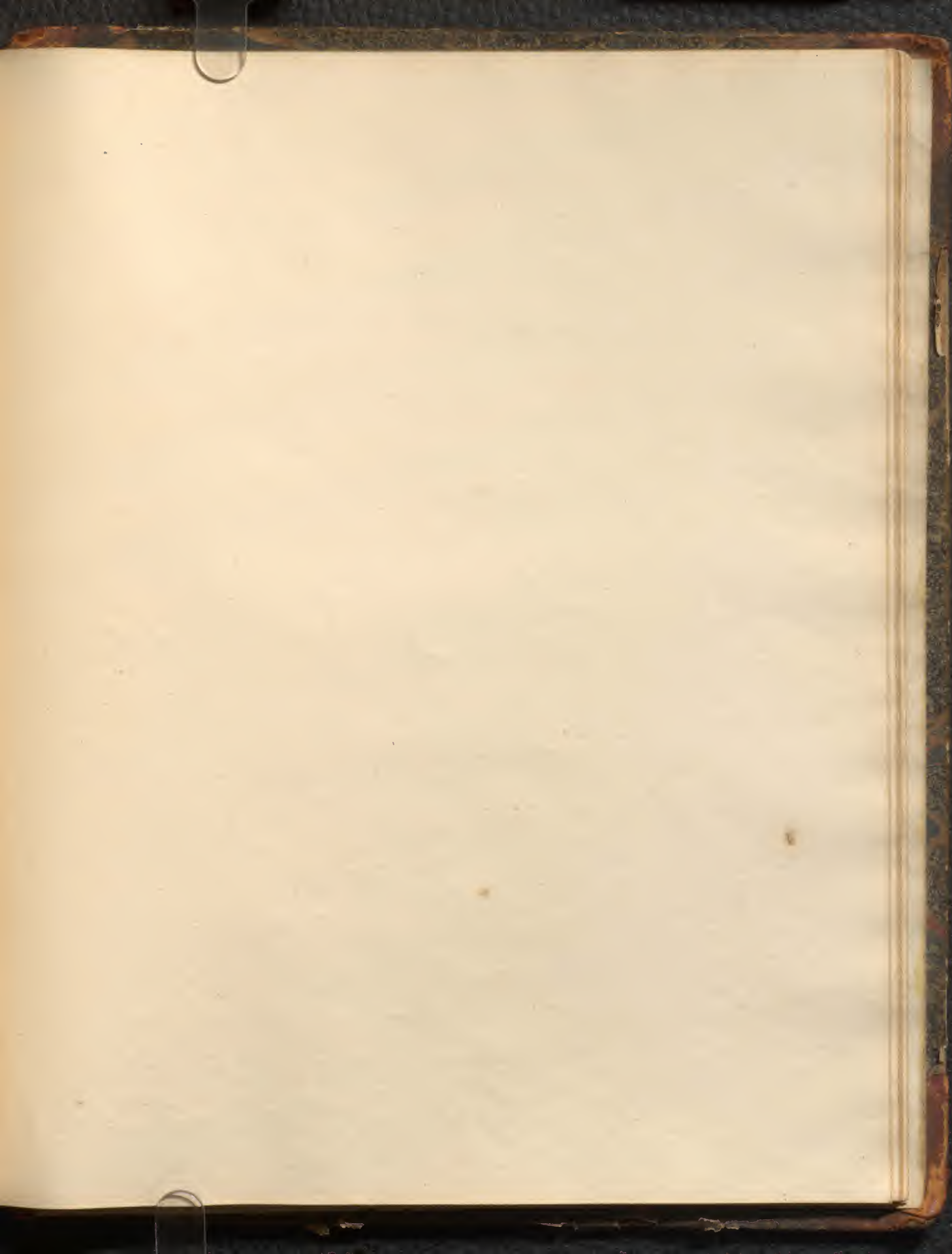




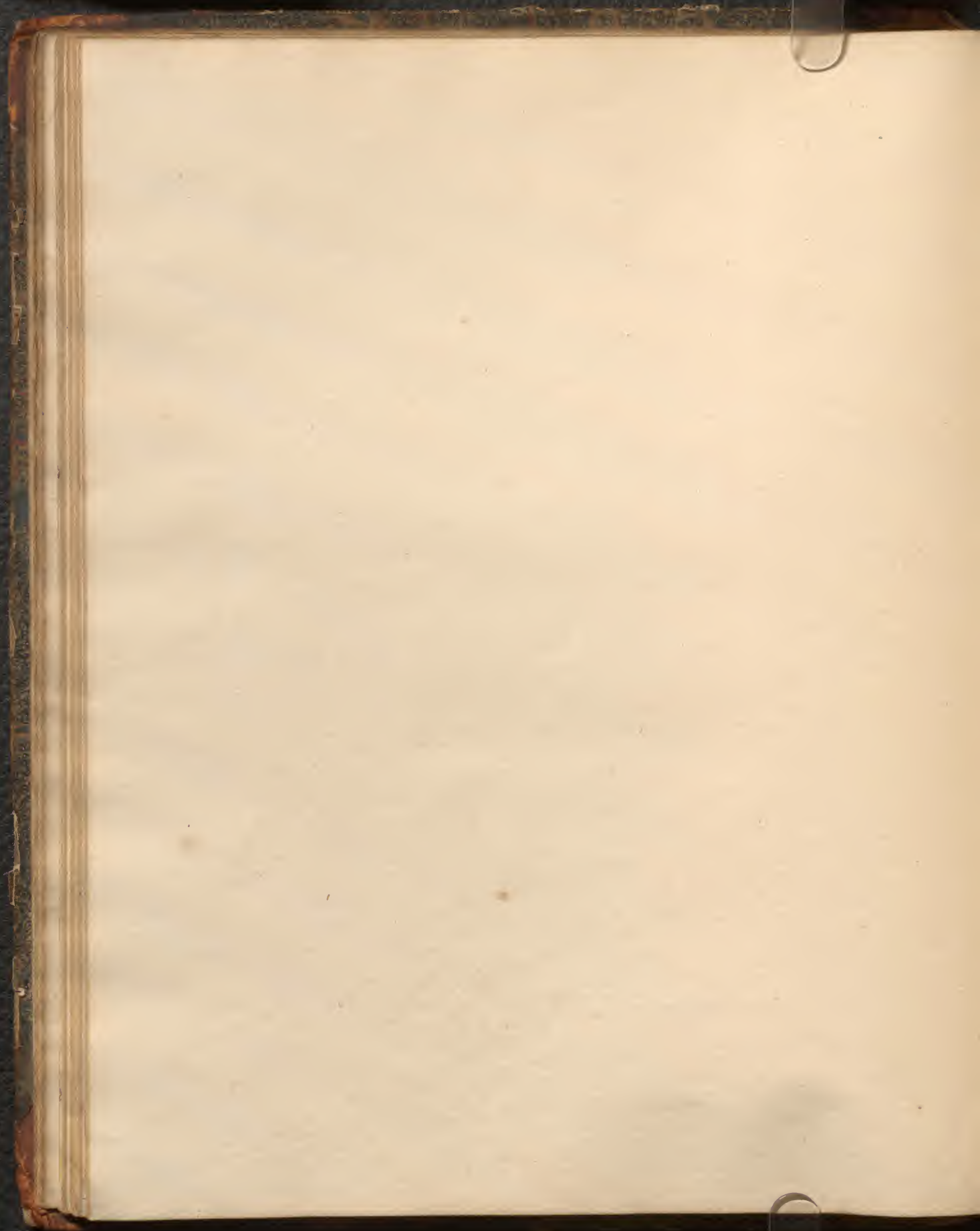


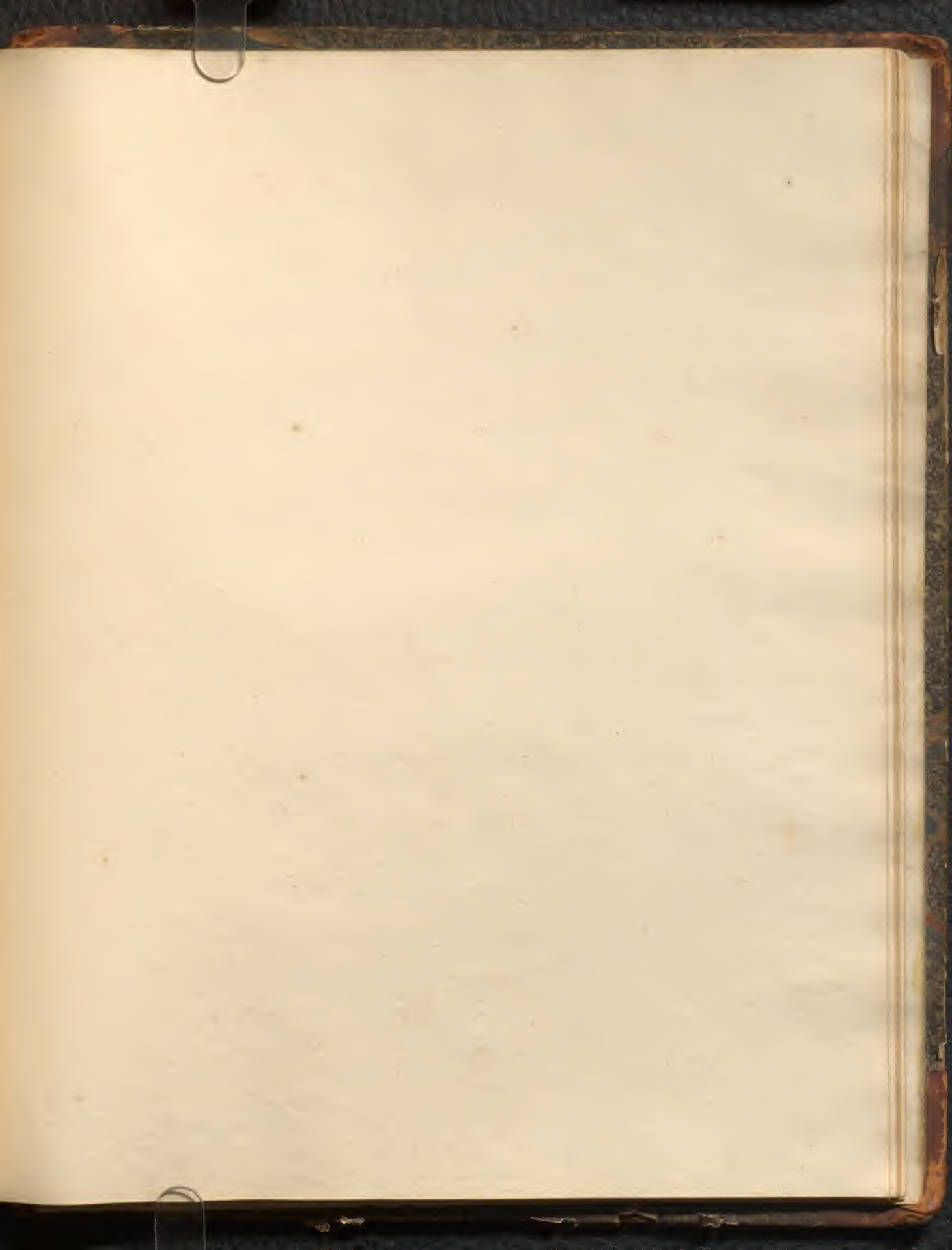




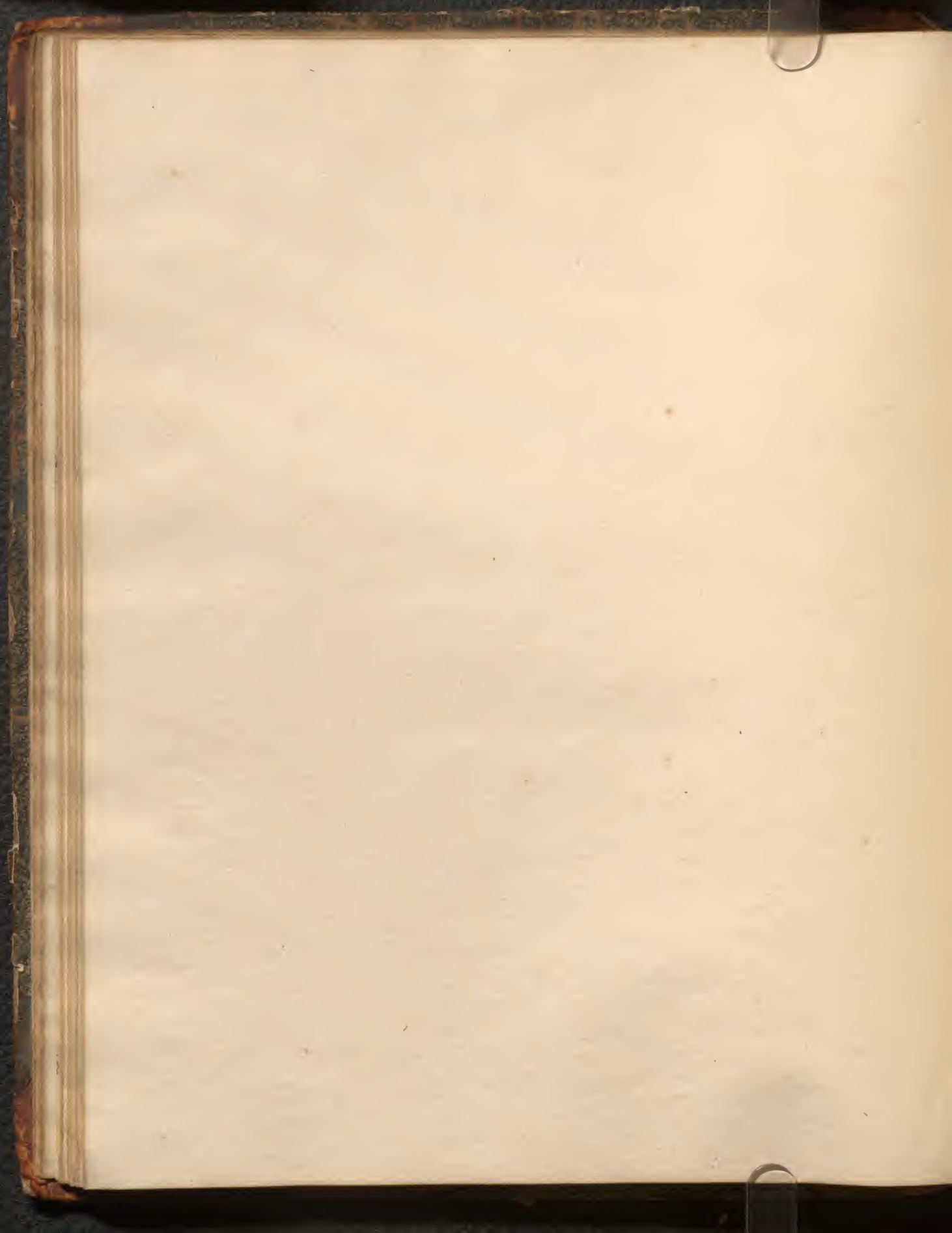


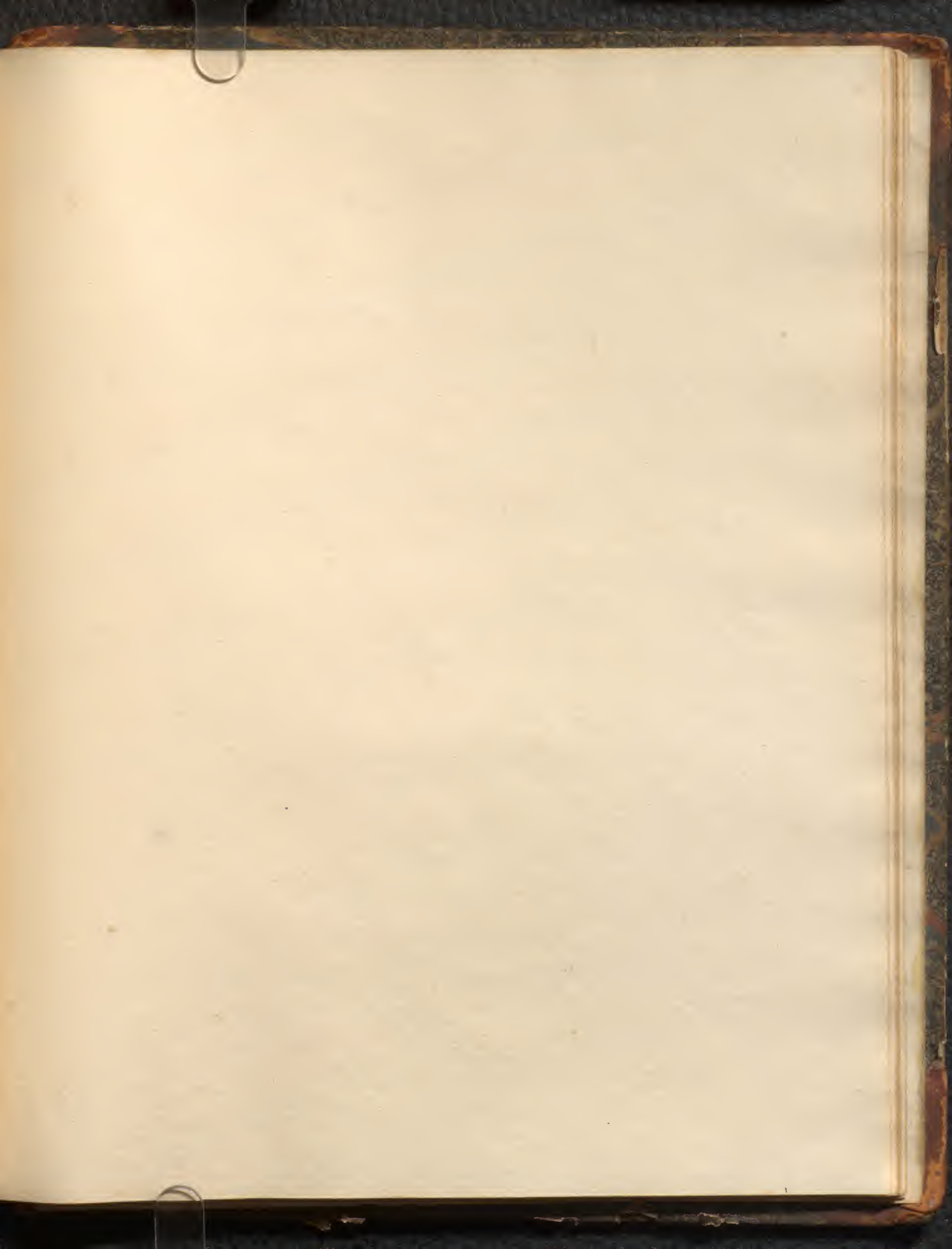




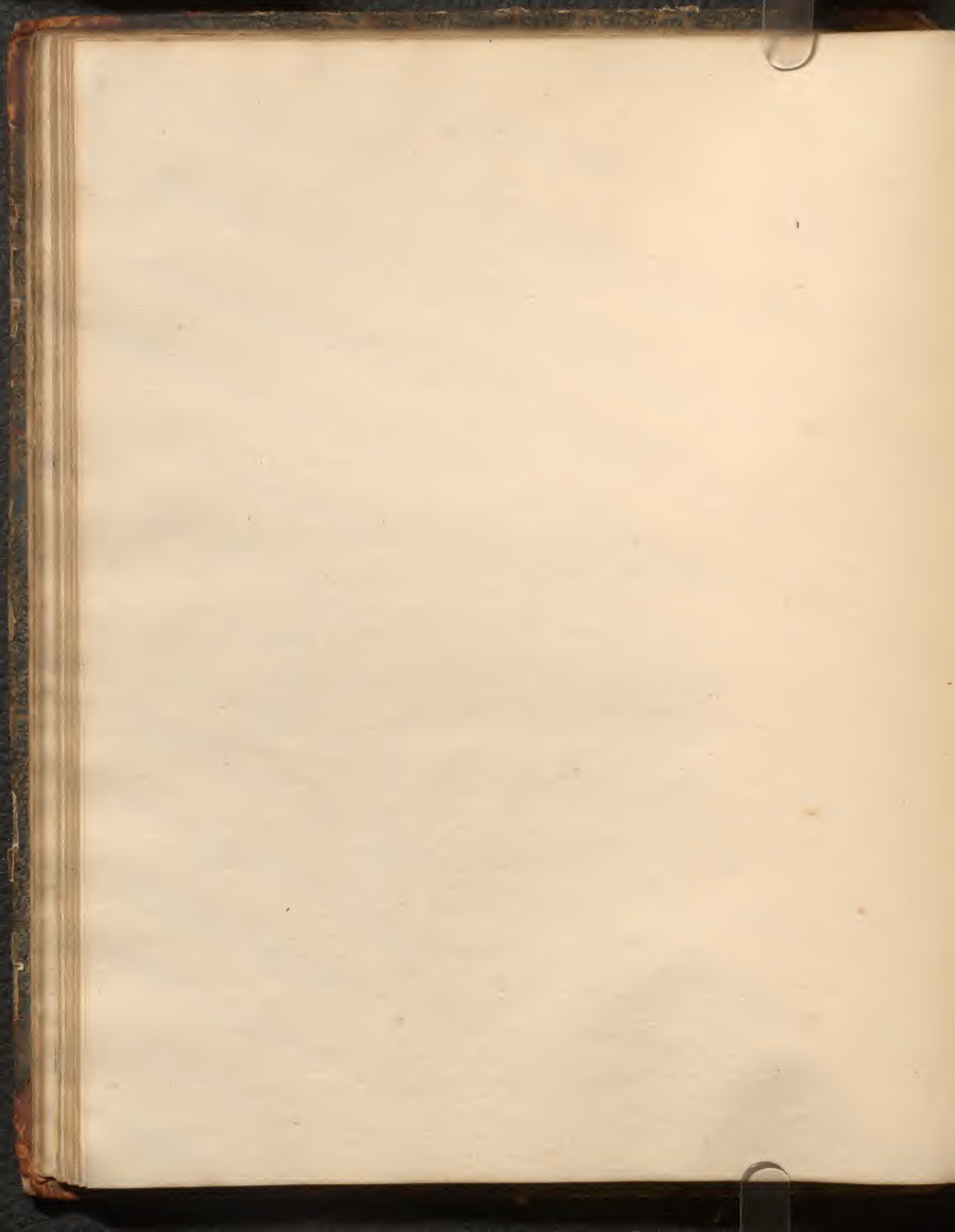


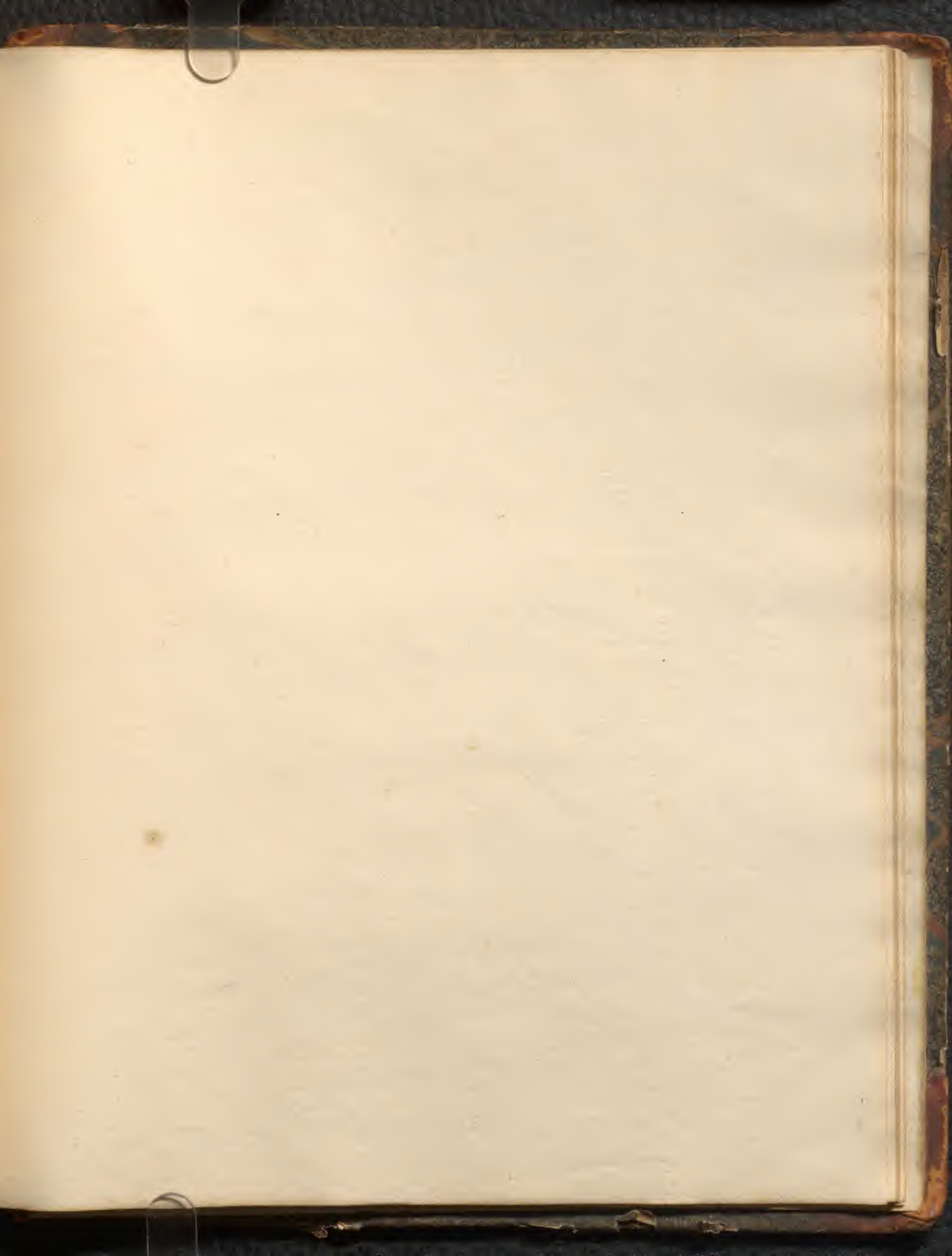




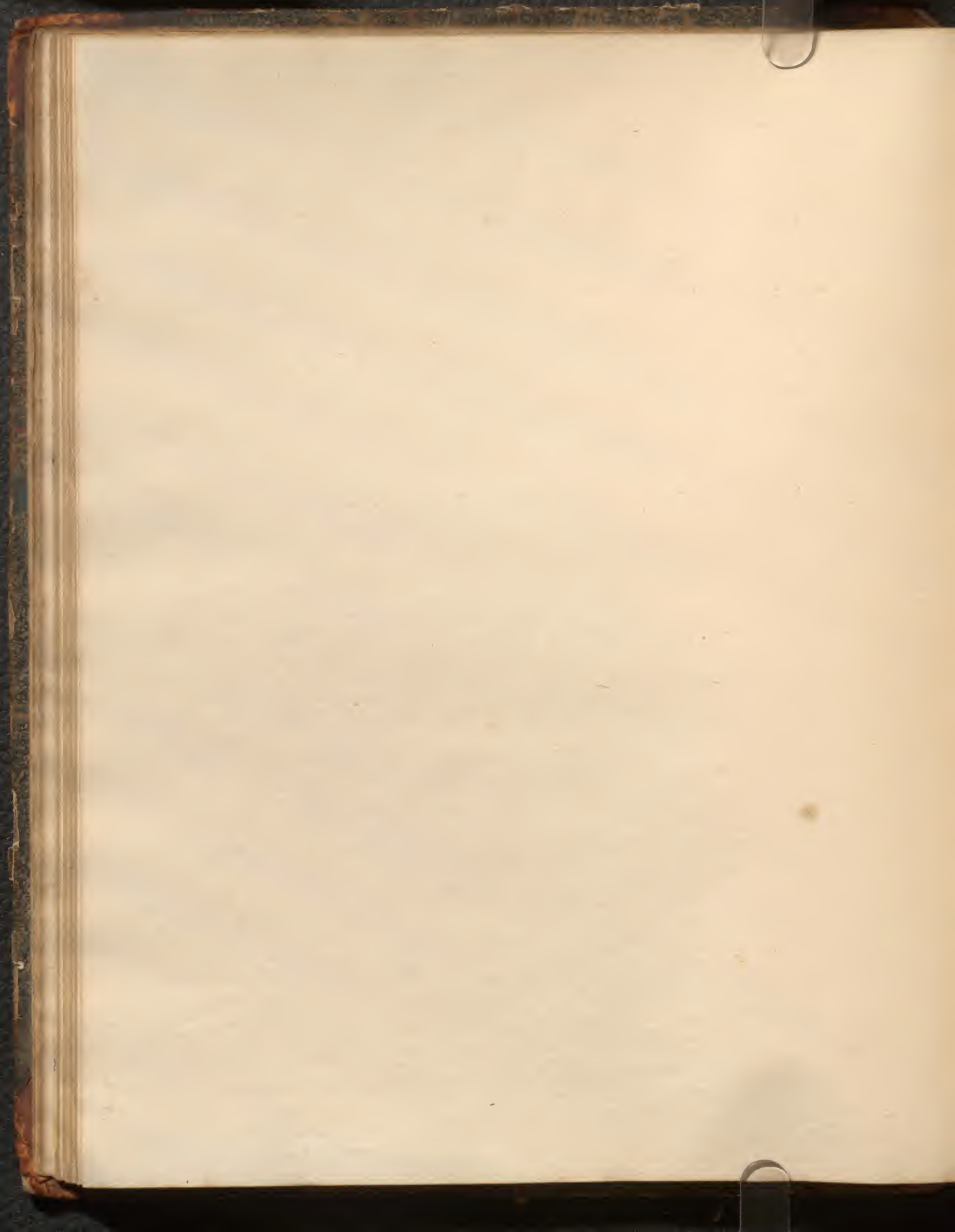


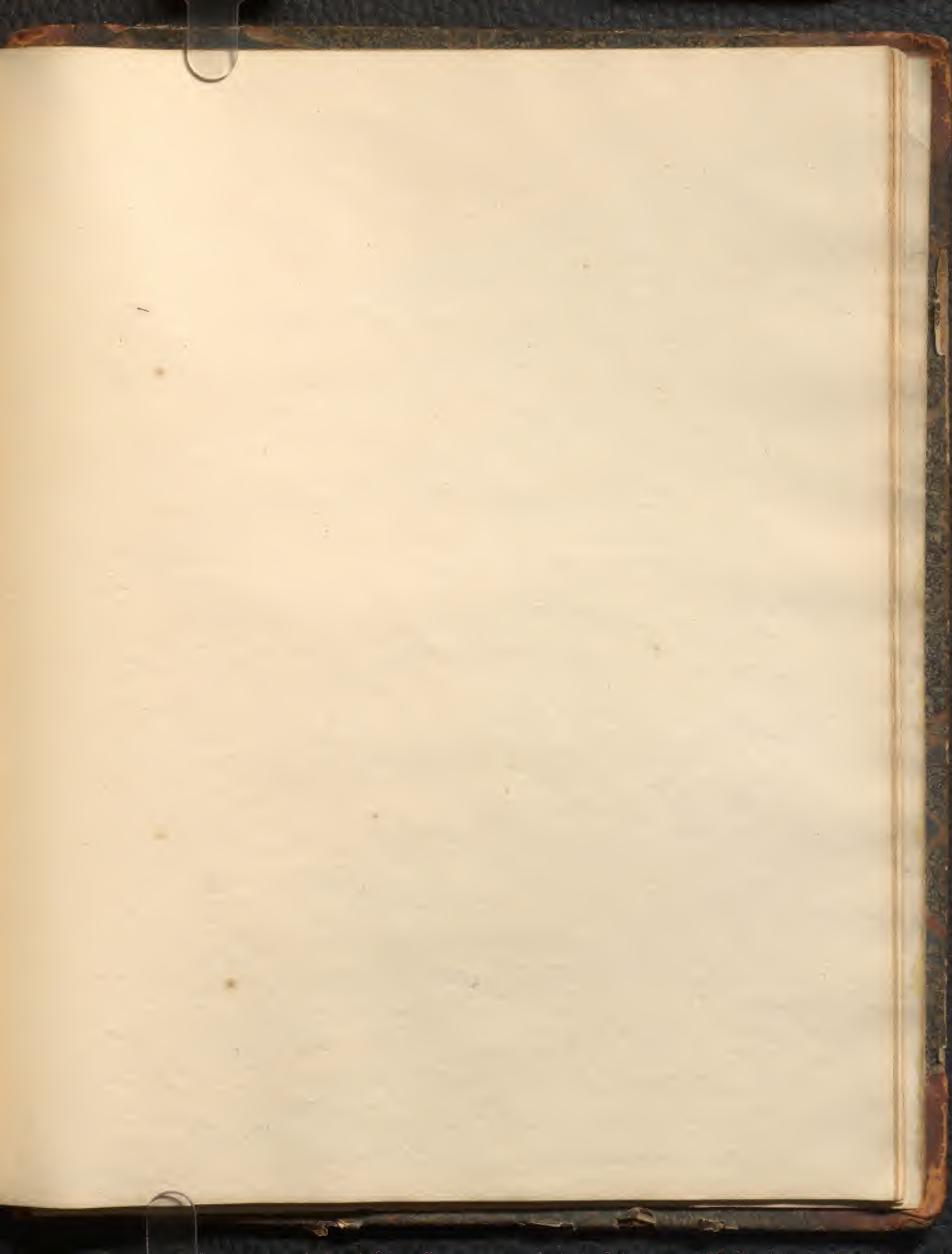




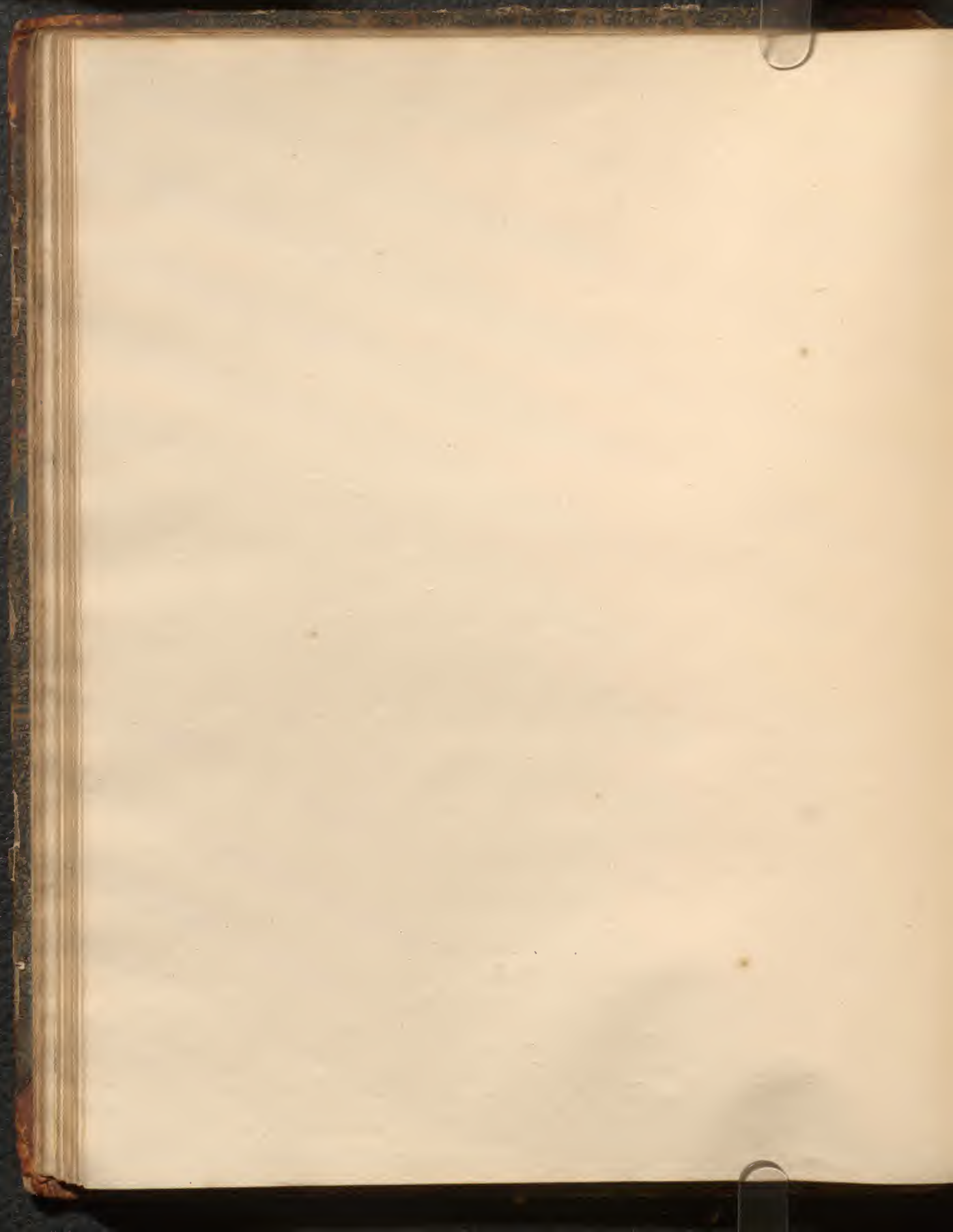


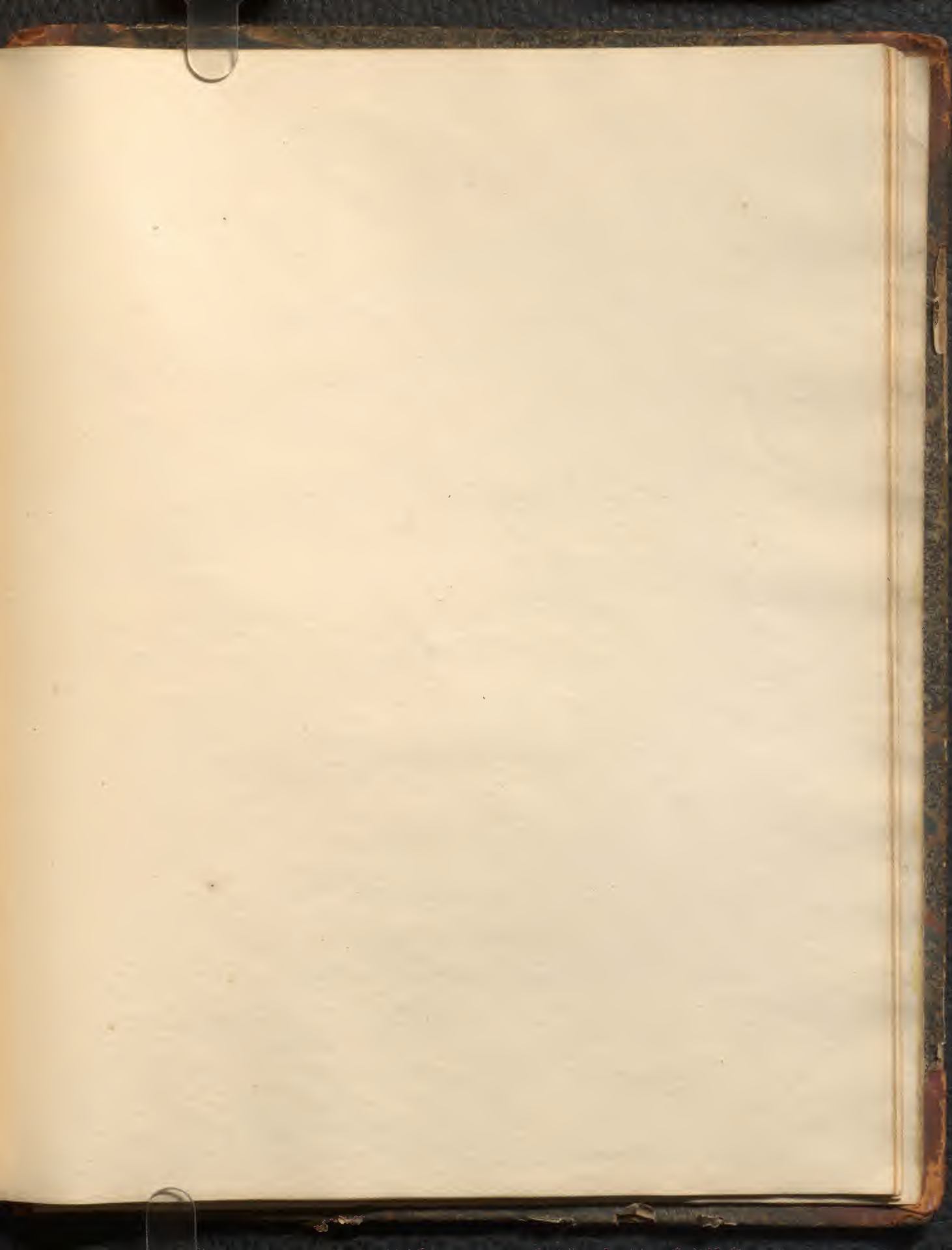




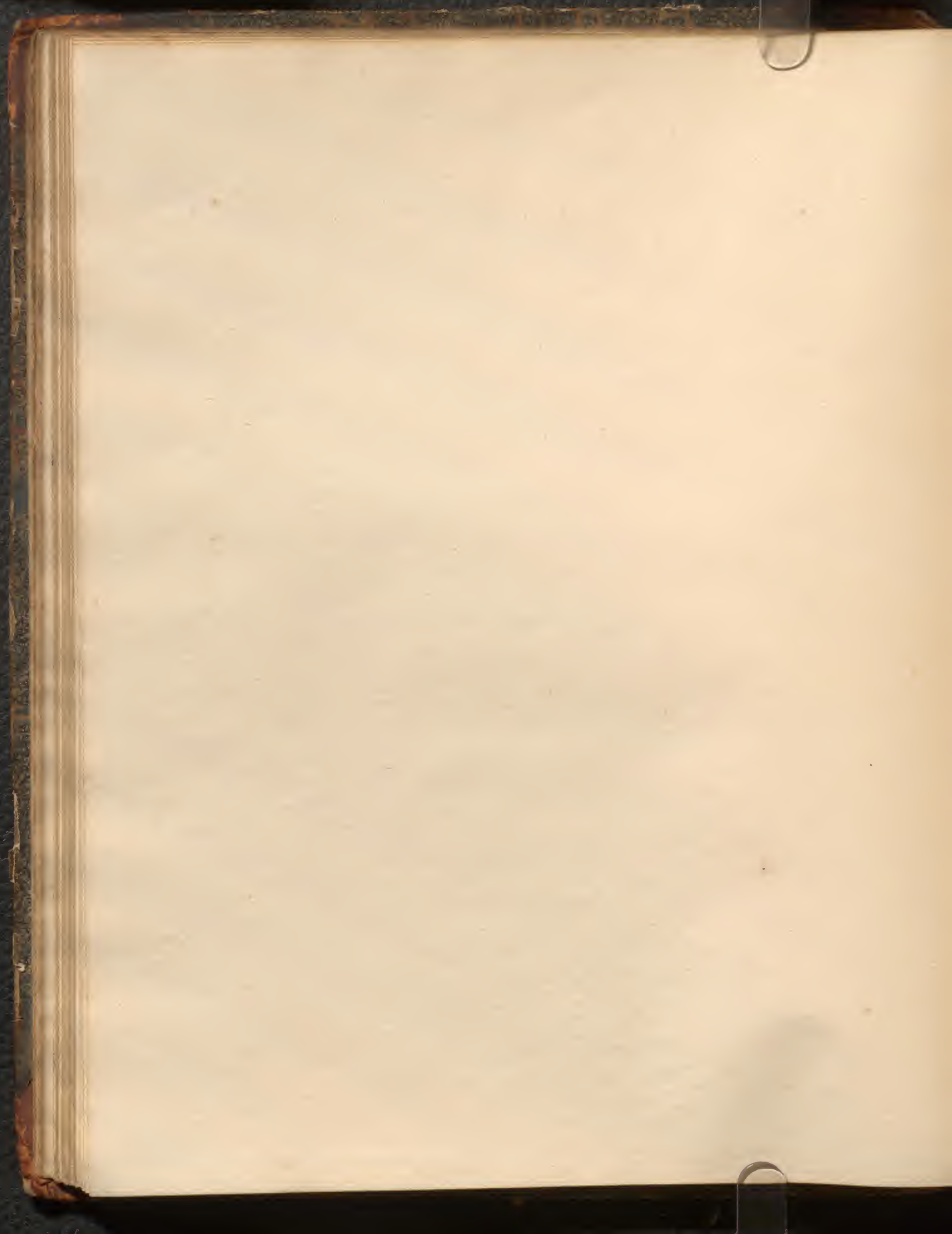


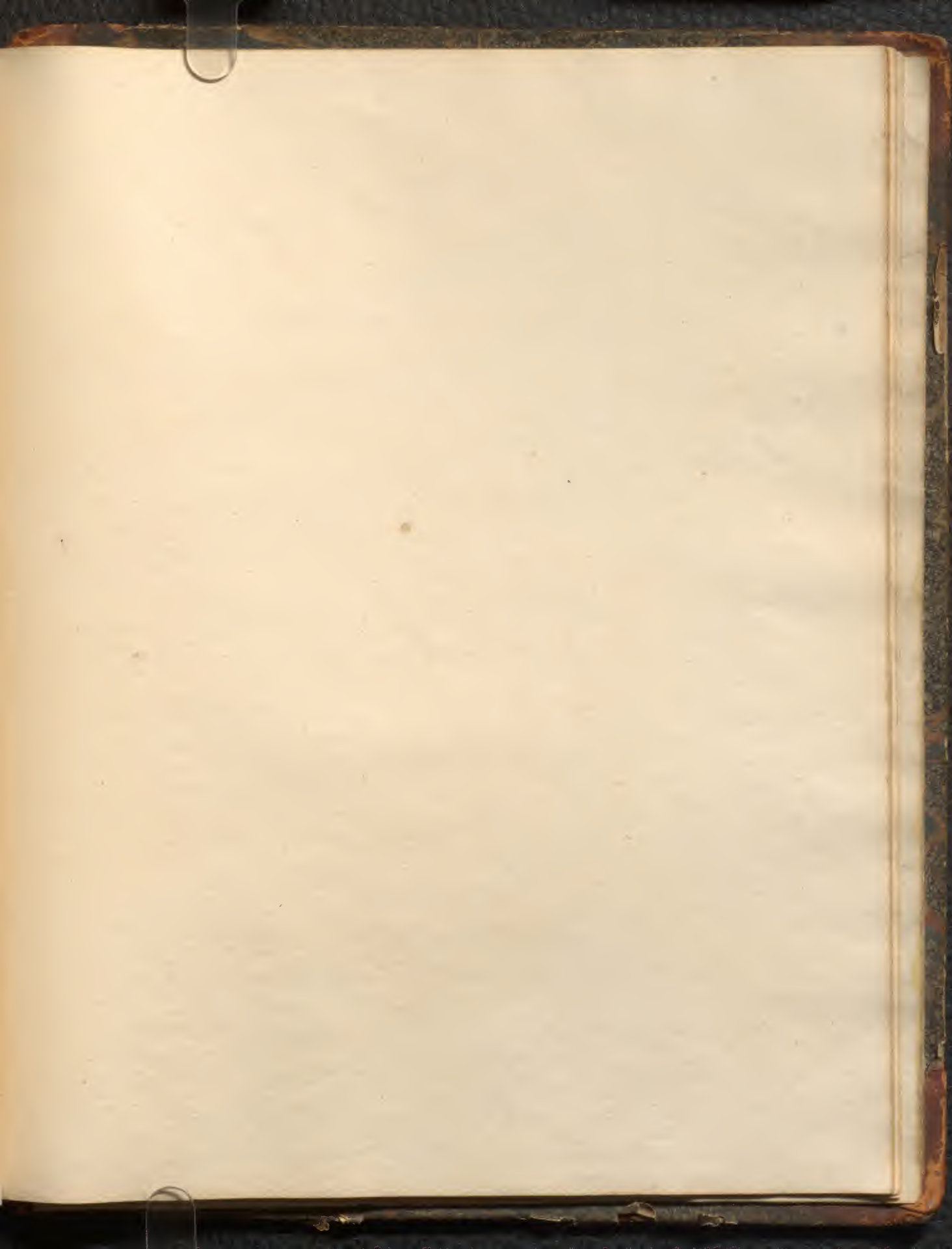




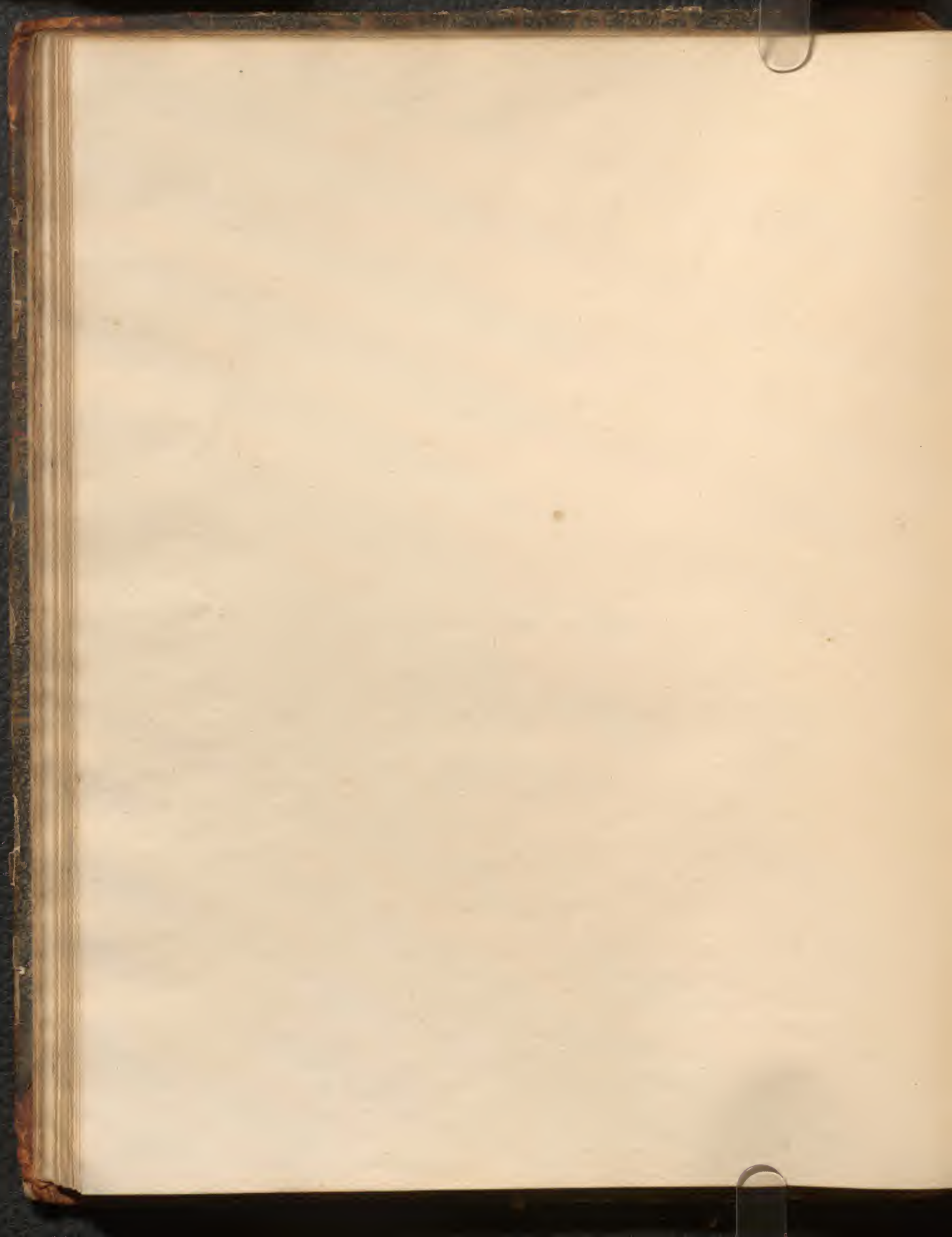


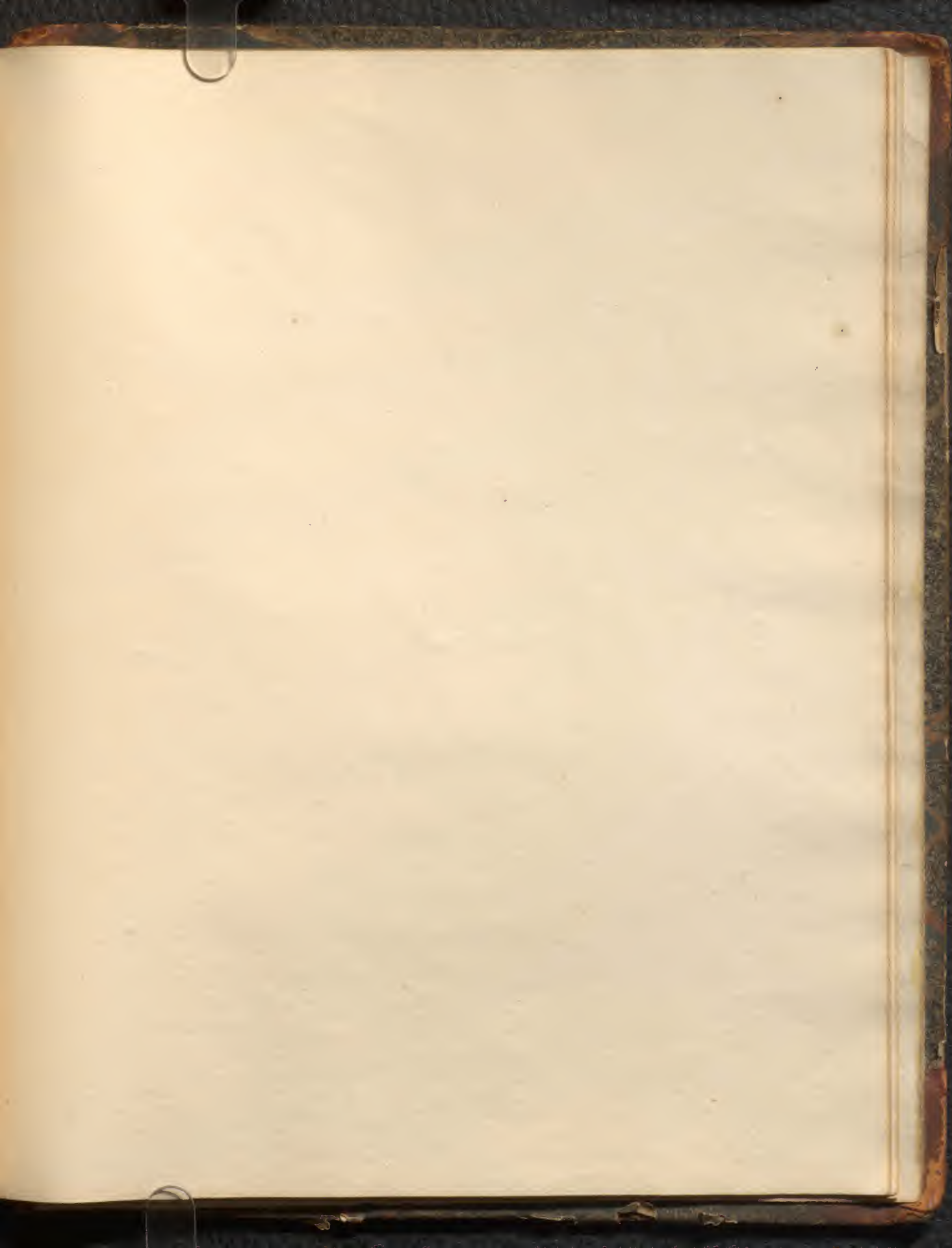


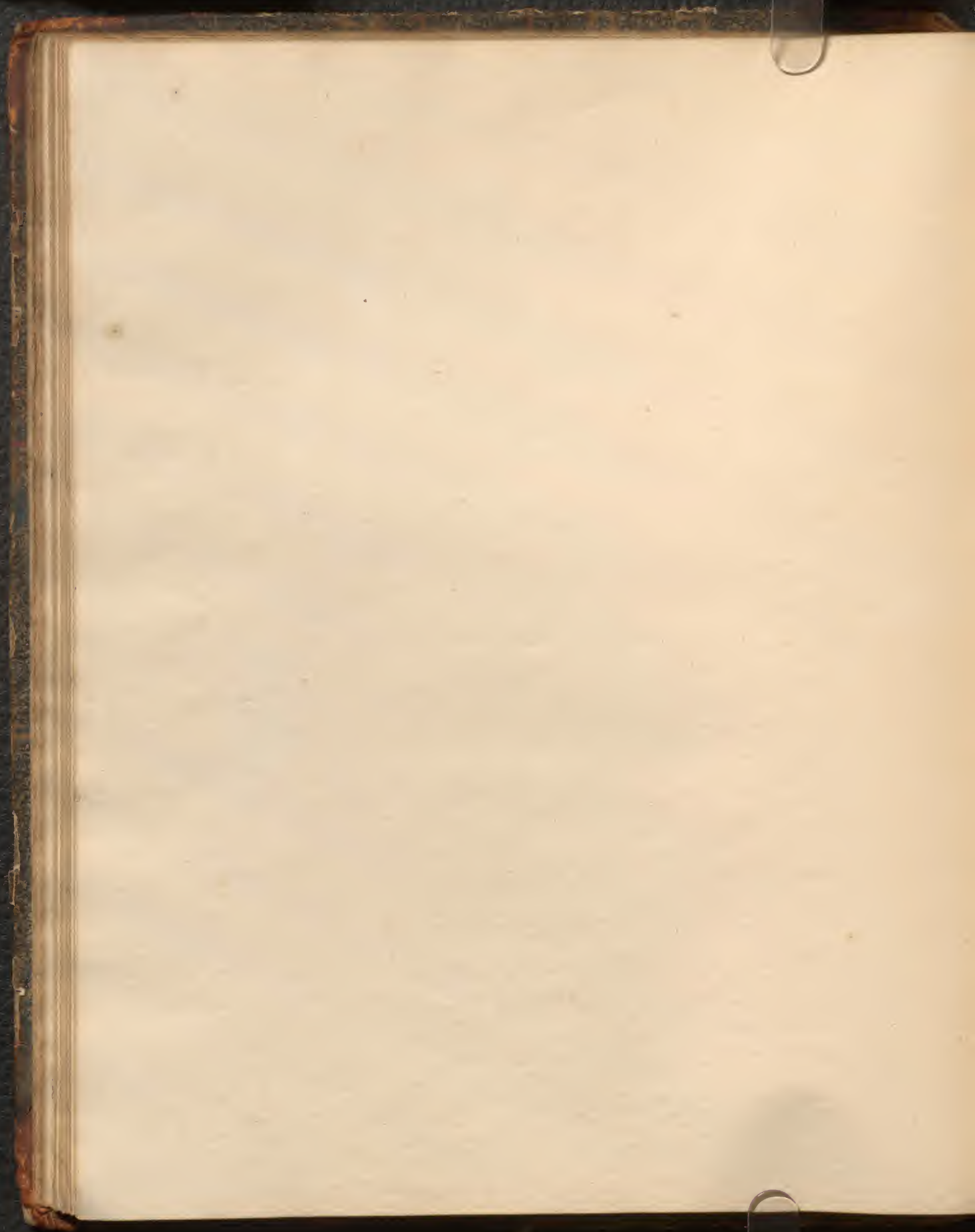




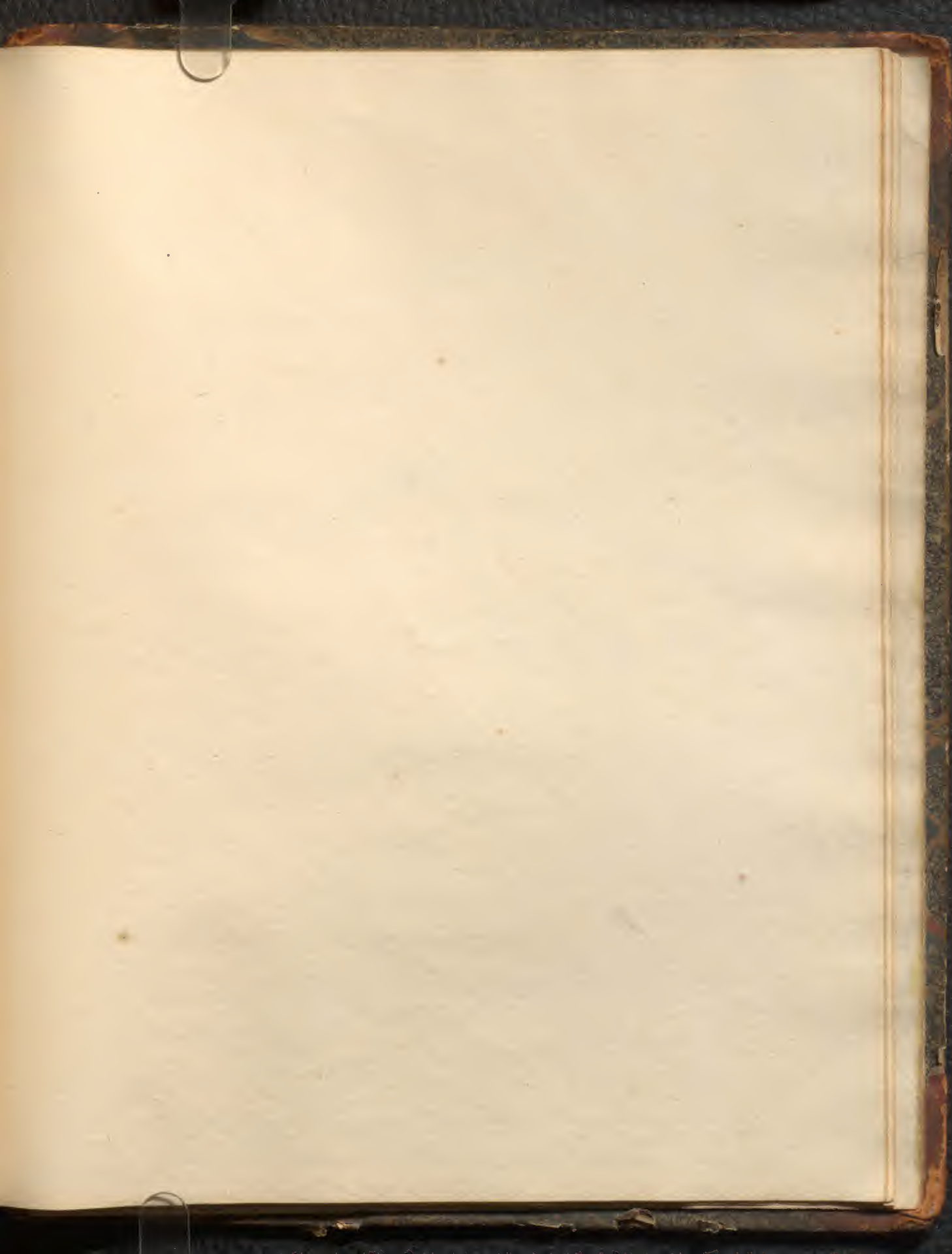


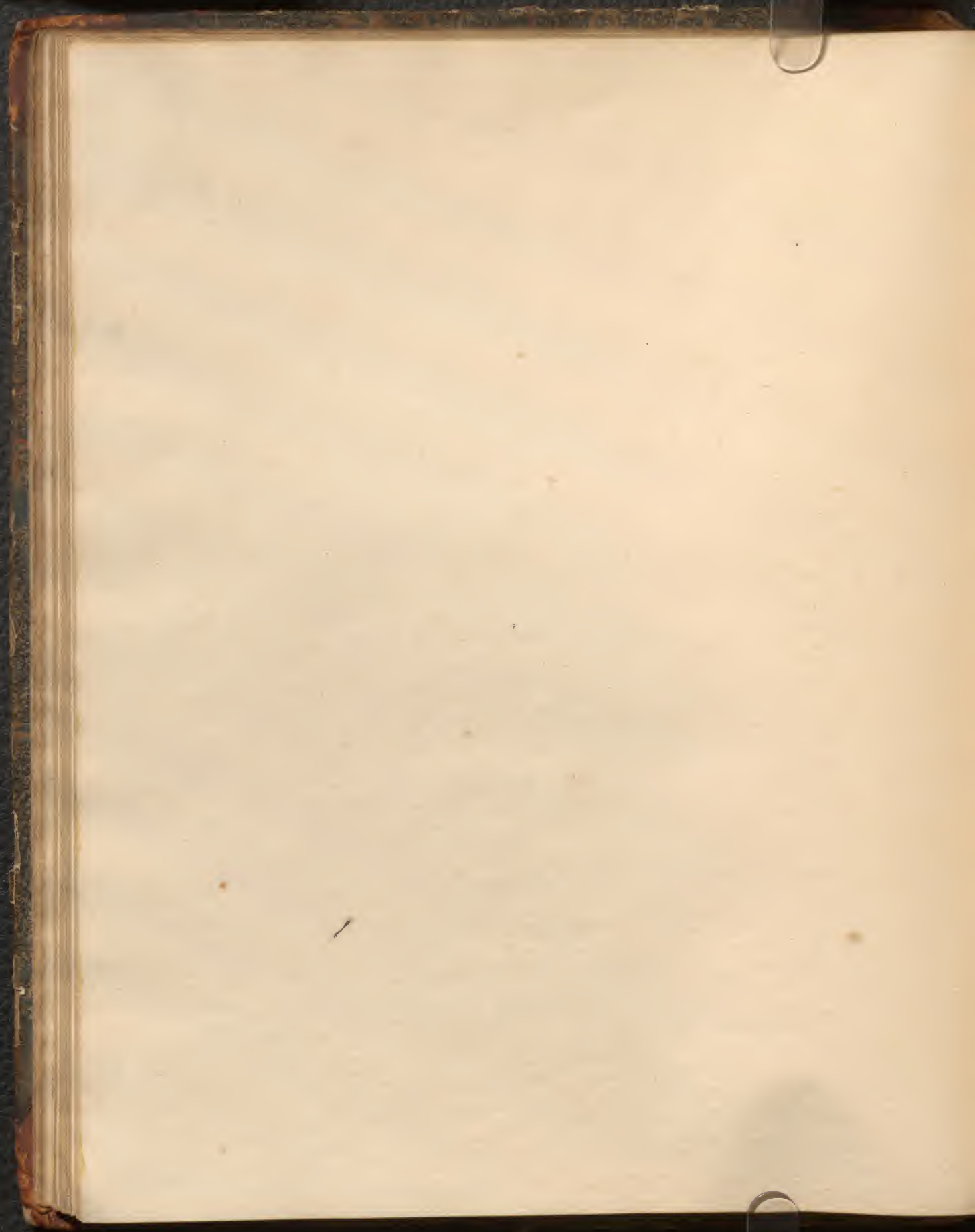


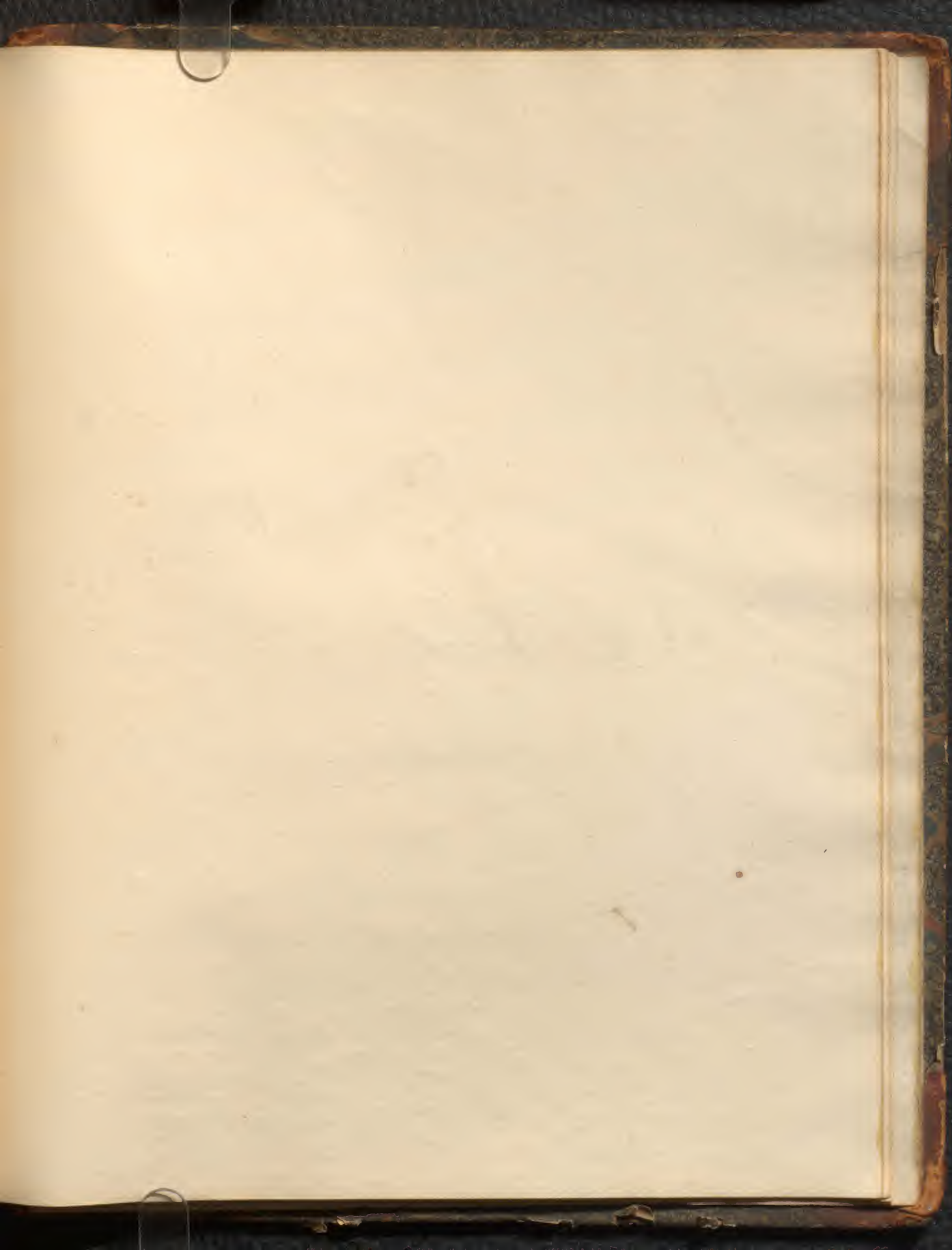




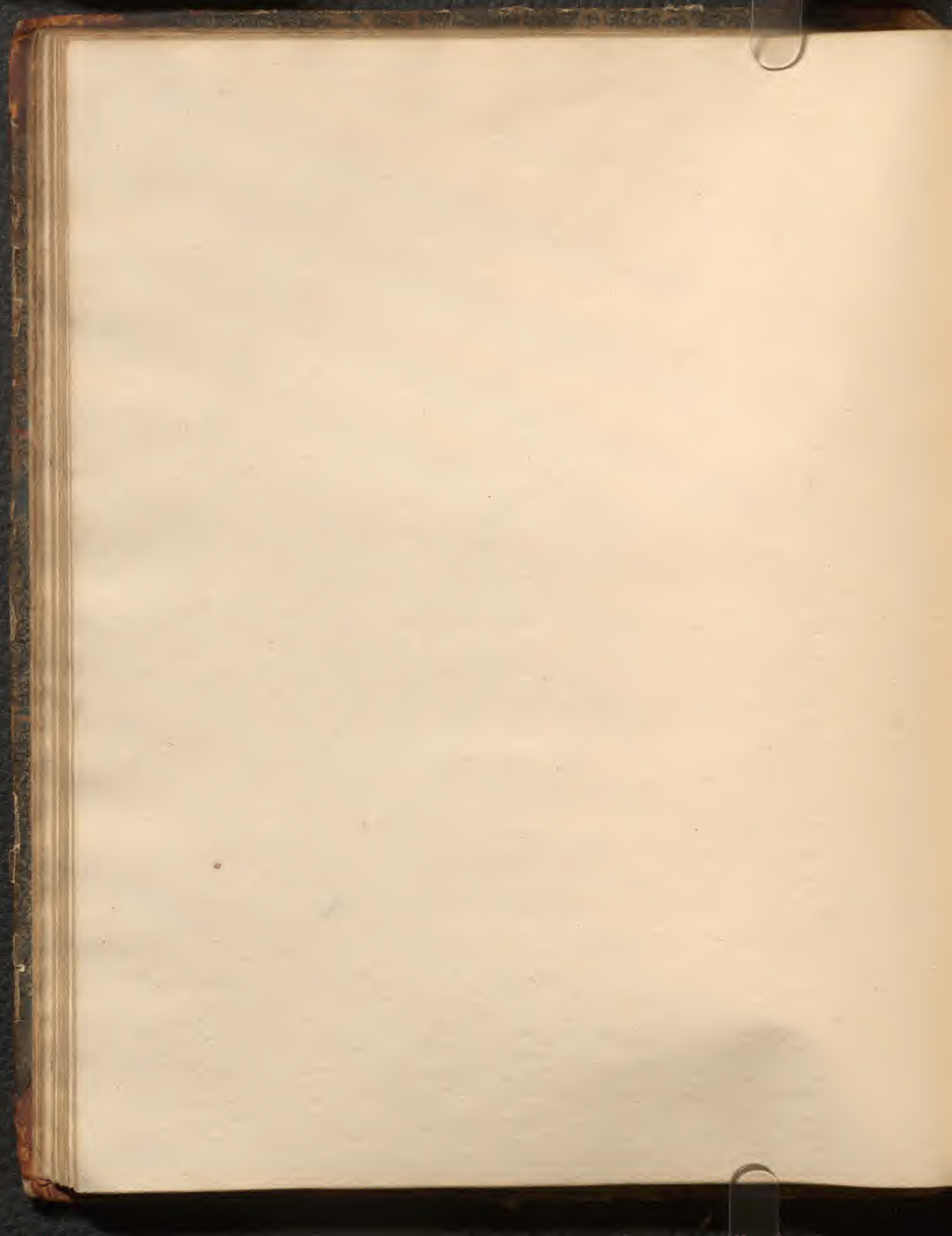


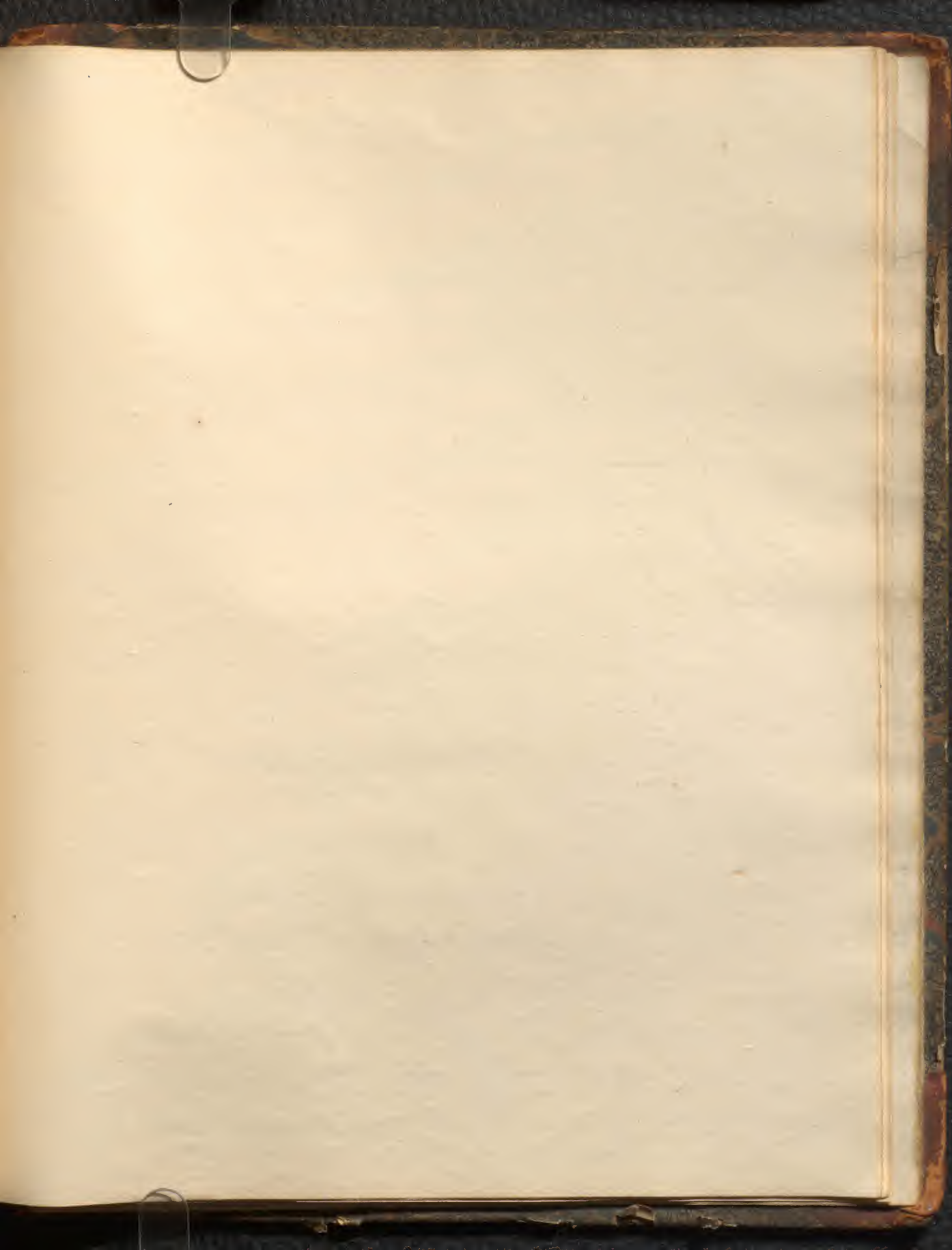


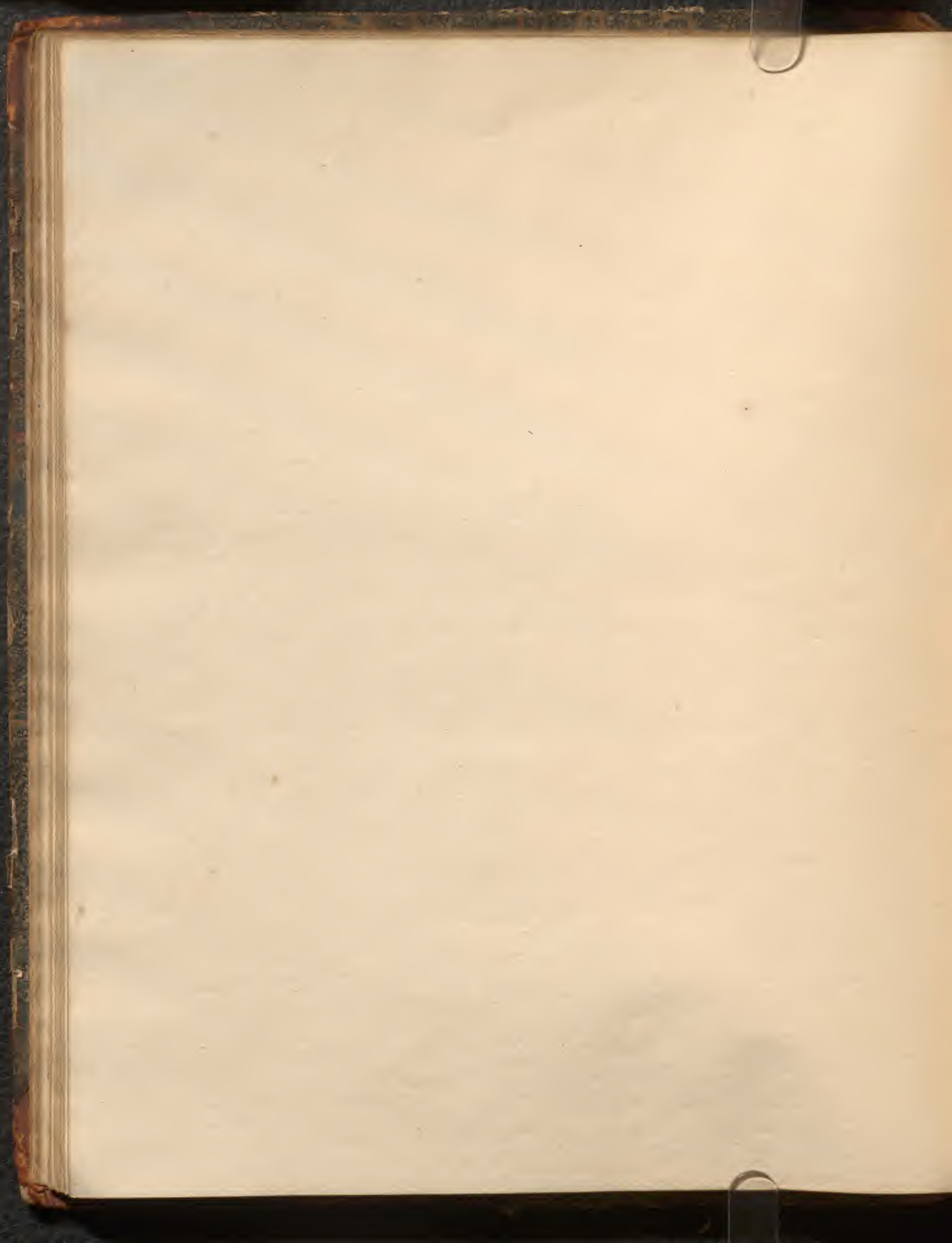




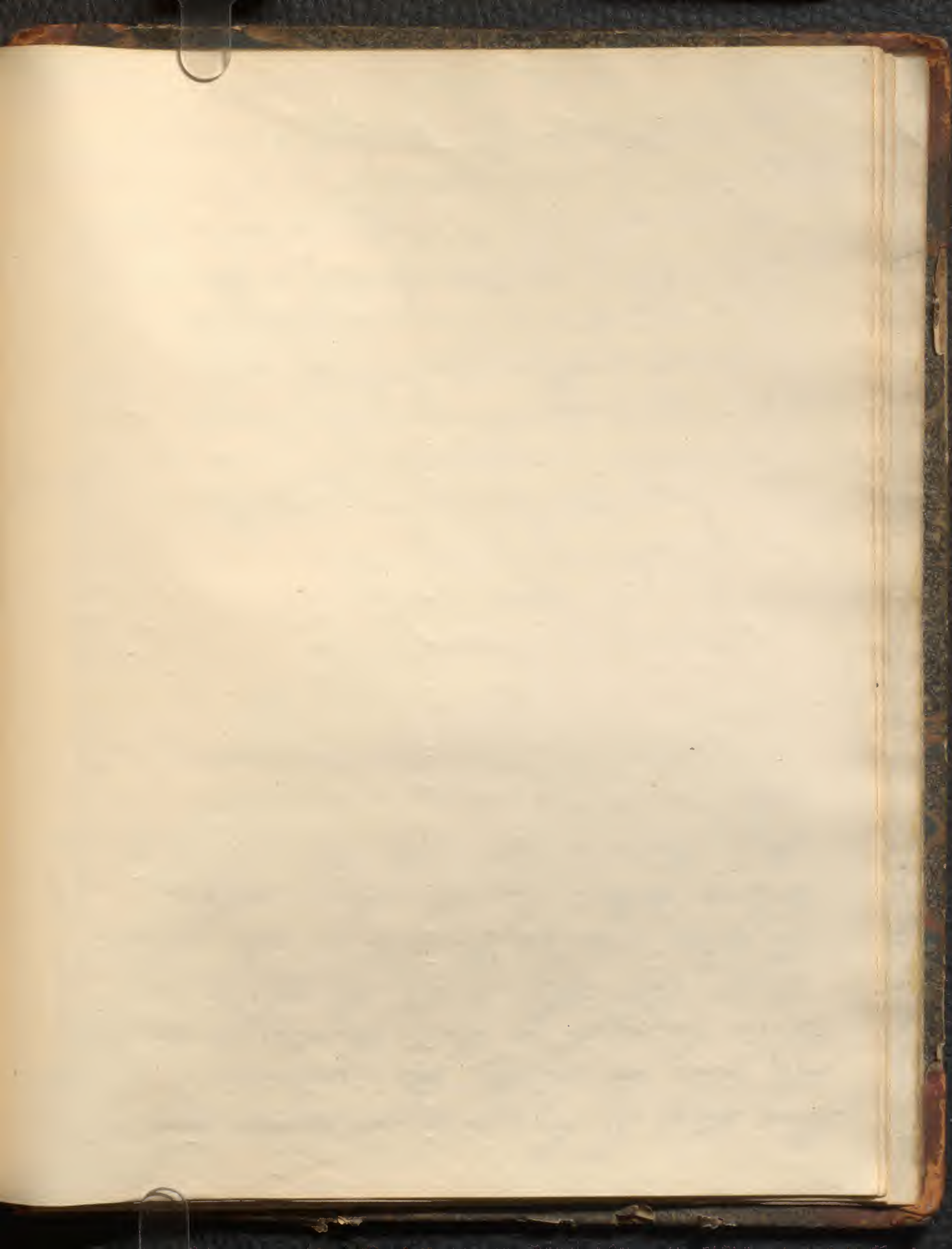


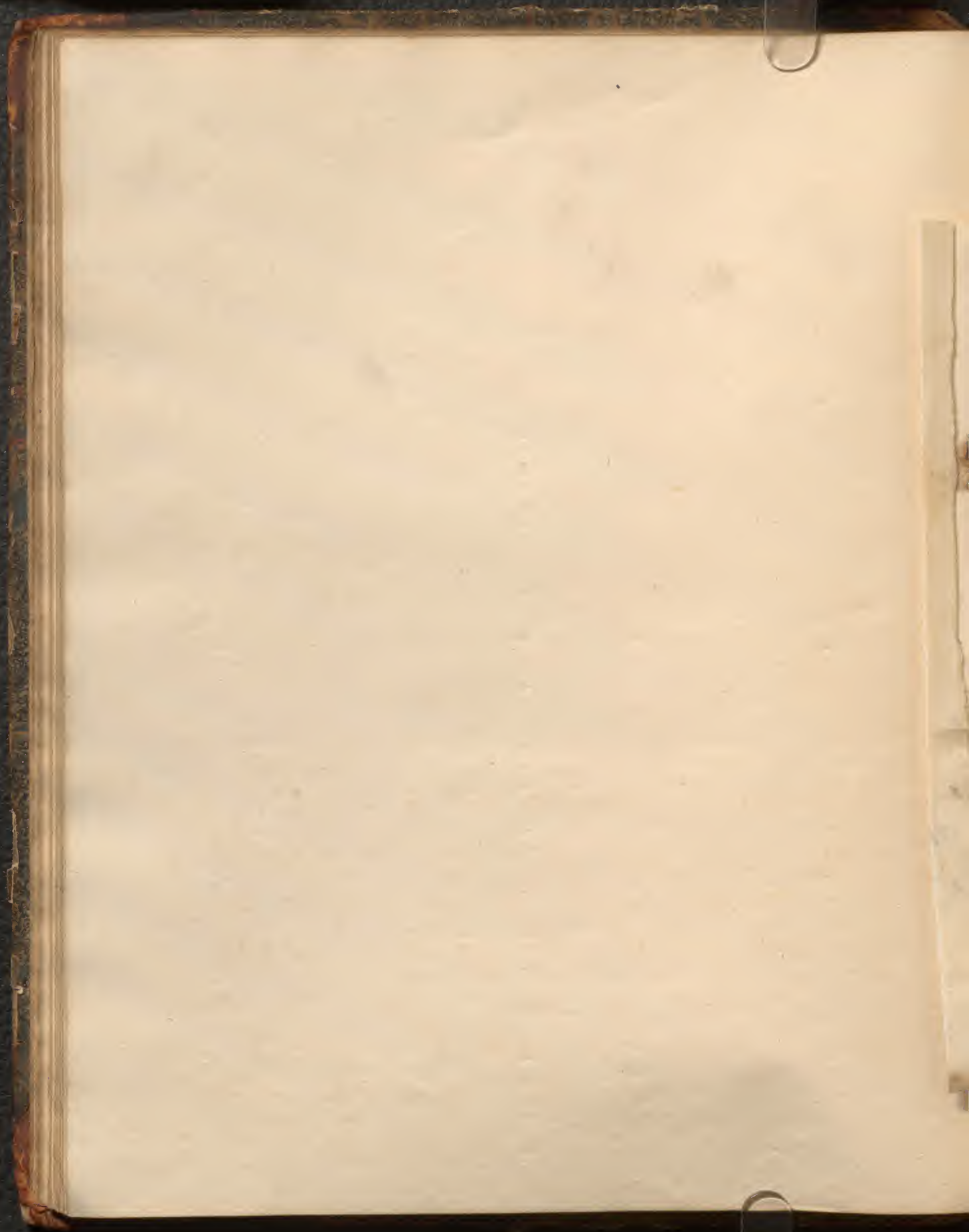














This day be bread and peace my lot!  
All else beneath the sun -  
Thou know'st it best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.  
To thee, whose temple is all space  
whose altar, earth, sea, sky;  
One shines fit all being save!  
All nature's essence rise!